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THE

ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY

Town Hall, Bombay.

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OF THE
BOMBAY
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OF THE
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FRONTISPIECE.

Drawn & Etched by W.H.Brooke, A.R.H.A.

'Ye have come with your golden wings
'Ye have come with your starry eyes!'

page 8

London, Published By Colburn & Bentley, Jan.y 1831.

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THE SIAMESE TWINS.

A SATIRICAL

TALE OF THE TIMES.

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

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Lytton, Edward B

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," &c. &c.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
MDCCCXXXI.

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LONDON:
ROBSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

DEDICATION.

To Mrs. Bulwer Lytton, of Knebworth Park, Herts.

My dear Mother,

I believe, I owe to you the first ground-work of that disposition which inclined me to Poetry;—which disposition, though it has not enabled me, it is true, to make much proficiency in the 'Divine Art,' has nevertheless given me many hours I should be loth to forget, and many feelings which I would not willingly believe have been altogether fostered in vain. I am not one of those who imagine, ("whatever dark thoughts some men in their cells may sit brooding upon,"*) that an early love for Poetry engenders a melancholy temperament, or unfits us, unless exclusively indulged, for the habits of common life. Many sentiments, it may and does indeed excite within us, that rise beyond the beaten track of existence—sentiments which struggle not against the laudable action, but the low desires and defiling

* Cudworth's Intellectual System, vol. i.

contagion of the world—but I hold, that while such sentiments are calculated to exalt our future character, they also multiply, even in refining, the sources of our future enjoyment. Not laying claim myself to the attributes of the poet—but clinging fast to that love and disposition to poetry, which I have thus characterized—and remembering, that such inclinations I owe to the interest for poetry you were accustomed to excite in me when a child, and to the patient indulgence you accorded to my own boyish imitations;—I feel that this Volume, containing the only verses I have written with the experience and forethought of manhood, can be dedicated to no one, so well as to yourself. Did I anticipate, did I even think it remotely probable, that this attempt in poetry would be hereafter repeated, I own that I would defer the offering, till it assumed a character more consonant to your taste, and loftier in itself. For we must warmly embrace public motives, in order to feel with what dignity and what justice Satire can defend herself;—in order to look beyond her external levity to her latent moral; and to see in her personalities and her assaults, not rancour to individuals, but ardour for a cause.

At *a moment*—if not in times—certainly unpropitious to poetry;—and conscious, deeply and sincerely conscious, as I am of the weakness of my own attempts—it would be to surpass the sanguineness of authorship, to anticipate success. Could I dare to do so, no feeling in that success would be so sweet to my ambition, as the feeling of the satisfaction it would give to yourself;—and of the increased value which such success would impart to the grateful offering of one, whose childhood you

nursed with so tender a care, whose youth you educated with so anxious a zeal, and whose manhood you have contributed to render independent, with so generous and warm a friendship.

Wishing you, my dearest Mother, long years of health and enjoyment,—believe me

Ever your affectionate Son,

E. L. B.

January 6th, 1831.

PREFACE.

EVERY one knows the story of a certain Divine, who, on beginning the church service, found himself without a congregation; and turning to his clerk Roger, addressed him with "Dearly beloved Roger," &c. An Author, now-a-days, in prefacing a volume of Poetry, finds himself a little in the situation of the Divine: and the individual who composes his audience—the solitary Roger whom he can address—is his Publisher!

Nevertheless, my dear Publishers, I do not think it is quite true, (however warmly, disappointed Poets, and your yet more disappointed brethren, may assert the fact,) that no poetry, whatsoever may be its nature, will attract the popular taste of the present age: still less, indeed, do I incline to the opinion of those indelicate and unfeeling critics, who assert, with no excusable incivility, that *any* poetry, if it be *very* good, will find an equally hearty welcome whatever be the time of its appearance. Glancing first towards the latter opinion, I think we shall observe that after the death of any pre-eminently popular poet, there is always a sudden, yet a long-continued coolness to the

art, which his admirers seem to imagine has expired with himself. Not only the new aspirant, but the poet of established celebrity, is mortified by indifference; and discovers that the broader fame which perhaps he thought overshadowed, on the contrary, protected his renown. Since the death of Lord Byron, the poetry of Moore, the friend of the deceased, or of Southey, the antagonist, has thus seemed to be less eagerly sought for than during the lifetime of that extraordinary man, when his genius or his faults were the theme of every literary conversation, and the claims of his cotemporaries were brought forward to illustrate, to lessen, or to contrast the merits of the popular idol. I apprehend that the same circumstances will apply to every more exciting species of literature; and had the world lost the Author of "Waverley" at the time when the fullest splendour of his celebrity was calling forth a race of no unnoticed emulators, the whole tribe of historical, or even of Scottish novelists, would suddenly have sunk into that class of writers, to whose claims the Public would have lent the least courteous attention. A great literary man maintains in esteem the whole respectable part of his fraternity, and when he dies, they share the same fate as the friends of a savage Chief, whom his countrymen immolate upon his tomb.

If, my dear Publishers, we shall find, on an attentive recurrence to literary history, that this observation is not without truth in general, there was that in the particular instance of Lord Byron, which would heighten, perhaps beyond a precedent, the indifference towards the art which had lost so eminent a master. For it is superfluous to say, that no poet ever created

so feverish, and so unhealthy an interest in the popular mind; and that the subsequent languor and relaxation would necessarily be proportioned to the excitement they succeeded. The poetry itself, too, of Lord Byron is of a heated and exaggerated character; and his genius so long taught the Public to consider stimulants as a legitimate diet, that while, on the one hand, no succeeding poet *could* surpass the excitation which he maintained, so, on the other hand, any simpler—I was about to say any more natural—school of poetry might reasonably be expected to appear common-place and insipid.

Again, too, while the Public, fascinated by the brilliancy of a bold and uncommon genius, grow wedded to his style---even to his faults—they resent with peculiar contempt any resemblance to the object of an admiration which they affect to preserve as an exclusive worship. And yet how few can escape from a seeming imitation, which in reality is nothing more than the tone of the age in which they live; and though more emphatically noted in the most popular poet, than in his less fortunate cotemporaries, *he* also was influenced by, instead of creating. Thus it may be no paradox to say, that a new poet has of late incurred condemnation on two grounds, both of which he must have enjoyed a peculiar felicity to escape—one for being unlike Lord Byron, the other for being like him. Perhaps, without carrying the inquiry farther, we have already been enabled to see that there has been reason to believe the times of late somewhat singularly unfavourable to poetry; and that you, my dear Publishers, have been fully justified, by theory as well

as experience, for the very cold water you have thrown upon all proffered speculations in a branch of business so unprofitable.

Yet, on the other hand, is it wholly true that no poetry, whatever be its nature, will succeed? And, on the contrary, may we not hope that the disadvantages we have glanced at, and with which poetry has had to encounter, may have an apter reference to the period we have lately passed, than to that which we have entered? It is perfectly clear, that at some time or another the indifference towards poetry, occasioned by the death or the absorbing genius of one great poet, must subside into that customary and natural coldness, with which the Public will always regard excursions into the higher and more arduous paths of literature. Why should this time be yet an object of distant anticipation? Has not a sufficient period elapsed since the passing away of a great man, to allow the feelings he bequeathed to fade also from that undue influence which they might at first have exercised over the popular mind? Has not a new generation arisen? Has not a new impetus been given to the age? Do not new feelings require to be expressed? and are there not new readers to be propitiated, who, sharing, but in a feeble degree, the former enthusiasm, will turn, nor with languid attention, to the claims of fresh aspirants? Is there not truth in this? and if so, is not the time approaching, if it be not already arrived, when a poet may expect no obstacle and no contention, beyond those eternally doomed to his condition? But then what have we said?—"that a *new* race have arisen, and *new* feelings are to be expressed." A poet, there-

fore, who aspires to reputation must be adapted to the coming age, not rooted to that which is already gliding away.

The critics err, when they say that *any* poetry that is very good will succeed; poetry excellent—nay, surprising, is called forth every hour—yet dies instantly into silence. But then it is poetry which echoes a sound of which we are tired:—to succeed with a new age, it should be of a new character. Hence it is, my dear Publishers, that duodecimos in stanzas and octavos in heroics, slumber on your shelves—a warning to you, an omen to us. Hence it is, that so much genius seems utterly thrown away; that so many excellent verses are written, which no one reads; and so many pretty feelings are expressed, with which no one can sympathize. We all grant the talent and the power; but they are wasted in delineating worn-out sentiments, and embodying reflections upon which, in the rapid career of the world, we have already decided. All that morbidity of feeling —all that gloomy repining at the ends of life—all that affectation to be above the aims, and detached from the interests of our fellow-creatures: all such unwholesome sentimentalities and tumid weaknesses, characteristic of a departing age, do not distinguish the rising: many among the elder part of the literary world, may indeed still consider them the components of a deep philosophy, or the signs of a superior mind. But the young have, I am persuaded, formed a nobler estimate of life, and a habit of reasoning, at once founded upon a homelier sense, and yet aspiring to more elevated conclusions.

What feelings may have succeeded the artificial sentiments which have withered, and which poets daily rise to address, and

sink into oblivion for addressing in vain; or what reception the world may give to the poet who is the first to enter deeply into those feelings, and express them first, remains for men more gifted and more zealous than myself to discover.

The Poem which forms the staple of this volume, addresses itself to the humours rather than to the passions of men. Chiefly of a comic and of a lightly satiric nature, it makes little pretence to those provinces to which the ambition of poets is usually directed. And, for my own part, even if I possessed far higher endowments for poetry—far warmer inclinations towards it than I ever, in my youngest days of inexperience, *imagined* I could claim—I own my belief that I have lived too immediately in that day with the style of which the world has grown weary, not to be imbued in the graver school of poetry with the very faults which I should censure in others: and imbued too deeply and from too early a period, to allow much hope of exchanging those faults for faults of a more innovating and unhacknied character. In the comic school it is different; for the comic school has been little cultivated in this country; and originality in that department is therefore easier than in one more severe, and yet seemingly more inviting to disciples. If I have now accomplished something which, though a tale and a satire, is yet not evidently plagiarised either from Byron or from Butler—if, without that wearisome straining for novelty in detail—which so rarely leads to any thing better than affectation—the matter and the manner be not—on the whole—without some claim to originality—then shall I be fully satisfied.

That you, my dear Publishers, may be fully satisfied also, is a matter equally desirable, but a little more difficult to effect!

The above observations were written some months ago; since then the aspect of the times has grown more visibly dark and troubled; and the Public, occupied with events of stirring moment, have now some solid reason to be less than ever disposed towards "the recreations of the pleasant loiterer, Poesy." Were this Poem of more value, and of a different nature, I should delay its appearance to a less unpropitious moment. I feel, indeed, a little ashamed to produce, at such times, any thing not more intimately connected with the great causes which now (in the exaggeration of no metaphor) agitate the world. But the crop has been sown, and has ripened, and may stand no longer: in other words, so much of any little attraction my Poem may possess, depends upon the aptness of its allusions to the present day, that in the present day it must seek its fortune. If it have other merit, indeed, the temporary neglect for which I am prepared, cannot become a permanent oblivion. Without referring to posterity—that last and most perilous appeal of the neglected—a court to which, at this moment, I have not the temerity or the vanity to subject so unimportant a cause—there is yet a lesser and an intermediate tribunal. No man's real reputation, small or great, is made by his exact cotemporaries: it is the generation succeeding, yet

witnessing his own—the generation some eight or ten years his junior—by which he is tried. To that generation—not in the spirit of dejection or of boasting—but as the first fair and dispassionate tribunal I can obtain, I confide the fate of this work, and of those which, in humbler prose, have been, from the first to the latest, actuated by the same objects—objects that may keep alive in me, indeed, the love of Fame; but which yet can console me, if I am forbidden to attain it.

January 6, 1831.

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BOOK THE FIRST.

Introductory Lines to Book the First.

TO CAPTAIN B—— H——, R.N.

&c. &c.

While Sovereigns—save our royal Sire,
Who justly has become the rage—
Are goods that have begun to tire
The humours of the ripening Age;
While—thanks to whiskered peers*—the clown
In print, at least, can play the rover—
Cross seas whose depth can never drown,
And shores untrod—in Truth discover;
While ermined "Influence" half forsakes
Her flock to no contemn'd attacks;
While Pelham for his boroughs quakes,
And Jersey trembles for 'Almacks';
While thus the old world;—Captain H——
Writes foolish books about the new—
Weeps tears of ink when despots fall,
And damns poor Murray's lost Review.

* See a certain speech of Lord Wilton, in which the people are said to owe their knowledge to the Aristocracy. It is very true!—their knowledge of taxes!

O! model of the travelling tribe,
Though homage Satire always pays ill,
She must, with great respect, inscribe
This book to you, Illustrious B——l!
How well you scourge the Yankee race—
Their codes uncouth, their garbs unsightly;—
Should Yankees answer,—in their face
You smile your wise contempt politely.*
How well you show, O sapient bore!
The curse from taxes to be free;—
And prop the parsons with "one more
Apt illustration from the sea."†
If he be great who nobly dares
The greatest things with least resources,
Oh! who, most learned H——, compares
With you his courage—and his forces?
You ridicule a mighty state,
Without a grain of wit for satire;
On knottiest points, with ease debate,
Without one just thought on the matter;

* "In short, said I, unable to suppress a smile."—*Hall's Travels in North America*, vol. iii. p. 411. "I merely smiled, and said nothing." * * * * * * * "The lady's suspicions instantly took fire, on seeing the expression of my countenance."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 110. A nice, agreeable fellow, for a disputant or a guest!

† "To borrow one more illustration from the sea, I should say, that the Established Church may be compared to the rudder, and the country, with its multifarious arrangements of society, to the ship," &c.—*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 405.

This charming metaphor occurs in the most entertaining conversation

With scarce the Traveller's art to gaze,
You ape the Sage's to distinguish—
And while dear England's laws you praise,
You quite forget the laws of English.
Ev'n now, while Freedom through the lands
Sweeps gathering on—behold in all
His might—on Murray's counter stands
And fires his popgun—Captain H——!
'Tis said when famed Alcides slew
The Earth's dread son—that Slumber bound him*—
The Hero woke—attacked anew—
And saw—the tribe of PIGMIES round him!
So Truth some mighty victory gains—
And, lo, the Dwarfs rush out to seize her!
The Giant crushed—there still remains
Some tribe of H——'s that can but teize her!
But from the Traveller now we turn
One moment to address the Reader,

imaginable. Captain H. resolved to prove the blessings of an aristocracy, rotten boroughs, tithes; and lord—I beg pardon—the devil knows what! sets up an unfortunate Yankee, by way of an argumentative nine pin. Away bowls the Captain, blunder after blunder, folly after folly, as glibly as possible; and not a syllable of rational defence, ever by accident, comes out of the mouth of the nine pin. I cannot say whether a full-grown American could have answered Captain H.; but I know, that an English boy of ten years' old, with a tolerable *private* education would have been a great deal too much for him.

* There is an old tradition, that when Hercules (the great reformer of the ancient world) had conquered the giant Antæus—(a sort of Charles the Tenth)—he fell asleep in the Lybian desert, and was suddenly awakened by an attack of the Pigmies.

To him ev'n Satire's self must learn
To sink the' Accuser—in the Pleader.
Forgive a Muse who long hath dwelt
From ladies of her tribe too distant,
Nor learnt how like thoughts never felt,
To things that never were existent.*
She is not privileged to prose—
Let finer bards aspire to weary us;
Most humbly she resigns to those,
The misanthropic and mysterious.
And if she breathe a truth, at times,
She doth but rarely seek to quarrel;
She strains the Reason through the Rhymes,
And weaves the smile into the moral.

A friend to Wisdom, not to Schools—
Let Dreamers into sects enlist 'em;
For me—at times, if with the fools—
'Tis not the folly of a system.†
Be mine to hover round the heart,
To warn—to warm you by a word—
And—while I mock the Leader's art,—
To shun the livery of the Herd!

* A very clever Author of the day said to me once, speaking of the present character of poetical similies, that they had only one fault—that of comparing what one had never seen, to what one had never heard of.

† "The most ingenious way of becoming foolish is by a system."—*Shaftesbury, Advice to an Author.*

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

ARGUMENT.

The introduction of Mr. Fiam—Description of the personal attractions of that gentleman—The improper negligence of his lady—The birth of our heroes—The bustle it occasions—The hypocrisies of name—The resignation of clergymen, &c.—Aristotle wrong—The danger the Twins incur—Their deliverance.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

In Bancok,*—all the world must know
Bancok 's the Capital of Siam,—
There lived, not quite an age ago,
A gentleman whose name was Fiam.
Of moderate sense and decent fortune,
He ne'er had need his friends to' importune:
He asked them not to clothe or board him,
And therefore all his friends adored him!
For Bancok is a place where you,
If rich, have love enough to sate you;
But only ask them for a *sous*,
And, Gad! how bitterly they hate you!

* Or Bangkok.

Our Fiam was a handsome fellow,
His nose was flat, his skin was yellow;
Tho' black his locks, with truth you 'd swear
His teeth were blacker than his hair;
He might have seemed Apollo's grandson,
And borne the bell from Colonel Ans—n.

But, spite of this surpassing beauty,
His wife had quite forgot her duty;
And, (tho' 'twas twenty years ago,
Since marriage first had joined the pair,)
She ne'er had managed to bestow
Upon this charming spouse an heir.
Now this neglect was aught but proper,
And half her friends began to drop her.

At length (it was one *Van-a-thed*,*)
Our dame was fairly brought to bed;
And—better day the better deed—
To' atone for all her former sins,
To Fiam she to-day decreed
The kind gratuity of twins.

So far, so good! the Siam nation
Is somewhat thin of population;
And (there, as here, two sects are clamorous,
The Economic and the Amorous,)

* Sunday.

It must have charmed the Siam Saddlers,*
This doubling on the Malthus Twaddlers!

But, ah!—the worst's to come!—for Fate
Her boon with bane will ever mate,
And often with her childish antics
The fairest hope of mortal man tricks;
So now she, by a bony tether,
Joined breast to breast—our Twins together.

This freak of Mrs. Fate's, I fear,
Would nowhere give much satisfaction,
But really—as enacted here—
It was a most flagitious action.
For—reader—not like us! the way
At Bancok's always to look down on
Whatever Nature may betray
The smallest pre-resolve to frown on.

I leave you to conceive the scene!
The Siam-parson's face serene:
(Parsons possess in every nation
That greatest virtue, resignation!

* Mr. Sadler, on whom his godfathers bestowed the most just of all epithets by the most prophetic of all initials——Mr. M. T. (commonly pronounced *Empty*) Sadler, has lately published a book in opposition to the followers of Malthus; the size of it is very remarkable.

They also boast—there's no concealing—
A very liberal turn of feeling,
Which makes that virtue always shown
To *your* afflictions—not their own!)
The witch-read midwife's hint of awe;
The posed look of the man of law;
The wonder of the startled nurses;
And the smote father's stifled curses,—
Until at length he sinks him down,
With moving lip, but moveless frown;
Familiar footsteps pass him by—
Their forms are glassed not on his eye;
And voices merge in clamour near;
But sense lies locked within his ear.

So sate he in a marble grieving—
The comic of the crowd relieving;
And, proving the old dogma wrong,
That nought of grief can well belong*
To scenes where gayer verse makes rife
The humour and the farce of life.

Meanwhile, of course, with kindly chatter,
Comes half the town to learn the matter;
His lunch—(cold pig†)—the gourmand quits,
The very cooks desert their spits,

* *Aristot. de Poetica*, sect. xi.

† Pig and ducks are the favourite food of the Siamese.

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Drawn & Etched by R.H.Brooke, A.R.H.A.

But on a Couch all meanest
The new born infants lay. page 13.

London, Published by Colburn & Bentley, June 1831.

The Ava soldier bred to dangers,
The Cochinese who lives on strangers,—
"So great the infection soft"—have caught it,
And cry—"Poor Fiam! who'd have thought it?"

Though all unravel—no one blames
The small hypocrisies of names
When Grief's so great we're really dumb for't,
Garrulity is christened "Comfort!"
And all the Paul Prys of the city
Indulge their vice, and style it—"Pity!"

—But on a couch all uncarest
The new-born Infants lay,
And not one dusky gossip blest
Their entrance into day.
And yet no rude or vulgar grace
You might in their repose descry,
And each to each in close embrace
They nestled tenderly.

As if they felt the rude world round
Already on their being frown'd,
And knew that some strange spell had hung
A blot upon a brother's name,
Yet made the tie to which they clung
No less their shelter than their shame!

And now all's hush'd!—a certain still awes
The motley crowd; they gaze on each
With a quick—meaning eye—but speech
Lies stifled with a numbing fear!
——A single voice appals the ear,
And tells—but with a whispered breath—
'How easy is an infant's death.
'And that we only do fulfil laws
'Given by Nature—to deny
'Life to the wretched things that mock
'Nature herself!'——
Then suddenly
There ran a chill electric shock
Thro' every woman there whose breast
The soft lips of a babe had prest;
But she who spake—an aged crone—
The mother's love had never known!

The gossip ceased; and you might mark
The influence of her words was creeping
Slowly but sure—throughout the rest.
And in the pause, and thro' the dark,
You heard the mother's quiet weeping.
——Out rang a sharp and wailing cry
From where the Twins were lain,
And from their first and gentlest sleeping
They woke to earth and pain!

As snows that in some deep ravine
Lie motionless and dumb,
Till at a signal from the beam—
Some charm'd voice from the sun—they seem
To wake—wild Genii—from a dream,
And changing as they wake—the steep
Beholds the transformed torrents sweep,
And conquer as they come;
Thus, when that signal cry arose,
Strait from the warmed and melting snows
The Waters of deep love awoke!—
To life the Mighty Instinct broke,
And wild and thrilling through the crowd,
A Mother's soul speaks out aloud—
"My children—they are mine!"

And weird, and ghast, and desolate
That sound of woman's deepest fear,
Rung on the humbled father's ear;
Where, deadening thought in gloom, he sate
With downcast eyes, that loathed to see,
And numb hands drooping on his knee;
And, as a voice that from the skies
Bids one the Grave hath housed arise,
He rose: the crowd on either side
Fell back; sound answered not his stride.
He reach'd the cradled pair—no word,
No breath, from that hush'd crowd was heard:—

The mother stretched her arms, but she
Read not the features from her turning,
Nor dreamt that there, all visibly
His heart was to the new-born yearning.
She gazed—the pause she could not break,
She gazed—the very power to shriek
Those parted lips forsook.
And in those eyes, as in a mirror,
Nature beheld herself in Terror!
But, with a fixed and gentle look
And trembling clasp, the father took
His children:—to her side he came
And breathed—yet scarcely breathed—her name.
But not another word he said,—
That whisper had exorcised Dread.

Lo! on her breast the Twins!—and there
They clung, and sought for food,
And with fast-dropping eyes—the pair
The bending mother view'd.
And, every moment, you might see
She clasp'd them more convulsively;
Looked wildly on the faces near,
Looked—lost—yet doubting turned to fear!
Then as below her glance she cast,
Forgot—in shuddering o'er—the past!
With folded arms and tearful smile
There stands the touched and silent Father;

And hushed and melted round, the while,
The wondering gossips gaze and gather.
And thus, our Twins were saved to flow
Thro' Time's far stream in rhyme and glory,
And inch by inch together grow,
The heroes of an English story.

END OF CHAPTER I. BOOK I.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER II.

ARGUMENT.

The dissimilarity of disposition manifested by the Twins, as they grow up—Their mutual complaisance—A sketch of some of the inconveniences attendant upon a *double* life—The introduction of Mr. Hodges; the valuable truths discovered by that great traveller, as solely indigenous to Siam—The ungracious reception experienced by Mr. Hodges, in his zeal to reform the Bancok noblemen—His public-spirited resolution; his harangue, and the equivocal honours wherewith it is rewarded—The dangers of having greatness thrust upon us, exemplified by a certain fall—The influence which the consequences of that fall exercise over Chang and Ching—Simile, which concludes the chapter.

CHAPTER II.

I THINK, my own beloved Helvetius,
Your reasoning was less sound than specious,
When you averred, howe'er the frame
Varied—all minds were made the same;
That every colouring or gradation,
Was but the effect of education,
And rear'd alike, there had been no
Difference 'twixt *David* Hume and *Joe!*

I think 'tis clear, my Twins, who ne'er
A moment could be separated,
Must almost every influence * share
That e'er to either might be fated;
And little to the one or other
Could happen, nor affect the brother.
And yet they were as much dissimilar
As ever Honesty and Miller are;

* External influence.

For me, I have the Spurzheim mania,
And trace the mystery to their crania.

Now one—but first—a serious thing
To choose—upon their names we waver—
'Tis done! the gayer's Master Ching—
And Master Chang shall be the graver.

Now Chang was slow, he learnt his letters
As if his memory moved in fetters,
Crippled his pace, and made him gain
The goal of Knowledge grain by grain;
Yet must you not believe at once,
That Chang was therefore quite a dunce;
His memory, like a trusty hound,
Swept, gathering vigour, o'er the ground;
Was firm of foot, and sure of breath,
And ne'er done up before the death.
Besides, he was a deep reflector,
A silent, but a shrewd inspector;
And early loved, with patient ken,
To pry into the hearts of men;
Often—while Ching good things was saying,
Or noisily at drafts was playing;
Often for hours, he sate—so mute,
You'd thought some hand from stone had shaped him,
Yet not a wrinkle in your boot,
A twinkle of your eye, escaped him:

Nor did whate'er he might discover,
Content, or for a while relax him,
But still the shell was brooded over,
Until it burst into a maxim.
His mind thus slowly gathered matter,
Which musing sharpened into satire;
I own I think that the sagacious,
Are very seldom found loquacious;
Balbutius may at times abash us:
But—oh! the mute bite of a Cassius!

But Ching was hasty, quick, and clever,
His soul's glad stream flowed out for ever;
He learnt his tasks by glancing o'er them,
(Though not, like Chang, with care to store them,)
He loved his jest, although a sad one,
Nor shunn'd a bottle, tho' forbade one;
He swore that thought was made for asses,
And talked already of the lasses.

Chang, tho' austere, was mild in bearing,
Calm as a smile from Lady Bury;
But Ching perpetually was swearing,
And fidgetting himself to fury.
Yet Ching's wrath bore not aught unpleasant,
Was up, and o'er, quite effervescent,
No more conceiving of revenge,
Than Siam's masons of Stonehenge;

While rarely Chang, once roused, forgave—
But watched his moment to retaliate,
No nature, like the still and grave,
To form—preserve—collect—and rally hate!
Again—Chang's temper was devout,
So long he prayed—I wish you'd seen it—
But Ching, gay wretch! seem'd half without
A single sound religious tenet;
Nay, plainest truths, he called too mystical,
And laughed at Chang as methodistical.
However, Custom softens down
The small asperities that gall us,
And Interest, to ourselves unknown,
Will still unto herself enthrall us;
Thus Chang, and Ching, who early saw
'Twas vain two hostile ways to draw,
Did from their differing minds distill
The spirit of a common will;
And by a compact of compliance,
They bade their very fate defiance:
Just like one flesh where'er they went—or
Dove-tail'd like man, and horse in Centaur;
Or like Sir Thomas Brown and wife,*
Who were so suited to the life,

* Of this pair it is said, that the "lady was of such admirable symmetrical proportion to her worthy husband, that they seemed to come together by a kind of *natural magnetism*."

So closely knit—so free from schism,
It seemed like "Natural Magnetism."—
And yet that good—that great Sir Thomas,
Did marriage once so much displease,
He wish'd to take it wholly from us,
And let us—stock the world—"*like trees.*" *

Yet spite of yielding thus mechanically,
To aught their forms enjoined tyrannically,
Their minds, (tho' deeming that existence
Itself was linked with non-resistance,)
Would 'gainst the yoke sometimes be straining,
And chafe—altho' without complaining.
In truth, if differences of temper
The bliss of common twins scarce double; some
To Chang and Ching, *conjuncti semper*,
Must needs be singularly troublesome.
For, when grave Chang in pensive mood,
Himself without the door was sunning,
Gay Ching some paltry insect viewed,
And whisk'd his brother into running;
And when with some congenial gang
Gay Ching was playing on the road—a
Pious humour seized on Chang,
Who stalk'd him into a pagoda!

* Sir Thomas Browne, author of the "Religio Medici," laments pathetically, that we cannot perpetuate the world like trees. Truly he was a great man.—See *Religio Medici*, part ii. sect. 8.

'Twas droll to note Chang's doleful eyes,
In sad pursuit of butterflies;
And see of mirth that cynic scorner,
Whirl'd like a dry leaf round the corner!
Nor less to mark poor Ching, screw'd firm on
His seat, bemoraled with a sermon,
Or nail'd for hours to hear debate your
Siamese seers on "*Human Nature.*"

Our brothers now were in their teens,
When lo! a stranger on our scenes;
Hodges, the member of a mission,
To probe the Siam trade's condition,
In part a saint, in part a patriot,
He thought in guilt, and grief, as Patmos * ere
"Rome was not Rome," did every state riot,
Except in happy England's atmosphere.
There all was virtue, freedom, bravery
Without, all ignorance, crime, and slavery.
Perhaps he thought with old Fitzstephen, †
Our air possest some heavenly leaven,
And that a moral manna falls
From those sweet fogs that cap St. Paul's.

* Whither the Romans were accustomed to banish their criminals.

† William Fitzstephen, writing in the reign of Henry II., accounts for the goodness of the London people, by the atmospheric properties. "The calmness of the air, (he says) doth mollify men's minds, not corrupting them, &c., but preserving them from savage and rude behaviour, and seasoning them with a more kind and free temper."

His tour to Siam, from Oporto,
Is publish'd in three volumes quarto;
From these you'll learn, if you will buy 'em,
Some facts peculiar quite to Siam.
He says (no wonder he was smitten
With things so opposite in Britain)
That Bancok's polished aristocracy
Have no great love for the democracy;
Are sometimes proud, and overbearing,
Nor vastly for one's feelings caring.*
Strange is this fact—nor less to find,
That through the Siamese dominion
Religion in effect 's confined
Almost entirely to opinion;†

* Mr. Finlayson, in his account of the mission to Siam, complains of the "offensive coarseness," the "manifest disregard to the feelings of others," and the "arrôgance unbounded" of the highest ranks in Siam. How grateful we Europeans ought to be that these faults are so peculiar to the Aristocracy of Siam!

† "The people are governed by opinion absurd and unjust—not by reason—by sense—or by kindness."—*Finlayson's Mission to Siam.* —Speaking afterwards of the Theism of the Chinese, this gentleman observes, "that it appears to have no effect whatsoever on their conduct."—O things rare and strange!—How odd must be that people who are governed by absurd opinion! How solitary in the world must be that religion which does not influence conduct!—The excellent Buchanan, in those articles in the "Asiatic Researches," so really valuable, entitled "On the Literature and Religion of the Burmese," hath preceded Mr. Finlayson in the merit of one of his observations.—"It must be, however, confessed," saith he, "that the practice of morality among the Burmas

And rarely—save by paltry fractions
Varies the total of their actions.
Unlike *us*—who, what e'er you say for it,
Are *really* good——because we pay for it!
Ne'er left by Virtue in the lurch
But bolstered up by mother Church,
And cured of evils (in which writhes
Poor Siam)—by a dose of tithes.
He also saw the poor were poor,
That pockets were not quite secure;*—
The court, in nought beside sagacious,
Was far too knowing—when rapacious;
Both sexes too did oft incline awry
To *penchants* for display, and finery;†
He saw, with many tears, moreover,
That lords and ladies lived in clover,

is by no means so correct as might be perhaps expected among a people whose religious opinions have such an apparent tendency to virtue!"—Alas! the day is yet to come, all over the world, when our conduct shall obey our religious opinions!

* From beggary—a sort of polite theft practised among the nobility, clergy, and gentry of Siam, something like subscriptions here. *Plain* theft, and professional beggary, thanks to a population not regulated by the desires of Mr. Sadler, are little known in the Siamese dominions.

† With the above rare discoveries in the Siamese character, and curious anomalies in the human mind, the acute Mr. Finlayson hath in especial (not that I would diminish our obligations to Captain Craufurd's larger, and in many respects, really excellent work,) been pleased to perplex the moral observer, and supersede the labours of Monsieur de la Loubère, *hitherto* perhaps the very best traveller who ever explored the East.

And in an idle vegetation,
Produced not sixpence to the nation.*
Things, so unlike the things in Europe,
The good man warmly did to cure hope,
And vow'd he'd turn a papist—if he
Reform'd not Bancok in a jiffy.
But search we from St. Paul's to Siam,
And Flower is much the same as Fiam.
All love good eating, and good drinking—
All hate the trouble of much thinking;
And all agree, there are no fellows
So odious, as the over zealous.
The Bancok Lords at first were civil,
And merely wish'd him at the devil;
But finding Hodges bent to bore,
They clos'd the matter by the door.
There, you must know that folks endure not
As here, the evils they can cure not;
So some resolved that he should vanish—meant
To send petitions for his banishment;
And *Kochai Sâc*, † a very bad man,
Propos'd to hang him as a madman.

* "It is lamentable to observe how large a proportion of men in this country (Cochin China,) are employed in occupations that are totally unproductive to the state, as well as subversive to national industry. Every petty Mandarin is attended by a multitude of persons!"—*Finlayson's Mission.*—Happy, Europe, where there are no Mandarins!

† Kochai Sahac, a Malay, or Moorman, useful to his employer

But Hodges, though so much he prized
Our peers—all foreign rank despised,
Declared, with generous warmth, he thought
The same the sovereign and the snob,
And swore, since Siam must be taught
New steps—to lead off with the mob!

Accordingly our saint one day,
Into the market took his way,
Climb'd on an empty tub, that o'er
Their heads he might declaim at ease,
And to the rout began to roar
In wretched Siamese.

"Brethren! (for every one's my fellow,
"Tho' I am white, and you are yellow,)
"Brethren! I come from lands afar
"To tell you all—what fools you are!
"Is slavery, pray, so soft, and glib a tie,
"That you prefer the chain to liberty?
"Is Christian faith a melancholy tree,
"That you will only sow idolatry?
"Just see to what good laws can bring lands,
"And hear an outline of old England's.
"Now, say if *here* a Lord should hurt you,
"Are you made whole by legal virtue?

(Captain Crauford) but a rascal in general—the sort of creature in short —that in England we should call —— an Agent!

" For ills by battery, or detraction,
" Say, can you bring at once your action?
" And are the rich not much more sure
" To gain a verdict, than the poor?
" With us *alike* the poor or rich,
" Peasant or prince, no matter which—
" Justice to all, the law dispenses,
" And all it costs—are the expenses!
" *Here*, if an elephant you slay,
" Your very lives the forfeit pay;
" Now, that's a *quid pro quo*—too seri-
" Ous much for beasts *naturæ ferœ*.
" With us no beast, or bird, is holy—
" Such nonsense really seems to shame laws!
" And all things wild, we shoot at—solely
" Subject to little hints, call'd '*Game Laws*.'
" Your parsons dun you into giving—
" *Ours* take their own—a paltry living.
" Each selfish wish they nobly stifle,
" And save our souls—for quite a trifle.
" *Our* lords are neither mean nor arrogant,
" Nor war against broad truths by narrow cant;
" Ne'er wish for perquisites, nor sinecures,
" Nor prop great ills, by proffering tiny cures;
" Our goods before their own they rate 'em,
" And as for younger sons—they hate 'em!
" Thus all our patriots are invincible,
" And, bless you!—as to change of principle!—

" 'Ev'n if one wish'd to chouse the people,
" One's by the Lower House prevented;
" *There*, by a slight expense of tipple,
" We've all the Commons represented—
" And with such singular ability,
" No groat's ere spent with inutility.*
" Thus do we hold both license—and
" Despotic fetters *in ludibrium*;
" And thus must England ever stand
" Erect—in *triple equilibrium!*

" *These* are the things that best distinguish men—
" These make the glorious boast of Englishmen!
" More could I tell you, were there leisure,
" But I have said enough to please, sure;
" Now, then, if you the resolution
" Take for a British Constitution,
" A British King, Church, Commons, Peers—
" I'll be your guide! dismiss your fears.
" With Hampden's name and memory warm you!
" And, d—n you all—but I'll reform you!
" As for the dogs that *won't* be free,
" We'll give it them most handsomely;
" To church with scourge and halter lead 'em,
" And thrash the rascals into freedom."

* Here the orator proceeds to enlarge upon the excellent formation of our House of Commons. But why print his prolix panegyrics after the Duke of Wellington's pithy eulogium? Besides, before this poem be published, that beautiful formation *may* be lost to the House of Commons.

Thus Hodges spoke, and ceasing, bowed,
Graceful as Burdett, to the crowd,
Who, need I say, could comprehend
No word *ab ovo* to the end.
But thought his accent vastly funny,
And hoped he meant to give them money.
Meanwhile, one wag, a little mellow,
Cried to his neighbours, with a grin,
"Suppose we give this charming fellow
"A lift upon a palanquin!"
As sparks on tinder—words that call
To mirth—on vulgar meetings fall—
Our mob more joyously than gently,
Round Hodges closed incontinently;
On him with vigorous hands they set,
As from his tub he now descended,
And plunged him in a sort of net,
Or hammock, from a pole suspended.*
This then was placed upon the shoulders
(One at each end) of two upholders,
And thus the astounded patriot lodges—
On high—think what a rise for Hodges!
Then, to and fro, and up and down,
They trot the patriot through the town,

* "These palanquins consisted merely of a netting in the exact shape of a sailor's hammock, suspended from a pole; and each vehicle was carried on the shoulders of two men, one at each end of the pole. We at first experienced a little difficulty in preventing ourselves from rolling out of this contrivance."—*Finlayson's Mission to Siam.*

And mark, with many a jovial shout,
How well he 'scapes from rolling out;
As now he sits secure, and now,
With starting eyes, and horrent brow,
On brink of fate appears to hover,
Is all but in, and all but over;
Gripes with one hand the net, and shakes
The other at them in despair,
And asks if no damned statute takes
A *British* life beneath its care?
A toss breaks off the words he's uttering,
And swearing trembles into stuttering:
I'm sure you 'll pardon him for swearing—
It is no joke, that sort of chairing!
And Claudian says—(how that old stuff
Boys read, to all men meet applies,)
'That men, like Hodges, must be rough
'In manner—when *they take a rise!*'*

Now Chang and Ching had all the while
Been two among the motley meeting,
And heard the speech—Ching, with a smile,
Listened—and thought some man of guile,
With juggling tricks the crowd was cheating;
But Chang, with wrinkled brow, and eyes
That like an owl's looked wond'rous wise,

* "Asperius nihil est humili *cum surgit in altum.*"—*Claudian.*

Gravely perceived that must be grand,
Which was so hard to understand!
If facts were clear, what use in study?
The well of Truth is always muddy!

Of course these different ways of viewing
The good man, made them also eye
With different gaze, the seer pursuing
His "perilous career on high."
Gay Ching his hands with glee was clapping,
Shouting, "Ah, look! how near a toss over;"
Grave Chang, his arms around him wrapping,
Groaned, "What a state for a philosopher!"
Ching thought it was delightful sport,
Thinking not of the man's longevity;
Grave Chang made maxims on the short-
Sighted, and vulgar lust of levity!

And now the crowd's career at last,
(Just as by Fiam's door it past,)
Came all abruptly to an end!
For one of Hodges' two upbearers
Had an enchanting female friend,
(A chambermaid to Mrs. Fiam,)
And she, of course, was of the starers,
Who with stretched neck, and merry grin
Looked out, and saw the palanquin,
As now 'twas bouncing by 'em.

Who doth not know what mischiefs rise
From single glance of maiden's eyes?*
Both, by the sport exhilarated,
And by the maiden's looks elated,
Willing to kill the girl with laughter
Not caring what might happen after,
This cursed fellow stopped, and sign'd
To t'other what was in his mind;
And then while Hodges, nought suspecting,
His breath was slowly re-collecting,
Deeming at length these barbarous men—a
Glimpse of reason had enlightened,
And that his course *aeriâ pennâ*
Would leave him now less hurt, than frightened,—
The two their sinews strained, and sent
Their load, with such a heave, on high,
You'd thought the luckless saint was sent
Upon a mission to the sky.
With hair erect, and long limbs sprawling,
The sight was really quite appalling;
So high he went, with such celerity,
It seemed as for some god-like merit, he
Carried from earth like great Alcides
To Jupiter's ambrosial side is.
But, oh! as maiden speakers break
Down, when their highest flight they take;

* I think this couplet I must alter,
It smacks too strongly of Sir Walter!

Drawn & Etched by W.H.Brooke A.R.H.A.

With hair erect and long limbs spanding,
The sight was really quite appalling. page 16.

London, Published by Colburn & Bentley, June 1831.

Ev'n so, (while fearing to be crushed
Each idler from beneath him dodges;)
Swift, heavy—like an avalanche—rush'd
To earth the astonish'd form of Hodges
He lay so flat, he lay so still,
He seem'd beyond all farther ill.
They pinched his side, they shook his head,
And then they cried, "The man is dead!"
On this, each felt no pleasing chill;
For e'en among the Bancokeians,
A gentleman for fun to kill,
Is mostly punish'd—in plebeians.
They stare—look serious—mutter—cough—
And then, without delay, sneak off;
Nor at a house for succour knock't, or
Thought once of sending for the doctor.

Fair Nature, in the young, thy beauty
In every clime is seen the best!
And that which manhood makes a duty,
Is impulse in the youthful breast.
So now, our brothers, who, howe'er
Differing in powers, and predilections,
Still, nor in stinted measure, share
Man's loveliest attribute, affections—
Remain behind the vanished crowd
Kneeling, and o'er the sufferer bowed.

It was a pleasing sight to view,
The same divine expression heighten
The likeness of the linked two,
And o'er their dusky features brighten;
Until you saw what nameless graces
Breathe into love the rudest faces;
When to the outward canvass start
The living colours of the heart.

Meanwhile, outflock, in mix'd confusion,
All Fiam's household to the stranger;
And with the help of Chang, and Ching,
Beneath their roof the saint they bring.
A surgeon call'd—they find the danger
Is less than they conceived—a groan,
At least announces life not flown;
They clear the blood that darkly oozes
Out from the skull—and their conclusion
Is, that a very sad contusion,
A broken leg—a score of bruises,
Make of the damages they note all—
The items of the pleasing total,
Far from enough to cure, I'm doubting
So great a patriot of mob-spouting.

Here for the present, to the care
Of Fiam, and the brother-pair,

We'll leave poor Hodges, to discover
Virtue in Bancok—and recover.
As Chang and Ching, for ever by him,
Each with a different comfort ply him.
Ching plays at cup-and-ball to' amuse
The dullness of the flagging hours;
Collects each little scrap of news,
And brings him sugar-plums, and flowers.
While in a mystic murmur, Chang
Instructs him with a wise harangue;
Talks of vain mortals' vague solicitudes,
And that fresh subject, Fate's vicissitudes:
Varying the novel theme with stories,
How other legs were broke before his.
Hodges in turn, the twain delights
With noble deeds, and wond'rous sights,
Things done, and doing, which the fame
Of other countries quite extinguish;
And prove no people ought to claim
A moment's notice—save the English.

'Tis clear to see, that tales like these
Must win upon our Siamese;
And soon that strong, and keen desire,
Which rarely youth resists——*to roam*,
Prey'd on their hearts, and made them tire
Daily of happiness, and home.

Alas! in vain in every shore,
For something never won, we yearn!
Why needs this waste of toil, before
Life's last, yet simplest truth we learn?
Oh! that our early years would own
The moral of our burial-stone:
The true *to kalon* of the breast—
The *elixir* of the earth is—*Rest!*

As birds that seek athwart the main,
Strange lands where happier seasons reign,
Where to soft airs the rich leaf danceth,
And laughs the gay beam where it glanceth—
Glancing o'er fruits whose purpling sheen
May court the rifling horde unseen;
For there Earth, Air, and Sun conspire
To curb—by sating— man's desire—
And man, half careless to destroy,
May grant ev'n Weakness to enjoy.
So Hope allures the Human Heart,
So shews the land and spreads the chart;
So wings the wishes of the soul,
And colours, while we seek, the goal!

The shore (as on the wanderers fly)
They left—hath melted into sky.
The shore they seek—Alas! the star
That guides on high, seems scarce so far.

With weary wing, but yearning breast,
Unlike the dove they find no rest.
The broad Sea with its aching sound,
The desert Heaven,—have girt them round.
On, on!—and still the promised shore
Seems far—and faithless as before;
And some desponding droop behind,
And some are scattered by the wind;
And some—perchance who best might guide—
Sink—whelm'd the first—beneath the tide.

Thus on, the hearts that Hope decoys,
Fly o'er life's waste to fancied joys,
The goal unseen—the home forsaken,
Dismay'd, but slow, from dreams we waken.
The friends—with whom we left the shore
Most lov'd—most miss'd, are seen no more:
And some that sink, and some disparted,
But leave the lingerers weary-hearted.

On—onward still—how few remain
Faint—flagging—of that buoyant train,
With glittering hue, and daring wing,
And bosom that must burst or sing.
On—on! a distant sail appears—
It comes—exhaustion conquers fears;
And on the deck, a willing thrall,
The wearied, hopeless, victims fall;

And ev'n amid their dreadest foes
Feel less of peril than repose!
And thus—oh! thus! no more deceived—
Worn out, tamed, baffled, and bereaved,
From all our young life loved self-banished;
The glory from the dull wing vanished;
Bowed by the distance, and the gale,
The hardest faint, the boldest fail.
Whate'er the spot that proffers rest
We drop—the Victim or the Guest;
And after all our wanderings past,
Feel Death has something sweet at last.

END OF CHAPTER II. BOOK I.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER III.

ARGUMENT.

Address to " the British Fair"—The character of Hodges more fully developed—His felicitous project—Its success with Fiam—Fiam's character vindicated ; and an unfortunate habit in the private life of that gentleman publicly exposed—The unjust and frivolous tattle of the Fashionable Circles in Bancok—The conversation of the Twins, and the design therein, unfolded—Lines on the ancient Magians—Their pretended successors—The adventurous expedition of the brothers, with all they saw by the way—The Hindoo Temple—Its mysterious tenant—The incantation, and the prophecy.

CHAPTER III.

You know those queer old Novels found in
Some Watering Place's Athenæum,
A marble, motley coat, half bound in,
And oh! so thumbed— I think I see 'em!—
All about love, Ma'am, and the "Major,"
We Novel-wrights have now grown sager.
Majors, indeed!—the vulgar churls!—
We make your *lowest* flirters Earls.
You know the books I mean—too full
Of curious phrases to be dull.
Their oddities respect bespeak,
Like images grotesque on China;
If manly, writ by "Captain Meek,"
If moving—why, by "Jane Selina;"
Mid these, my fairer readers, you
May note at times the charming writer

Improves his tone, and at some new
Chapter, grows suddenly politer;
Makes female excellence his care,
And dashes off, "Ye British Fair!"

This plan resolved to follow him in,
Hear me one word, sweet countrywomen!
I hear a certain novel lately
Sent forth by me, displeased you greatly;
You thought the gentry of the road
Should choose their words more *à-la-mode*;
You felt indignant that such ug-
Ly words my vulgar folks should utter,
And Peggy Lobkins, of "the Mug,"
Be less refined than Lady Flutter;—
And you were right I must allow,
But I will mend my manners now,
Bid Nature seek some other place,
Paint man no more—but sketch "his Grace;"
Mince truth like any other Mister—
And shrink, smirk, drivil into L——r.

Soft sex, I yet recall the hours
When ye gave life its only flowers;
Nor truant hope once pass'd the ground,
To which your smiles had set the bound.
And shall I now forego the dream,
That ev'ry mortal bard hath fired;

Nor think those starry eyes will beam
Upon the verse they first inspired?
No! my sweet friends, altho' at times
A Godhead more severe and stupid,
May seize some dozen of my rhymes,
The prettiest still are kept for Cupid.
I own the chapter you have past,
Was rather of too coarse a cast,
And feel your interest poorly lodges,
In such a tenement as Hodges.
But patience, patience, and proceed —
When once in England we are landed,
Such pretty things you'll find—indeed
I'm sure you'll own it, if you're candid!
A general satire, quite refined,
But also stinging, on mankind;
Some things especially I've painted,
With which "your Graces" are acquainted,
Smart, striking, side-long, SILHOUETTE touches—
To charm the *haut goût* of a Duchess.
One draught of that sweet inebriety—
The best champaigne of "good society;"
And just to zest the "glass of fashion,"
Un petit verre of cream of passion;
And, that your interest mayn't be lost,
Our love shall be so nicely cross't—
Then, too, a mystery—and a dear
(But not too shocking) dash of fear;—

And then, so well our poem ends!
Not as you'd think! Ah, come—we're friends!
That smile shall light me on to glory,
And now—shall I resume my story?

Tho' Hodges was the Bancok talk,
As a most odd, eccentric being,
You scarce thro' Oxford Street could walk,
Without a score just like him seeing.
I call him saint, but don't mistake,
He was not one of those who enter
The fold for piety's sole sake,
Nor was our traveller a dissenter.
Not one of those malign'd, and bold
Descendants of that race of old,
Who to the death, and thro' the scathe,
Ne'er severed freedom's badge from faith,
But made Heaven's cause and earth's the same!—
——Their children have not dimmed their name.
No! spurns our lay one recreant line
That points its shaft to things divine;
Not less a sure ally to those
Truth loves, than fearless to her foes.
Note—in our travell'd sage we paint
A sectless, and a self-dubbed-saint,
A sort of moral Andes, curled
In clouds "above one half the world," *

* Campbell.

And thro' Conceit's sublimest portals,
Lowering on less exalted mortals.
Yet, tho' not wise upon the whole,
He really was a worthy soul;
Fond of a bottle, and a story,
A starch, old-fashioned ultra-tory,
For ever watchful at each bank,
Fencing the rivulets of rank,
Fearful those streamlets, once so single,
Should break, and in one deluge mingle.
In love for Lords he'd yield to no man—
Yet patriotic as a Roman;
Loyal as Curteis with his kilt on—
In short, the man so miss'd by Wilton.*
Much had he travelled to and fro,
And brought great profit to the "Row."
His Tours, his Voyages, I'm told,
By Longman, have in thousands sold.
No wonder; for he rarely proses
On what your dullards want to know;
Statistics, Commerce, Law, are doses,
Which he allows us to forego.
Or, while above Amusement floats—
Instruction, lead-like, sinks to—notes.

* See note to page 3.—In the same speech therein alluded to, Lord Wilton seems to lament the want of those departed patriots—who complained of nothing.

But well the feeling soul he treats
With all he drinks, and all he eats;
With how his sleep by noisy cocks
Is ever and anon demolished;
How men are seen in ill-brushed frocks,
And boots are scandalously polished.
Matter like this can't fail to spell
The world's attention, and to sell.

Sojourning lately in Calcutta,
He'd joined the mission sent to Siam,
To ascertain if, should we put a
Cargo of goods in port, they 'd buy 'em.
An opportunity such folks
To paint, he very wisely took,
And, like a better at the Oaks,
He thought of making up his book!
Nay, when that accident infernal
Occurred, he 'd got thro' half his journal.

Now, as in Fiam's house he lay,
And "Sketches of the Court" concluded,
A certain brilliant scheme one day
Into our traveller's brain obtruded.
This was no less than back to Eng-
Land—to take with him Chang and Ching.
He saw at once, that love for shows,
Which stamps us as the "Staring Nation,"

Would make two youths so formed as those,
A very pretty——speculation.

For tho' he 'd now and then a spasm
Of what we call enthusiasm,
Somehow, the patriot's whole romance
Was friendly to the—humph!—main chance!
Sagely he therefore seized his time,
When, having drawn with much pomposity
The raptures of our rainy clime,
He saw the youths all curiosity;
And kindly looking on the pair,
As if from bashfulness to free them,
He said, with an obliging air,
"*We 'd* be extremely glad to see them!"
Then, as he saw, with eyes all glistening
With gratitude, the father listening,
He added hints upon the fine
Fortune with ease to be acquired,
Were they but here, and would resign
Themselves, dear boys, to *be admired!*

He 'd undertake, if such a plan
Were followed, *properly conducted*—
For *sans* experience bungling man
No scheme without a flaw constructed;—
He 'd undertake, that, in returning,
They 'd bring not only lots of learning,

But what in Bancok greater dash
Made 'mid the *haut ton*—lots of cash.
This scheme the father greatly charmed,
But most unqualified emotion
It gave his lady—quite alarmed
At the mere mention of the Ocean.*
N'importe; at Siam, to its shame,
Not oft the spouse consults his dame;
And with such warmth to the design
Did Fiam seriously incline;
Its nature, day by day revolving,
That thought at last became resolving.
He made with Hodges an agreement
About the profits of the thing;—
One-half was for the patriot's fee meant,
The other went to Chang and Ching.
He next on Hodges sought to play
(And did at length succeed) the attorney;
And settled that the saint should pay
The whole expenses of the journey.
'Tis every where we see a sad age,
In Siam craft is quite an adage;
The cunning of those yellow fellows
Makes even Europeans jealous.

* The Siamese have a superstitious dread of going
"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea."

Eusebius saith, that craft or fraud,
The pious cannot but applaud,
Declares—no doubt he's right about it—
Some scarce would be convinced without it.
And thus a good dose of deceiving,
'Makes physic' for the unbelieving;*
Yet every soul in Siam is sick,
Tho' fed entirely on this physick.†

The bond completed, Fiam saw
'Twas made quite good in Bancok law;
Not doubting that, that law would tie 'em
As close in England as in Siam:
The thing was really now decreed.
Transportedly the twins agreed;
For with a joyous, and a busy pate,
Each did the scenes described anticipate.
Nor think our sire, that with a stranger
He let his only sons depart,
Unheedful of their risk of danger,
Or nursing a Rousseau-like heart.
No—learn the mystery in my naming,
The Mercury of all nations, "Gaming."

* Ὅτι δεήσει ποτὲ τῷ ψένδει αντὶ φαρμάκου χρῆσθαι επὶ ὠφελέια τῶν δεομένων τοῦ τοιούτου τρόπου.—*Euseb. Præp. Evang.* l. xii. c. 31.

This doctrine of the piety of fraud is common among nearly all the primitive writers of the church.

† The cunning and falsehood of the Siamese is a bitter subject of complaint with all their visitors.

Now, though at Bancok, as in London,
The laws forbid you to be undone:
No code, devised however cleverly,
Can bar one bent to play the Beverley.
So, by some Stukelys of the fashion,
Living like —— other's cash on—
(And faith, the prettiest way to feast:)
Fiam had been most sadly fleeced.
Folks there, are now but slowly learning
That beautiful resource called "credit;"
And Fiam to the future turning,
Began to see good cause to dread it.
Yet for himself, foreboding smote
The doating father's heart less—ah! less
Than those who would not have a groat,
When left upon the world papa-less!
And there, where both reward and penance
Are held decreed to *this* world's tenants.*
Where every piece of luck that raises
One's fortune, but one's virtue praises;
And the calamities that dish us
Are merely proofs that we are vicious;—
'Twas clear, with such a faith, and nation
Our twin's peculiar situation,

* Rank in *this* life, is held by the Boudhists, as a proof of moral excellence in a former—so are all worldly blessings. In Siam and the Burman empire, a man acts as *well* as he can, in the hope of being made a lord *after* he dies—just as in certain other countries, a man acts as *ill* as he can, in the hope of being made a lord *before* that event.

If coupled with an empty purse,
Would be esteemed no trivial curse;
And that the world would act most oddly,
If kind to sorrows so ungodly.
This foresight then, had made the father
Yield to the patriot's scheme,—nay, rather
A project that at once appeared
To cure the very ills he feared,
The fortune he had lost replace,
Rob his boy's doom of its disgrace,
And make them, with such slender labours,
Quite independent of their neighbours,
He deemed so strangely happy, that
He gave the honour to the Nat.*
Nay, to nought less he could compare it,
Than to the might of those who muse
On man in the *Zadumaharit*,†
And stand three leagues——without their shoes!
Thus, to his guest his sons committing,
You 'll own in Fiam not unfitting.
No hardness of the heart betraying,
But a sire's anxious care displaying.

Not so his neighbours!—long and loud
Tattled the fashionable crowd:

* Nat—Superior beings in the Boudhist religion.

† The *Nat* of the *Zadumaharit* are of the most exalted order; their height is half a *juzana;* a juzana being six Burma leagues, and four *ratoen.*

They were so shock'd, they scarce could speak,
Especially, of course, the women all;
They'd always thought him very weak,
But this was absolutely criminal.
What, send away one's sons from home,
On bits of wood o'er waves to roam!
Travel, indeed!—what for?—was not
All wisdom centered in one spot?
All virtue, learning, bliss, pomp, show,
All with which Boudha could supply 'em,
To see, hear, taste, enjoy, and know,
—Were they not all confined to Siam?
Travel, indeed—with such a fellow too,
Whose skin was any thing but yellow too!—

While thus his friends—(friends *are* so moral
About our acts!)—with Fiam quarrel,
We'll listen to our brothers, walking
Alone, and close engaged in talking.
A wild design is their's, I ween,
Pray Heaven, it ripen to a scene.
" I hear," quoth Chang, " the sorcerer's art
" Surpasseth Reason's cramp'd believing;
" And—just look round, Ching!—for *my* part,
" I dare say, there is some deceiving;
" Yet, ere our land, our home we change,
" Launch in a scheme that seems so strange,
" Trust hope, and life to fortune frail,
" And with our guest, in short, set sail,

" 'Twere well to hear what one so wise
" As he we speak of would advise:
" Or, since perchance, to our intent
" The will may be *already* bent,
" *Rather*, 'twere well to lift the veil
" Athwart the future's gloom;
" And know what peril may assail,
" Or pleasure soothe—our doom!"

" Well said," cried Ching, " the scheme's a bold one;
" One likes to have one's fortune told one.
" 'Tis new Moon, by-the-bye, to-night,
" It can't do any harm to hear him!
" To start betimes would be but right;
" We live, you know, by no means near him."
Rejoiced to find gay Ching so mettled,
Chang nods assent—the' affair is settled.

In those dark climes of farthest Ind
Yet reigns that weird, and wond'rous Science,
To which, ev'n here, the illumin'd mind
Hath sometimes quail'd from its defiance.
Dread relics of that solemn lore,
From eldest Egypt, haply brought,
And to the Magian Seers of yore
In terror and in mystery taught
By the eternal Stars;—what time
Night deepened to her ghastly noon,

And, paled beneath the muttered rhyme,
Grew faint the pausing Moon.
There, while the sparr'd, and dropping caves
Murmured, as from their depth were called
New Shapes released from former graves,
And the earth's dreader beings—thralled
To grosser ether, by the Power
And the dark Rulers of the Hour!
While Nature sickened into dearth,
The swift winds fell upon the waves
With Fear struck dead; and Silence palled
The torpor of the tomb-like earth;—
There, by their rocky homes, the Seers
Of the Dark Wisdom lonely sate,
And from no human oracle,
Nor Druid shade, or Delphic cell,
But from the arch untrodden spheres
Drew forth the voice of Fate!

Ye whom the Magian spell'd of old,
The orbed and glorious Thrones of Heaven,
Will ye in truth no more unfold
The lore to Earth's grey Fathers given?
What wonderous arts that pierce the deep
Of Time, and from slow Nature win
Her secrets, aye, her empire; sleep
Your hush'd and hoarding shrines within!

And still we gaze, and gaze, and yearn,
And, with mysterious pinings, feel
The soul—perchance your offspring—burn
For what your voices can reveal!—
Mute—mute—ye from your height survey
Our longings vague, our visions vain;
And, drawn to earth, we turn away,
And sicken to ourselves again.

Still linger in the vast abode,
Where once the Magian learning glowed
Fond dreamers wild and self-deceiving,
Feeding strange thoughts in loneliness;
And, in one empty science, weaving
The threads of each unhallowed guess.
Gaunt Fast and sternest Penance joined
To the great Awe, which is the soul
Or demon of all solitude,
Darken the fancies of their mind
Into a grim and gathering mood,
Till madness blackens o'er the whole.

Such is the stuff from which is made
The mould of those in half-lit climes,
Whom hooded millions have obeyed,
Drunk with the lust of fire and scathe,
And mailed to mercy by a faith,
That sprung from Phrensy's densest shade,

A madness modell'd to a trade,
And grown a creed by crimes!

To one of these wild seers the Twins
Are bound, and ere the earliest ray
Of the New Moon* her reign begins,
Behold them on their unwatch'd way.

They pass'd along by the Menam's side,
With its floating streets† on the twilight tide,
And laughter and voices echoed afar
From the idle groups in the gilt bazaar;
But the clear smooth note 'mid the din they distinguish,
Of the cunning Chinese who are cheating the English.

They have left the city behind them now;
And, along the gladden'd ground,
There stealeth a scent from each purple bough,
In the thousand orchards round.‡
O'er the thin, frail plank, that the deep canal
Bridges, they gliding go;

* The reader will bear in mind, that both in the Boudhic and Hindoo superstitions, the time of the new moon is one of peculiar and mystic power.

† "On each side of the river (Menam) there was a row of floating habitations resting on rafts of bamboo moored to the shore. These appeared the neatest and best description of buildings; they were occupied by good Chinese shops." —*Crauford's Embassy to Siam*, p. 79.

‡ Bancok is surrounded by orchards.

And the maw of the crocodile waits their fall,
As he watcheth them from below.
For two-and-twenty comely fanes
In sight, the wealth of the town bespeak;
But the purse of the burgher-man never contains
Enough for a bridge o'er a single creek.*
The night hath advanced; and the sharp, shrill cry
Of the *gecko*† breaks forth from the herbage dark;
And out, o'er the hush of the breathless sky,
Sweeps the Moon in her stately bark.
They see (in Siam a frequent sight—
A drollish sort of a constitution hers!)
A robber, who should have been hang'd that night,
Walking coolly off with his executioners.‡

* "The town (Bancok) is built on a rich tract, &c., intersected by numerous creeks and canals. . . . . We had to pass under a bridge, which, after the profusion of expense which we had lately witnessed in the temples, afforded a surprising example of the stupid inattention of a despotic government and a superstitious people, to all objects of public convenience and utility: the value of a very few of the brass images which we saw yesterday, would have been sufficient to build a noble bridge at this place, where it was so much required; but the one which we now saw, consisted of a single plank, and was elevated to the giddy height of at least thirty feet. We proceeded in all about five miles. In our route, we counted no less than twenty-two temples."—*Crauford's Embassy*, 127—130.

† A sort of lizard of nocturnal habits—made on purpose to disturb Captain Crauford at night.

‡ "A celebrated gang robber, whose apprehension had cost the Siamese government a great deal of trouble, and who was placed in charge of the

In the heart of the plain they have past, and there
The moon on a temple shone,
And they note a Chinese with his braided hair,
By some embers employ'd alone:
He was stirring up the bones of his sire,
With a tool like a gardener's prong;
He had burnt him that day by a famous fire,
And was closing his task with a cheerful song.*

They have gone many miles since the night begun,
And the mystic moon to her height hath won.
They pause by the jaws of a tangled wood,
For gloomily there the shadows brood,
And they thought how the tigers in search of food
From the distant forest had lately strayed,
--And they looked on each other, and mutely prayed.

Prah-klang, took this opportunity to effect his escape. The mode in which he accomplished this, afforded some insight into the character of the servants of the Siamese government. The robber seduced the whole guard, and walked off with them; thus not only effecting his own escape, but taking with him an armed and organized body of depredators."—*Crauford's Embassy*, p. 176.

* "Returning home one day from an excursion on the Menam, my attention was attracted by observing a Chinese all alone stirring up some embers within the enclosures of a temple, with an instrument resembling a pitchfork. On landing, we found that he was completing the funeral rights of some relative. He was stirring the fire to complete the destruction of some of the larger bones, and was either cheering or consoling himself with a song!"—*Crauford's Embassy*, p. 450.

Drawn & Etched by W.H. Brooke, A.R.H.A.

He was stirring up the bones of his Sire
With a tool like a Gardeners prong. page 62.

London, Published by Colburn & Bentley, Jany 1831.

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They are walking on with a trembling tread,
And painful the path thro' the jungle to thread;
And their hearts beat high at the sullen crush
Of the boughs swinging back to their broken hush;
And they hear the hiss of the startled snake,
And they see the bed in the trampled brake,
Where some ravening beast, aroused by the moon
To his prey, had reposed thro' the sultry noon.

But aye, as they paused for breath, the part
Of the cheerer was donned by the darker heart,
For the nerves of the one, whom in safety ye deemed
The gallanter spirit, now quail and cower,
While the calm which in common a dulness seemed,
Grew courage when kept thro' the perilous hour.

The jungle is cleared, and the moon shines bright
On a broad and silent plain;
And (gaunt in the midst) the streaming light
Sleeps, hushed on a giant Fane!

No late-built, gay, and glittering shrine,*
Like those the Boudhist holds divine;

* The massy and antique solemnity of the Hindoo temple, compared with those devoted to the Boudhist religion, covered as the latter are with gilding, and grotesque ornaments made of the most gaudy and least durable materials, never fails to strike every traveller in the countries where the two religions are found together.

But simple—lone—grey—vast—and hoar,
All darkly-eloquent of Eld!
The farthest years of untold yore
That temple had beheld.
Sadly and desolately now,
It rais'd to Heaven its gloomy brow;
Its altars silent and untrod,—
The faith has left the Brahmin's God.*

There while the brothers gazing stood,
Their youthful blood grew chill,
Appalled beneath the Solitude,
The Sternness and the Still!

They have gain'd the sacred bound,
They have pass'd its broken wall;
And they quail as they walk, when they hear the sound
Of their steps in the temple fall!

They stand in a desolate place,
Their roof the starr'd and breathless Space!
An altar at their feet, o'erthrown!
On the grey walls around, half-rased,
Strange shapes and mystic rhymes are traced,
Typing a past world's fate.

* "They (the Hindoo temples) were dreary and comfortless places, and there was no mistaking the religion which had the countenance and protection of the state."—*Crauford's Embassy*, p. 119.

And still, as if himself had grown
Its like—upon a couch of stone
Majestic—shadowy—and alone
The dark Magician sate!
The white rays hush'd around him shining—
His broad brow knit and down-declining;
Fix'd on the wan Earth's mystic breast
His eyes—intent but dreaming—rest;
His mute form bending musingly,
And his hands clasp'd upon his knee.
Calmness sate round him like a robe,
The calmness of the crowned Dead,
The calmness of the solemn Globe
When Night makes Silence dread.
The calmness of some God reclin'd
On high—and brooding o'er Earth's doom,
Or of some Cloud ere yet the wind
Hath voiced the breathless gloom.
The errand they tell, and the boon they crave.
It is done!—with a glassy eye
The Sorcerer look'd on the Twins, and gave,
In a chaunting tone, reply.

" Ten years ago, and the Book of Light
" Was oped at the page that is bared to-night,
" And the Moon had buried her mother old,
" And the Dragon was up from his mountain-hold,

" And the Spirits who feast on a mortal's woe
" Were walking the wide earth to and fro.
" My blood was young, and my heart was bold,
" And I burn 'd for the spell of the conquer'd tomb;
" And I sate by the grave they had dug that day,
" For a woman whose spirit had passed away
" When the babe was in her womb.*

" And the grave was bared—and the rite prepared,
" And the dark rhyme slowly said,

" The belief in the agency of evil spirits is universal, and though disclaimed by the religion of Budha, they are more frequently worshipped than the latter. Nor will the darkest periods of German necromancy and pretended divination be found to exceed, in point of the incredible and horrible, what is to be observed among the Siamese of the present day. It is usual to inter women that have died pregnant: the popular belief is, that the necromancers have the power of performing the most extraordinary things, when possessed of the infant which had been thus interred in the womb of the mother: it is customary to watch the grave of such persons, in order to prevent the infant being carried off. The Siamese tell the tale of horror in the most solemn manner. All the hobgoblins, wild and ferocious animals, all the infernal spirits, are said to oppose the unhallowed deed; the perpetrator, well charged with cabalistic terms, which he must recite in a certain fixed order, and with nerves well braced to the daring task, proceeds to the grave, which he lays open. In proportion as he advances in his work, the opposing spirits become more daring; he cuts off the head, hands, and feet of the infant, with which he returns home. A body of clay is adapted to these, and this new compound is placed in a sort of temple; the matter is now accomplished, the possessor has become master of the past, present, and future."—*Finlayson's Mission to Siam and Cochin China*, p. 239.

" And with shriek, and shout, the demon rout
" Came round the' unburied dead.
" Yea! round, and round, with their giant wings
" The monster Bird, and the dragon Snake,
" And the Evil Race from the Ebon springs
" Of the Genii's waveless Lake!
" Yea round, and round, with their stoney glare,
" And their gnashing teeth, and their ghastly yell!
" And limb, by limb, they had torn me there
" Had I miss'd one word of the wizard spell.
" But I mastered the fiends with a fearless breast,
" And I tore the babe from its darksome rest,
" And I severed the hands, and the feet, and the head,
" And I looked around—and the fiends were fled—
" And I was alone with the mangled dead!

" And never from her hall of light
" The moon's hushed glory seem'd so bright
" As then!—the gale its pride had bow'd—
" The tree—the herb—the flower—below;
" And the white star and pausing cloud
" Above me;—seemed to hail, and know
" The new-made Monarch, whom the Hour,
" And the dark daring of the deed
" And the Art minioned to the meed,
" Had diadem'd with power!
" And the lovely Earth is bared to me
" With the wealth of its coffer'd dower;—

" The death, and the life in every tree;—
" And the spirit in every flower:—
" From Clime to Clime unseen I glide
" On the car of my swift desire,
" I rule the steeds of the rushing Tide,
" And the heart of the restless Fire.
" I watch o'er the Past in its mighty sleep,
" I walk in its Chambers dark,
" And over the future's shoreless deep
" I sail in my prophet-bark.
" But I pine from my wisdom's desolate throne,
" And my sceptre charms me not;
" And I fly in thought, as I sit alone,
" To my father's tranquil Cot.
" And why, O dupes of the burning dream,
" For a boon that deceiveth, roam?
" Will the Sun on a stranger's dwelling beam
" More bright that it shines on home?
" But I read your brow—and I read your heart,
" And I know the seal is set;
" And that spell is above a Magian's art,
" That can hold man from——Regret."

The sorcerer rose, and led the way
Thro' a rent in the deep wall's massive base,
And they stood in a cell where the peering ray,
Crept faint from above thro' the dismal space;
Serving just to shadow dimly,
Their outlines from the denser gloom,

Like the half-worn images sculptured grimly
On the walls in the outer room.

Suddenly forth to the roof, the light
Burst, of a mighty flame!
It shot from the earth to that lofty height—
Like a burning town on a northern night,
And it trampled the gloom with an Angel's might—
And it died as it came!

But behold on the spot where it falleth,
A meteor hath risen, and slowly crawleth,—
The child of the fire-fiend creeping
Along;—till at length with an impish mirth
To and fro see it fitfully leaping,
As it courses the jagged earth!
Then they marked that the seer had his raiment thrown
On the ground; and a narrow and knotted zone,
Star-studded, was bound on his loins alone!

They stand within the flame, that curl'd,
Not in the northern wizard's ring,
But oval-like; and imaging
A mystery in the Antique world.

And the Sorcerer on their heads hath lain
One hand, the other raised on high!
"Worms on life's lotos leaf—whate'er
"Of dread or menace meet the eye

" Or thrill the appalled ear—beware
" Of any sound—of any cry
" Beyond the ebb of breath !
" This fiery wall is life's domain
" Transgressed one inch is death !

" For the fiends are without, and I hear them now,
" And I feel their breath on my dampening brow.
" If a single drop from the brimmed spell
" Run o'er, ye are doomed to the wrath of hell.
" And a death by the gripe of the demon's fangs,
" Will but herald the soul to Tapana's * pangs !"

Now the fire is calmly burning,
And the orgy hath begun,
And along the red girth going,
From an iron vessel throwing
In the flame the appointed things
Of that black and fearful learning;
Thus the Magian with each one
Slowly sings.
" Seizers of the wretch who wars
" With the Sovereign of the Stars,

* *Tapana* is one of the many Boudhese hells to which, among other criminals, the dabblers in *unlawful* arts are condemned. The reader will note, that in the ensuing incantation, the sorcerer forsakes the Boudhist superstition, and alludes only to the Hindoo. The Hindoo magicians, to whose order he appears to belong, are of greater renown than the Boudhist.

" Ye, whom my victory taught to fear me,
" Still and bright *Grahana** hear me!

" And ye who sweep thro' the air and the deep,
" And rise on the Fire God's wings,
" Or couched in the gloom of the mountain's womb,
" Hold court with the Metal kings;
" Ye mocking ELEMENTS—who laugh
" At a mortal's doom with a frantic mirth—
" And scatter our dust, when we die, like chaff
" O'er the heart of the griefless earth:
" Ye, whom my victory taught to fear me,
" Bhuta,† dread servants of Siva,‡ hear me!
" Four and sixty bones are here,
" Blent and seethed in the bowl of Fear;
" Four and sixty roots are mingled
" By the moon, at her moment of glory, singled.
" By these, by the ashes, the draught, and the dust—
" Come hither—come hither, ye must—ye must!
" Steep my tongue in the Fount of the Future Things,
" And shadow my soul with your rushing wings."

* The planets: their name (Grahana) signifies the act of seizing, and they are *chiefly* invoked by the Hindoo magicians in ceremonies denouncing evil upon enemies.

† Bhuta, the Elements, are considered by the Hindoos as demons—the Atharvana Veda—(one of their sacred books)—is said to enjoin their worship.

‡ Siva, the God of Destruction.

As he spoke, on his lip there gathered the foam,
And his voice, from a breath, to its height had clombe,
And the blood swelled forth in each corded vein,
And the drops of his agony fell like rain.

But still as a calm on a lowering sea,
When the quiet is cradled appallingly,
The Twins knelt down in the midmost space,
And clung to each other in close embrace.
And the eyes of *the one* on the ground were bent,
And his breath but in gaspings came and went;
But the high-wrought nerve of the sterner raised
His brow; on the Magian he fix'dly gazed,
And the strength of desire sustained his dread,
—But the swarthy blood from his cheek had fled.
While he knelt and gazed;—with a slimy crawl,
And a hissing breath round the fiery wall,
Came the loathly things of the serpent race,
With a glassy eye on his haunted face.
And wherever he turned they came—they came—
With their crests erect o'er the barrier-flame!
Some of the dwarfed and deadliest tribe,
Whence the poison the shafts of a chief imbibe;
And others that wreathed in their volumed length,
Lapped the fate of their prey in their crushing strength.
But beyond, where the fire had failed to break
The shadows— he heard the vulture shriek;

And at length on its lead wing heavily
It flapped to a grey stone mouldering nigh,
And gloamed on the boy with its charnel eye.
But he would not stir, and he held his breath,
For he thought on the Magian's menaced death;
And the full of the fit, or the fiend's, controul,
Seemed now to have rush'd on the Sorcerer's soul:
His mien was all changed from its human wont,
And the phrenzy was stamped on his knotted front.

" Ye have come with your golden wings,
" Ye have come with your starry eyes,
" And I feel the Cloud of the dawning Things,
" Like the mists from an ocean rise!
" Mortals! who from the Magian's skill,
" Demand what Fate may yet fulfil.
" List—heed—and mark—for wrapt in gloom,
" The dim unbodied Shapes that wait
" In the vast Future's mighty Womb,
" The appointed hour of Fate.

" The Stream and the Bark shall glide
" With a happy Sun, and a quiet Tide;
" But the Stream at length shall chafe at the Sail,
" And its wave shall rise to an angered gale,
" And the Stream on the guiltless Bark shall war,
" And the Bark shall know dread on the fitful wave;

" And the Stream shall look up to a single Star,
" And the Star shall endanger the Bark, but—save.
" And the Bark in a quiet Port shall rest,
" But the Stream shall roll on with a lonely breast.
" Lo! lo! where it enters the earth, and its way
" Is snatched like a dream from the face of the day.
" Not a glimpse from its course—not a voice from its waves—
" Lo! it sinks from my sight—in the depths of the caves."

As he ceaseth, the fiery bound
Duller and dimmer fades,
And the Serpent shapes that hiss around,
Grow huge in the deepening shades.
And failing and faint—those limbs but now
Scarce mortal in their power,
Like the bodies the laws of the *Apé** allow
But life for a stated hour.

As a corpse when the spirit is fled,
As a spear from a hand when the life is o'er,
The Sorcerer drooped his head,
And dropped on the darkening floor.
Then, by the last blue ray
Of the flame, while the Serpents creep

* The Condemned.

With a fainter hiss to the wall—away,
And curl to their broken sleep,—
Each brother beheld the other's face,
And shudderingly scanned it o'er;
Such change had been wrought in that fearful place,
That he scarcely could note a single trace
Of the features he knew before!

END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Introductory Lines to Book the Second.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY ——

BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

Fair girl, whose very name to me
  Recalls that earliest dream of love,
Now fixed into a memory
  That points like spires above;—
I love to think *her* name is thine,
  Fair girl, and I at times can trace
A look like hers a moment shine
  On thy yet fairer face.
But Wealth and Power before thine eyes,
  Their flowers—shall *they* too wither?—strew;
Thy lot hath all that worldlings prize,
  And *her* lot never knew.

Thou enterest on a stage, in sooth,
Which few so fair unscathed may tread,
And pardon, when it notes thy youth,
Delight if dimm'd with dread.

How well—how well, when yet a boy,
I saw it rise—I can recall
An orb of glory and of joy,
Of which thyself but saw the fall.
What form wore love so lovelily?
Hers was the Virgin-mother's air!
And in her brow—and calmest eye—
How brightly slept the angel there!
She was a thing, like thee, that seemed
Almost too glorious for desire;
And all of which Romance had dreamed,
Tamed all that Passion meant to fire.
Look round—and where the bright—the holy—
The Dawn star?—fallen from its skies!
And apter Vice and craftier Folly,
Where nobler Natures weep—despise.
And Fashion smiles upon the crime,
But frowns in wrath on the revealing;
And nought——save Silence, Memory, Time,
Are hers, to whom a world was kneeling!
Ah! doth the sin deserve the sting
To gorge all Malice with her shame?
And feel her glory grown a thing
That Fops affect a scorn to claim?

And Thou, fair lady of my line,
Sweet Namesake of my heart's recorded,
Thou, too, art doom'd at least to shine
Where nought save Art can be rewarded.
In that false world to which thou 'rt chained,
Who sins not, is too tame to reign;
And Custom in an hour hath gained,
What Vice for aye had stormed in vain.
And duller—colder sins shall mar
The gloss upon thy spirit's pinion;
This sorcerer World but makes the star
It most invokes, the most its minion.
And all the pleasures which possess thee
But dim thy heart while they caress thee;—
And Truth will lose her virgin beauty;—
And Art shall mould itself to Duty;—
And all that Fashion bids thee follow
Leave Love forsworn and Friendship hollow.
I would not meet thee when some years
Have taught thy heart how folly sears,
And trifles now so tempting frittered
Away the youth they but embittered,
When all our fancies most adore,
Cling round that joyous form no more,
When the still graces of the cheek
Forget the soul's soft tale to speak.
Nor would we seek to learn that tale,
Nor court the coy thought from its veil,

As one who with a charmed soul
Hath lurked within some faëry knoll,
And borne to grosser earth again,
The memory of the bright domain—
As he—if wise—would ask no more
That land—too lovely—to explore,
Lest, *as* we read in faëry story,
The realm should wither from its glory.
And all nurst now in worship—fleet,
And prove delight was but deceit.
So would I throne my soul's romance,
Above the reach of Time and Chance,
So—as a new-blest lover keepeth
Sweet watch the while the lov'd one sleepeth;—
So watch'd—so unawaked should be,
The rare and lovely dream of thee,
So cling my haunted thoughts unto it,
—But shun the madness to renew it.

But come—our robe aside we fling,
And quit the Sage's mimic seat,
Too glad in humbler guise to sing
No solemn measure at thy feet—
Too glad if thou wilt deign to feel,
When softer chords are touched, tho' lightly;
Or, if our livelier satire steal
A smile from one who smiles so brightly—

Too glad if thou wilt not despise
A tale that boasts no charming '*Giaours*,'
A strain that mingles smiles with sighs,
Nor always smothers sense with flowers—
Too glad if thou but gently blame
The simple string that ties our posies,
Tho' violets take their wonted name,
And rouge is banished from our roses—
Too glad if thou the faults forgive,
Which harsher eyes will judge severely;
And if within thy memory live
One line of His—who loves thee dearly!

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

ARGUMENT.

The admirable discretion of the author—Policy of conceit—The brothers arrive in England — Hodges's announcement of that event in the Morning Post—The Twins exhibited—The sensation they create—Sir Astley Cooper's friendly proposal—Divers others—Fashion, her origin—Chang finds time for his studies—The effect they have on him—Hodges's honesty — Scene between Chang and Ching—Their resolve—Description of Mary—Chang's soliloquy.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

Among the thousand virtues which
Are only found in my possession,
I think I 'm singularly rich
In that—the best of all—Discretion.
Not less in letters than in action,
I know the golden mean to keep,
What scene to dwell on, or what fact shun,
And where to gallop or to creep.
This truth I blush not to repeat,
'Tis policy to have conceit.—
Assurance too (in Greek * you 'll see it,) is
Confess'd " the greatest of the deities."

* Ὦ μεγείστη τῶν θεῶν νῦν ουσ' Αναίδεια.---MENAN.

The Twins, 'tis needless then to say,
Made with the Seer no idle stay.
I leave you to conceive their walk
To Bancok on the following day;
And will not bore you with their talk,
Or meditations, by the way.

Moreover, since it is decreed,
Our brothers are for Britain bound,
I think you 'll own there is no need
To crawl by inches o'er the ground.

The parting—wishes—prayers—hopes—fears,
Were all remarkably pathetic—
Poor Ching was quite dissolved in tears,
But Chang was ever an ascetic.
The clouds within him rarely grew
Into his eyes, becoming pluvious—
I skip a simile quite new,
About the snow around Vesuvius.
Because my Muse, altho' no syren,
Is honest, nor purloins from Byron;
Nor any likeness, to be plain, knows
Between fine feelings and volcanoes.
The lady Moon, the gentle stars,
The blue seas breaking into spars—
The stroll on deck when heaven is dark,
The sport of bobbing for a shark—

Prayers—sickness—storm—calm—land—starvation,
Great deep, grand thoughts—and British nation
Riding old Neptune like a charger,
While patriot hearts grow justly larger ;—
Are not these things already shown
In Marryat's novel, " The King's Own,"
In Cooper, Byron, and in dingy
Volumes of voyages to *Ingee?*

The sea part, then, I reckon over,
Just let you eat a steak at Dover,
And then, as town begins to fill, I
Land you at once in Piccadilly.

The third day after they had entered
London, of Nash and Cash the boast,
Hodges this paragraph adventured
(As herald) in " The Morning Post."

" We hear the famous Mr. Hodges,
" Who wrote of Tactoo the description,
" Is just arrived in town, and lodges
" At present in the Hall Ægyptian.
" With him two wond'rous creatures he
" Has brought, we understand, from Siam,
" Which all the world will flock to see,
" And much the sight will edify 'em.

" Two boys that have together grown,
" Across the breast joined by a bone;
" Of the faculty, invited gratis,
" Each gentleman we beg to state is;
" Already Messrs. Cooper, Brodie, Gee,
" Lawrence, and Vance, have seen the prodigy—
" Declared it can be no deceit,
" And sworn the sight was quite a treat.
" This—notice towards them to divert is meant,
" See for particulars advertisement.
" N.B. In such a way they 're joined,
" As not to shock the most refined."

The public then were disengaged—
No Lyon in especial raged,
For Poetry there was no passion,
All Politics were out of fashion;
The last new Novel, called " The Peerage,"
Had fallen flat upon this queer age.

No Kings were going to Guildhall,
No Dukes were " *trembling* to their fall;"
Both Charles and Charleys lived in peace,
No Philip there—here no Police.
Serenely thieved the nightly prigs,
And placeless walked the pensive Whigs,
Time frowned not—and the distant storm
Slept dull on that dark sea—Reform.

—In such a dearth of conversation,
Judge if our Twins caused some sensation.
From ten, to five o'clock each day,
There thronged to see them such a bevy,
Such Cabs, and chariots blocked the way,
The crowd was like a new King's levée.
Sir Astley bid high to secure them,
To cut up when the spring was o'er;
He had, he begged leave to assure them,
Cut up "The Skeleton" before.
'Twas much, they'd see if they reflected,
To be with care and skill dissected;
And if next year they would prefer—*he*
Was not at present in a hurry.

Old Crock much wanting then some new
Good speculation, tried to steal them;
While Lady ——— the famous Blue—
Gravely requested leave to feel them.*
Pettigrew said he'd keep a nice
Glass case on Saturdays exposed for them,

* Conversing once with a Blue of some celebrity, I had the mortification of perceiving that she was all the while peculiarly restless and fidgety. At length, she said with considerable *naïveté*, "Excuse me, I must go and feel that gentleman." Accordingly with great gravity she walked up to a handsome foreigner, and, avowing herself a disciple of Spurzheim, requested leave to feel his head. I remember that the handsome foreigner was not a little disconcerted, for he was a great beau and he wore a wig.

And Mrs. * * *, who'd married thrice,
With great civility proposed for them.
But, thanks to Hodges, all these perils
They 'scaped unhurt—for thus the state
Of man is ever! when we fear ills,
Heaven saves us from the menaced fate;
Except the few not worth a better, a
Handful, of hang'd, drown'd, burnt, et cetera.

Meanwhile with every day increases,
The fashion of the brother pair;
Fashion, that haughty quean that fleeces
Her lovers with so high an air.
I think on earth that Jove did drop her, a
Danseuse from the Olympian opera;—
Sent, first to glitter, and to gladden us;
Next, to attract, allure, and madden us;
Thirdly, to ruin each beginner
In life, content with that—to win her!
But when he's bought the jade's caresses,
He finds the charm was—in the dresses!
While Jove on high, beholds, methinks,
The new-blest suitor's melancholy,
Applauds the cunning of the minx,
And chuckles, at the green-horn's folly.
In each engraver's shop one sees,
Neat portraits of "the Siamese;"

And every wandering Tuscan carries,
Their statues cast in clay of Paris.
Those statues sell in such a lot,
They play the deuce with Pitt, and Scott;
In vain aloft upon the board,
Indignant looks the poet lord;
Unsold, Napoleon now may doze,
And out of joint his conqueror's nose.

Money flocks in, with such profusion,
The door-keepers are all confusion;
"For breathes there one with soul so dead,
"Who never to himself hath said,"
When fashion governs all the town,
"Oh, who'd think twice of half-a-crown!"
Yet 'mid this whirl of pounds, and pleasure,
Chang found for reading ample leisure;
Indeed, the day's a sort of beast,
Of which the body is the least;
The head, and tail, let study seize—
And with the rest, do what you please!

But now, a new delicious source
Gushed on his mind's enlarging course:
The mingled, and the mighty store
Of our land's language, and its lore;
Our sturdy reasoners' vigorous themes,
Our golden poets, and their dreams;

And His divine, and wond'rous page,
Who walked Creation as his stage;—
With these, his restless fancy blent,
The legends of less deep romance,
Where Wisdom's bow is lightly bent,
And Truth's the conquest of a glance.
Where, more than all, the dazzling kings
Of every climate rule the story,
Where Love and Fame unite their springs,
And Beauty yields herself to Glory.

Such studies scarce could feed his heart,
Nor grow his thoughts' most cherished part.
And hence, perchance, he learnt, for Fame,
And Love, too bright a throne to frame,
And too repiningly to chide
The fate which such to him denied.

And shall I—can I—say—too brightly
His fancy bodied forth his dream
Of woman—whom his land so lightly
Had taught his boyhood to esteem?
He clothed that image in whate'er
Romance had pictured as most fair,
And Thought with life the statue warmed,
And his soul worshipped what it formed:—
That image from the Cyprian's madness,
How worn soe'er in every strain,

Ne'er served to shadow forth a sadness,
A phantasy, more wild and vain.
All he had learnt, in short, had fathered
All that 'twere well could he forget;
The fruit of knowledge had been gathered,
And its first taste to him—regret!
Tho' Hodges was nor wise nor merry,
Honest, and true, he was and very;
He kept the accounts with faith,—unwilling
To rob our brothers of a shilling—
And now they really seemed preparing,
Shortly to grow as rich as Baring;
When Fate, who meant them not for bankers,
Saved them from wealthy care, and cankers—
Ere their gains took too large addition, she
Turned short and checked them at sufficiency.

One evening when the whole day long
Our Twins had entertained the throng,
Chang felt so poorly and opprest,
(Of late his spirits had been low,)
That, ere their wonted hour of rest,
To bed he was obliged to go.

Poor Ching, who was, with shouts of laughter,
Playing at drafts with Hodges' daughter,
(Of whom my muse a sketch prepares,)
Was snatched away, and walked up stairs;

And (sleep the last thing in his head,)
Coolly deposited in bed;
But Chang was restless, nor could close
His eyes—a fretful fever burn'd him;
And just as Ching began to doze,
Chang upside down abruptly turned him:
Served thrice in such provoking fashion,
Ching bounced at last into a passion:
"Zounds! Chang," he cried, "I do assure ye,
"Your starts would rouse a Bramin's fury;
"Tho' you may think I've not a nerve, I
"*Must* beg you to yourself will keep.
"*No* man can thus be topsy-turvy
"Turned, when he's settling into sleep.
"You may be ill—I don't deny it,
"But other folks, when ill, are quiet."

"Truly," said Chang, "'tis most fraternal
"To fall upon me in this way,
"I'd like to know if this infernal
"Climate kill *me*—what *you* would say?
"I fear worse things to you might hap,
"Than posture changed, or broken nap.
"Perhaps you would not long survive—you
"Might then—well, well, may God forgive you!"

Softened by this appeal, poor Ching
Grasped Chang's hot hand, and whimpering

Answered—" Indeed, my dearest brother,
" It was a monstrous thing in me
" My selfish murmurings not to smother—
" But pray cheer up, and you will be
" As well as ever in the morning.
" Meanwhile I promise to take warning
" From all my past infirmities;
" And, if it give you any ease,
" Pray kick as stoutly as you please."

Here then a little scene ensued,
For ever, where there lurks affection,
No love like that which follows feud,
And bears with kind remorse connection.
And when 'twas over, and a brief
Silence had given to each relief,
Chang cleared his throat, and thus confided
To Ching the scheme for which he sigh did:

" I 'm sure, dear Ching, you feel like me,
" How hard a thing it is to be
" Teased, worried, questioned, pulled about,
" Stared at, and quizzed by every lout,
" And give a right to all the town,
" To laugh at us for half a crown.
" Hodges of course can feel no shock;—it
" Is fun for him to fill his pocket:
" And, still so long as he can fill it, he
" Heeds not our wounded sensibility.

" I grant, my Ching, that for a while,
" This pack-horse state we might abide,
" And Wealth's soft hope might reconcile
" To every gall the skin of pride.
" Whispering ' from out these very stings
" ' Your future independence springs.'
" But, now wealth's won ! there but remains
" To' enjoy betimes our hard-earned gains.
" Slight is the forfeit, to forego
" The honours of the raree show.
" And sure of all our wants require,
" Renounce the monster, and retire !"

" Upon my word," said Ching, " 'tis strange
" It ne'er occurred to me, this change ;
" But, now you mention it, I see a
" World to admire in your idea ;
" To-morrow, 'gad, we 'll make them all dumb
" By cutting this confounded thraldom.
" We 'll claim old Hodges's account,
" Keep house upon our share's amount :
" Go here, go there, consult our ease,
" And do exactly what we please ;
" Indulge in draughts, minced veal, and whiskey,
" And—'split my wig—but we 'll be frisky !"

" What deep," continued Chang, " what still
" Delight, this great world to survey ;

" To rove its thousand paths at will,
" And find a TRUTH in every way!
" To trace the springs by which are bow'd,
" Or rais'd, in turn, the obedient crowd,
" As shifts the custom 'midst them thrown,
" Without one impulse of their own.
" To view the mighty map of man
" Before the kindling gaze unfurled;
" And, line by line, to track the plan—"
" In short," cried Ching, " to see the world!"

Thus talk'd the Twins, until the dew
Of life, sweet slumber, o'er them grew;
When lo! a light beneath the door—
And hark! a footstep on the floor—
And softly tow'rds the brothers' bed,
With shaded lamp, and hushing tread,
A charming vision stole;—its form
Was light, yet lovely as a fairy;
But *human* beauty, rich and warm,
Hung o'er the cheek its glowing charm—
'Tis their host's daughter—Mary!

How holy woman's youth—while yet
Its rose with life's first dews is wet—
While hope most pure is least confest,
And all the Virgin in the breast!

O'er her white brow, wherein the blue
Transparent vein seemed proud to bear
The warm thoughts of her heart—unto
The soul so nobly palaced there!
O'er her white brow were richly braided
The tresses in a golden flow;
But *darkly* slept the lash that shaded
Her deep eye, on its lids of snow.
What could that magic eye inspire?
Its very light was a desire;
And each blue wandering of its beam,
Called forth a worship and a dream;
The soft rose on her softest cheek
Had yet the sun's last smile to win;
But not the less each blush could speak
How full the sweetness hived within.
The rich lip in its bright repose
Refused above its wealth to close,
And mid the coral and the dew,
The pearls all freshly glistened thro',
And round that lip, in dimpled cell,
The smiles that wreathe enchantment dwell—
Waked by a word—and yet revealing
A witness less of Mirth than Feeling—
Rounded her glorious shape:—tho' mute
Died Echo round her fairy foot,
Tho' small as childhood's was the band
That lightly clasp'd her graceful vest,

And tho' so slight her tempting hand,
You hid it while you prest,
Yet formed the hills her robe controul'd
In Love's most ripe luxuriant mould.
Not in more swelling whiteness sails
Cayster's swan to western gales,*
When the melodious murmur sings
'Mid her slow-heav'd voluptuous wings.
And never on a breast more formed
For lofty dreams—yet low devotion—
More tender, or more truly warmed
With all which lights—yet guides—emotion;—
More fitted in the evil day
To be Man's solace and his stay;
Never on breast more rich in aught
That comforts grief—but heightens thought—

* The reader will remember the passage in the Hymn attributed to Anacreon—

Ἅτε τὶς κύκνος Καΰστρῳ
Πολιοῖς πτεροῖσι μέλπων
Ἀνεμου συναυλον ἠχήν.

And also perhaps a passage in Nazianzen (Orat. 34), for which I myself am indebted to Mr. Jodrell, in his Illustrations of the Ion of Euripides, and which I transcribe from that work.

Τὶς ὁ κύκνω συνυφαίνων τὴν ωδὴν ὕταν ἐκπετάση τὸ πτερὸν ταῖς αὔραις καὶ ποιῇ μελος τὸ σύριγμα.

It was an ancient notion, that the music of the swan was produced by its wings, and inspired by the zephyr. See this subject treated with his accustomed erudition by Mr. Jodrell, in the above-mentioned Illustrations.

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Did lover rest, and feel the earth,
Had faded round him into dearth—
That Fate was baffled; and that Change
Had lost the wish—the power to range;
And all the world—its hopes—its charms—
Its Future—shrunk within his arms!
O Woman! day-star of our doom—
Thy dawn our birth—thy close our tomb,
Or if the Mother or the Bride,
Our fondest friend and surest guide;—
And yet our folly and our fever,
The Dream—the Meteor—the Deceiver—
Still, spite of sorrow—wisdom—years—
And those—Fate's sternest warners—tears—
Still clings my yearning heart unto thee,
Still knows no wish like those which woo thee,
Still in some living form essays
To clasp the bright cloud it portrays;—
And still as one who waits beside,
But may not ford, the faithless tide—
It wears its own brief life away—
It marks the shining waters stray—
Courts every change that glads the river—
And finds *that* change it pines for—never!

New string the lute, as from my soul
The feelings life should banish, fail,
And sobering from fond Thought's control,
My verse glides onward with my tale.

Above their heads she held the lamp,
And still the light which there it threw,
On Chang's dark brow the feverish damp
Was slowly gathering; and the hue
Upon his cheek flush'd rich and brightly,
And his clos'd lips just quivered slightly.

But Ching sleeps sound and calm as death;
You scarcely catch his even breath:—
Still lie the tides within, nor seem
As wrinkled by the faintest dream;
And o'er his cheek one soft smile keeps
Its silent home, nor varies ever;
All like some tender star, that sleeps
Upon the hush'd lap of the river.

And half inclined to each—(to thee,
Sweet Julia, would I thus had grown!)
Round either neck, it touch'd to see,
The other's arm was thrown;
But still the hand of one was clos'd,
Like his, whom pain and anger gall;
And still the other's hand repos'd,
Like one who sleeps at peace with all.

The maiden look'd, and kindly drew
The curtain round the feverish brother;
And wiped from off his brows the dew.
—Just then as if some dream or other

Had stung the troubled soul—he started,
And some wild word his pale lips parted.
The maid drew back ; the fit was o'er,
He lay more tranquil than before.
She placed within his reach the mild
Cool drink that fever best relieved,
Gave one look more, and gently smiled,
Well pleased to think that she perceived
The poor youth's slumbers were already
Becoming more serene and steady.
Without the door her footsteps die,
When from the breast of Chang a sigh
Broke fiercely and impatiently.

It was a fair and summer night,
The moon had clombe her weary height :
Like him who scales the mountain's brow,
And slowly eyes the scene below,
As every spot he pass'd—delays,
And charms the languor from, his gaze,
She seem'd on high to pause and breathe
Her silence o'er the world beneath ;
Watching as with an angel's pity
The dark rest of the giant City,
That death-like lay within its shroud,
As quiet as the heart of Sorrow ;—
Or like a hush'd, unmoving cloud,
Whose sleep will wake in storm to-morrow.

Pale through the half-clos'd window strays
The meek smile of the wandering rays;
Along the floor it chequering gleameth,
And o'er the Indian brothers streameth.
As by that light so wan and chill,
His cheek—the sterner one's—you saw;
Its hue and aspect well might thrill
Your bosom with a startled awe.

" Out, out—" he muttered, " on this curst,
" This loathly and unnatural tie!
" Oh! would that it one hour were burst,
" Though with the next hour doom'd to die!
" Am I not cut off from the joys,
" The proud life of the glorious earth?
" Who comes to eye the monster boys,
" Nor feels his wonder brand our birth?
" But, *he* can sleep, and sport, and laugh;
" I, *I* alone this base cup quaff.

" O Light! sweet daughter of the Sun,
" When thou didst first behold me born,
" Say, did these eyes thy glory shun,
" And feel *thine* eyes were——scorn!
" Why was I fated to inherit
" This vast desire, this mounting spirit?
" Why doom'd to burn for knowledge, power,
" Fame; and whate'er our mortal dower

" Upon the lap of life bestows—
" Poor balance for our mortal woes!

" Why doom'd to bear within my breast
" A god-like, but self-scorching fire;
" Thoughts, that like young birds in their nest
" Deserted, and unfledged, expire;
" Yearning, nay struggling for the skies,
" Which made their real destinies?

" And love, fair love! each other thing,
" To which, like me, contempt may cling,
" Still hath the blessing of its kind,
" Still its connubial rite may find.
" Earth, air, sea—yea, the leaves that fall,
" The smallest drop that swells the tide,
" Can grant its living myriads all
" That is to me denied!

" Am I not formed as others? Are
" The sense, sight, sound—delight and fire
" Of beauty bann'd me—can I bar
" From my quick heart the keen desire,
" That vague, wild, circling as the air,
" Blends with each single impulse there?

" And thou, oh, thou! at whose least look
" My heart leaps up, as at the voice

" Of the west wind—the enamoured brook
" Leaps up to revel and rejoice:
" Beneath thy touch, how can I thrill,
" Yet bid my bounding veins be still?—
" And when thou smilest on another,
" How can my soul its fury smother—
" Ev'n though that smile be on my brother?"

Here broke his thoughts into a dark,
And wild, and warring tide;
And silently he stoop'd, to mark
The sleeper by his side.
At first his look was dread and stern,
As if to hate all love could turn.
And terrible it was to see
The contrast of the pair;
The smile, and the tranquillity—
The wrung brow, the despair.

But o'er the waker's features slowly,
And shade by shade, a soft change stole,
As memories dear, and fond and holy,
Broke forth like moonbeams on his soul:
As moonbeams, when they gradual fall
Some dim and lonely churchyard o'er;
And make but soft and sacred all
That rous'd the wanderer's awe before.

END OF CHAPTER I. OF BOOK II.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER II.

ARGUMENT.

Preliminary notice, of great importance to the interest both of author and reader—The brothers retired from public life—The parentage, circumstances, and character, of Julian Laneham—News from Bancok, its effect upon the Twins—Chang and Ching brought out into "Good Society;" their extraordinary *ton*—Singularity of any persons, not royal, being much sought after in England—Tom Moore's jealousy of Ching, and Chang's likeness to Lord Byron—Holland House, &c. &c. —Ching's admiration of the English ladies; names of some of them—Rebuke to the Muse—Lady Jersey sends Chang a ticket for Almack's; confusion occasioned thereby; adjusted by Lady Cowper—Almack's —Ching waltzes with Lady Frances—A Maid of Honour—Lady Connor's great kindness to Ching—Chang's argument with Prince C——i —Proposal to submit the controversy to Mr. Hallam—Ching's abrupt and involuntary disappearance from Almack's—The brothers received at court—Their different politics—The convenience politicians find in having a junction-bone—Ching dances before the Queen—Ching believes Lady Frances in love with him, takes compassion upon her—His gallant project to scale her window—Foreigners too well received by our countrywomen—Caution to the latter—A Blue Party—Apostrophe to the Great Authors of the day—A wit described—The wit's address to Chang—Chang's anger—The brothers depart to execute Ching's amorous exploit.

CHAPTER II.

I HEREBY give due information,
(And shall proceed by law to show it,)
Of a most infamous invasion
Upon my patent as a poet.
With wonder and resentment, I am
Informed that you have been to see a
Pretended brace of boys from Siam,
Who 've basely stolen my idea.
I do declare, I 've no connexion
With any other—curiosities!
And hope the public, on reflection,
Won't see me wrong'd by such atrocities.
I 'm sure my Customers must waken
From a deceit so blind and silly,
Nor let *my* Twins for those be taken,
So lately shown in Piccadilly.

Reader, I must implore that you shun
Confounding one for t'other, or I
Declare, so serious a confusion
Will spoil your interest, and my story.
Know, that henceforth, thro' this narration,
I 'll paint *my* Twins—the *really* curious—
Not in one single situation
In which you could have seen the spurious.
I hope, that without further clatter,
The impostors will retreat—and early—
Or else, I shall resign the matter
Into the hands of Lake and Burley.

Behold, *our* brethren now retired,
No longer to be seen for money;
They spent their hours as they desired,
And lived no more for fame but fun; I
Must own, when novelty was o'er,
That fun itself began to bore.

Hodges and Mary with them dwelt—
Ching was the person to propose it,
Altho' at first his brother felt—
Or feigned—a slight desire to' oppose it.
Their guest most frequent was a cousin
Of our friend Hodges—Julian Laneham;
He called upon the Twins a dozen
Times in a week -to entertain 'em.

We 'll pause a moment in our way—
This cousin merits a survey.

Left, yet a boy, an orphan,—wide
The estate bequeathed him by his sire—
That fine large common-ground, supplied
With vagrants to one's heart's desire,
And call'd "The Public," in the schools
Of rogues—a double meaning clothing—
But I believe your *honest* fools
More generally call it—"Nothing."

In short, his father had possest
A very liberal turn of mind;—
No man was better fed and drest—
No habits could be more refin'd,—
No bard had more contempt for Cocker,
—Or more grim faces at his knocker.

The first five years, the estate transmitted
To him from thirty squirearchs, flitted.
N'importe!—when ten years more had fled, it
Grew serious—Debt had murthered Credit.
He bore the matter well, and placid,
Retired from life on prussic acid;
Left Christian patience to the Cits,
And to his son he left—his wits!

And Julian was extremely clever,
But not exactly in that way
By which your D———'s live for ever,
And leave—not have—the devil to pay.

Two maiden aunts, who thought him pretty,
Bestowed upon him more than pity:
Sent him to school, and thence to college,
And wing'd Ability with Knowledge.

Large was his mind, and clear—yet deep;
A little pensive, but not whining:
Ambition, courage, hope, can keep
All stuff, worth keeping, from repining.
Wisdom, which now folks really seem
To think is pick'd up like a fashion,
Became to him a goal—a dream—
A faith—a glory—and a passion.
And so at length—for time and toil
Wring harvests from the sternest soil;
At length, the wealth within him stored,
Swelled slowly to no common hoard;
And Fellows to Professors turning,
Talked of young Laneham's "real learning."

No German, and no poet loved
Nature's minutest mysteries more

Than he;—they moulded and they moved
His heart as viewless springs;—the lore
Of harsher thought they raised and warmed,
And from each dream *the self* they bore
That young Ambition formed.

But Nature's altar is within,
The Priest that serves it is the Feeling,
Secret her worship—nor would win
A single tribute unconcealing;
She asks few hours but holy; giving
The rest of life, in short, to living.

So Julian play'd not the romantics,
Too lofty for such sombre antics;
Mostly, indeed, he lived alone,
And shunn'd the customs of the crowd,
For Knowledge had his palace grown,
And he was poor and proud.

But when he mix'd with men, he wore
The aspect and the mood they bore,
And his strong sense and vigorous mind
Led—but by joining with—mankind.
The deeper and the shrewder saw
In him those qualities that guide
To Fame, in spite of Fortune's law.
For his worst fault, his very pride

Had in it something stern and hard;
That stubborn, unbowed, conquering spirit
That clasps, or climbs to, its reward,
And masters all that it may merit.

In short, 'twas gen'rally agreed,
Julian was one who *must* succeed,—
Although *his* genius was not indolent;
Although his studies were not brown;
Although he never at a window leant;
And turned his collars nicely down.—
Generous he was, and kind and bold,
But calm his mien—his aspect cold;
And the edg'd sharpness of his tongue,
(When Folly roused or Malice stung,)
Where the swift wit so brightly play'd,
It lit—it mocked—the wounds it made.
Stirr'd the half-conscious spleen of those
Who, bat-like, flit 'twixt friends and foes;
Hunting suspicion thro' the dark,
And feeding on—"a kind remark."
If Hate to Talent spares the laurels,
It grubs within—among its morals.
So those who owned his parts, denied
The motive which the act supplied.
His life was guiltless—True! but Art
Can hide, and Interest blunt—the heart.
He might be sure in life to rise;
But——there was something in his eyes!

They did not mean to call him vicious,
But Wit was always so malicious.
His *head* was good—*that* all might know—
A good *heart* never made a show.

Whether or not these hints were true,
I fear this tale can scarcely prove,
Which only broadly brings to view
His heart—in that one weakness—Love.

His Aunts departed life—their will
Left four black cats to Margaret Still,
With a most adequate annuity
In proper comfort to maintain 'em;
And one cool thousand—a gratuity
To their dear nephew—Julian Laneham.
Expressing kindly, all their grieving,
That more they'd not the power of leaving.

Upon this thousand he is living,
While we're this introduction giving.
Although accustomed to command some
Attention—Julian scarce was handsome.*

* I find the two following verses in that most agreeable and graceful poem, "The Advice to Julia," sufficiently like those in the text to convict me—if unquoted—of a plagiarism of which I was unconscious.

"Julia—I own you may command some
"Attention—you are young and handsome." p. 30.

His cheek was delicate and fair,
But darkly waved his clustering hair;
O'er his pale brow the mind had taught
Resolve to blend itself with Thought.
And—whether there Hate, Glory, break,
Or Love rise soft into revealing,
No human eye could better speak;
Or warm your heart to share—the feeling.

Turn we from him: about this time
A merchant of the name of Hancock,
Returned from Siam to this clime,
With packets to the Twins from Bancok.
Since Fiam gambling had begun,
Improving in that *ars divina*;
He'd something really handsome won
Of a young rake from Cochin China.
With this—aware how changes cruel
For ever heel a Gambler's joys,
He bought—good man—a noble jewel,
And sent by Hancock to his boys.
Then, having thus his conscience eased,
And for his sons so well provided,
Unto the dogs, just as he pleased,
To go—he lib'rally decided.

However, on the second day
From that in which he had committed

The gem to Mr. Hancock, (and
Before the merchant left the strand,)
They found him cold in bed; away
Like Luck—the Gambler's soul had flitted.
Short are the Bancok Gentry's necks—he
Had lost the game to Apoplexy.

So much her sorrow did subdue them,
His wife's relations took her to them.
Hancock had left her comfort scorning,
Dissolved in tears—and choosing mourning.

I need not say—when they received
This news—the Twins were greatly grieved.
I scarcely know who bore it worst,
—But Ching was comforted the first.

Their gem when sold, and what it brought,
When added to their former store,
Made up so much, a sage had thought
No moderate man could wish for more!

As if—but the reflection's stale!—
We ever could, with all our trying
To throw the salt upon its tail,—
Prevent that bird—a wish—from flying.

Their purposed sojourn here to lengthen,
Of course this news but served to strengthen;

And when among the world 'twas known
That Chang and Ching so rich had grown—
(For with a rare exaggeration,
Their wealth received quadruplication—)
And that from lucre's low *negotium*,
They had retired to take their *otium*;
Then *that* most courtly world, where trade is
Thrown out o' the window by the ladies;
Thought that themselves they'd really bring,
To leave their cards on Chang and Ching.

First came the learned misses Berry,
Whose talk I hear is worth the listening;
And next the sparkling Londonderry,
Called to invite them to a christening.
The fashion set—the vassals follow—
All ask—press—pray—for Chang and Ching;
They beat three Polish princes hollow,
And half outshine a Carib King.
Sole instance here, this my muse hints, is
Of folks much sought for—tho' not princes;
For *here* we're so divinely loyal,
Nothing goes down that sounds not royal.

Some fœtid king from Hottentot,
Would be all day at the balconies;
While—when in town—Sir Walter Scott
May dine in quiet with his cronies.

* Prince Raggedhoff comes o'er—all fall on him!
Were Goëthe here—pray who would call on him?

Of Ching—that diamond of good fellows
Tom Moore begins to grow quite jealous;
For Ching once made a happy hit,
And complimented Lady Frightful,
And so became the reigning wit,
Whom all *such* ladies called delightful.
Besides, on the piano forte
Siamese ballads he could sing;
And, oh! they were so sweet—so naughty—
You'd scarce have known Tom Moore from Ching.

And really Chang, who sulking by
Sate with curled lip and drooping eye,
While, Moore-like, Ching performed the syren,
Made no bad sort of Bancok Byron.

As they professed opinions liberal,
And Chang was thought a youth of *noûs*,
They went where wordy Witlings gibber all
Ineptitudes—at Holland House.
There, Allen, all about the riches
Of Siam, with its manners—laws,

* This peculiarity begins to distinguish us less. There is a little depreciation at present in the price of kings—but then to be sure—it is in kings out of power.

Pump'd out—to pour into those speeches
Which gain his Lordship such applause.
Those speeches when the frost of fears
Melts—as Monseigneur swells from Madame—
And gushes out upon the Peers,
The History of the World since Adam!
The Duke of Devonshire was very
Civil—he's really a good fellow!
And D——, when he saw, grew merry,
Two faces than his own more yellow.
Lord Granville courteously desired,
They'd join his coterie of whisters;
And Esterhazy much inquired,
If they were *sure* they had no sisters.
Ching thought, the first ball he attended,
(The married women seemed so pretty,)
Some goddesses had condescended
To' improve the beauty of the city.
He asked the names he should adore,
I find we worshipped them before;
And in Ching's prayer book you may spy 'em,
Writ neatly down—New Nat* for Siam.

Here's Lady Gower, a charming face
To heavenly visions to exhort one;
And here, I think, we seem to trace
A future Boudhist Nat in Norton.

* Nat, (as we have before said) are superior beings.

St. Maur—her mother beauty taught her—
And here—fair Lady Cowper's daughter.

Next—dash to earth the cup of praise,
Resume, proud Muse, thy sober satire,
Nor bow thy vow'd, unworldly lays,
To those whom every fool may flatter.
Leave, "Ladies Fair!" to be the boast
Of guardsmen and the Morning Post;
And, with thy light but faithful strain,
On—my free satire—sweep again!

Tho' liked the gay the jovial brother
The pensive gave it for the other;
And Jersey, after whose own heart is
The grave,—asked Chang to all her parties,
But only begg'd he would not bring
His vulgar brother, Mr. Ching!

She sent him once a card for Willis's
That pretty pastoral spot, where Phillisses
And Damons dance extremely badly,
Where married dames coquet it sadly—
Where, this the law supreme, and vital,
No sin comes here—without a title.

Where, if a few slight faults, or frailties—
Unvirgined maids, and liberal wives,

Breaking dull wedlock's cold and stale ties,—
The pure *Religio Loci* shrives,—
At least the low commercial route
"The Ladies" piously shut out;
And fierce to trade as any Goth's child,
Preserve the moral air from Rothschild.

But to our theme;—at Almack's now,
When gravely Chang himself presented,
Much did the doormen wonder how
From entering Ching could be prevented.
Ingress 'twas clear they must permit
To Chang, who had his voucher got—
As clear—they must not think of it
For Ching, who certainly had *not*.

"That way up stairs—no, sir, not *you*—
"I have a duty, sir, to do—
"*No* ticket, sir?—I 'd rather hang
"Myself, than suffer such a thing!
"I don't prevent *you*, Mister Chang—
"I can't allow it, Mister Ching."

Grave Chang stood open-mouth'd with stupor,
Gay Ching was choler all, and chatter,
When suddenly sweet Lady Cowper
Came by and reconciled the matter.
For Mirth have all the Lambs affection,
So she took Ching to her protection.

I 'm not surprised, I own, (when I
Remember how each other tie
The laws of *Ton* contrive to sunder,)
That Willis should be lost in wonder,
That flesh and blood should dare refuse,
For once to loosen their alliance,
And vulgar Mistress Nature choose
To set ev'n Almack's at defiance.

We 've said in some one of our pages,
That Chang had lately conned our sages.
But most of all the books commanding
His thoughts, was Locke on Understanding;
That great name spoke hard by—he heard—
He turned—enraptured at the word,
And L——k (the handsome Captain) took
For the young author of the book;
Accordingly he strait addrest him
With compliments in thousands prest him—
Swore that no man he so admired,
And humbly where he lived—inquired.

Quoth he, "The human mind is found,
"Having in all climes the same faults."
He ceased—the Captain looking round,
Saw him whirl 'd off into a waltz.
For Ching, who lik 'd those giddy dances,
Was now engaged to Lady Frances.

Sweet lady—daughter to Lord Connor,
And fairest of the Maids of Honour.
Meanwhile the smiling Lady Mother
Steps up, ond whispers in her ear,
I hope it is the *elder* brother,
And not " the Detrimental"—dear!

Away we turn; and tow'rds the space
Where tea and cakes the soul invite—
Lo! meet *en masse* the vagrant race
The swallows of a single night:
Young men, whose looks and feet contrive
To win one voucher to Almack's;
While dear mamma and sisters drive
To Mistress ——'s or C——'s.

Pale guardsmen struggling into *ton*,
Spruce witlings just brought out by Murray,
And squiresses whose squires are known
To have some votes in Kent or Surrey—
Stiff—staring—starched—about a score,
Like carvings, decorate the door.

Alas! what anxious toil has won,
Perchance their fleeting triumph here!
What bitter joy, when all was done,
And entrance granted with a sneer!

But Pride its food from Pain shall borrow;
And those to-night's neglect shall gall,
Will fly o'er half the town to-morrow,
To boast of Almack's charming ball!

The dance is o'er, and yonder see,
Encircled by a smiling ring,
Sweet Lady Frances sips her tea,
And flirts with Mr. Ching.

Till Lady Connor, from her station
Beside, thus turns the conversation—
"Dear! Mr. Ching, that 's very pretty—
"Why Moore himself 's not half so witty—
"How well you know our English dances—
"You 'll come to us the twenty-second;
"You 've heard, perhaps, that Lady Frances,
"The Duke his best Mazourkist reckoned.—
"Music you like—Ah! how divine a
"Thing is that song Fan loves to sing—
"Your property I think 's in China,*
"And you 're the eldest, Mr. Ching?"
"Can Mr. Ching," resumes the lady
"Our carriage be of use to you?
"I grieve, that we 're so full already—
"We cannot ask your brother too—

* Little mistakes in topography are not uncommon in the best educated persons.

" Oh, I forgot—well, well—you'll call!
" Fanny, my love—why, where's your shawl?"

Return we—as the gallant Ching
Now starts, the friendly robe to bring—
To Chang, who I forgot to tell ye,
Was arguing with Prince C——i;
Both talked with wonderful ability,
The theme?—" The doctrine of Utility."

A point so hard, if well contested—
Could scarce in such spot be adjusted;
So 'twas agreed on either side,
That Hallam should the point decide,
Since none more noted for addiction
To learning or—to contradiction.

This settled, they propose to canter
Off to the Umpire's house *instanter*;
Forgetting, in the hot debate,
That now it was extremely late,
And that, perchance, sweet sleep assuages
His mind who wrote " The Middle Ages."

'Twas just as they were high in all
The grave dispute, that Ching was hurried
Away for Lady Fanny's shawl:—
And just as Ching himself bestirred,

In many a warm, but graceful fold, her
Shawl to wrap across her shoulder,
That, knowing not himself, an inkling,
That Chang thus rudely to depart meant,
Ching was snatched off;—and in a twinkling,
Vanish'd away from the apartment.

"Tis very strange"—said Lady Fan,
"But, really, Ching's a pleasant man!
"'Tis very strange"—rejoin'd her mother,
"But, really, Ching *must* cut his brother."

So left our Twins that sumptuous dome
To find the Historian—not at home;
And poor Utility is still
Bandied Macauley *versus* Mill;—
That sumptuous dome of fears and hopes—
Of raptures breath'd between the ropes,
As round, in languor and satiety,
Ripples the stream of "GOOD SOCIETY!"

Their way thus won to Fashion's fort,
Our brothers patronize the court—
Partake the genial Monarch's meal,
And see crowned heads in *dishabille*.

Chang joins the party of Lord Grey,
But Ching more loved Duke Arthur's sway:

So should Dame Fate uphold his Grace,
Gay Ching enjoys a cosey place;
And if the Earl should gain the head,
Why then the place is Chang's instead—
Fit emblem of the twin conditions,
Of all who 're rightly politicians—
To them alike each swift mutation,
Two faces—but the same snug station!
Ah! how convenient—how invincible—
That junction-bone called "Change of Principle!"

And Ching, to Chang's vexation, dances
Before the Queen with Lady Frances,
And thinks each smile the fair accords him,
A proof of her intentions tow'rds him;
Hints to his friends how well he 's treated,
(Those lucky dogs are so conceited!)—
Nay, fancies that 'tis time to prove
By some bold act return of love;
And thinks the least that he can do,
To shew how Bancok gallants woo,
Will be some quiet night to clamber
Without the wall into her chamber.

"Heavens! what a coxcomb!"—I confess so,
But few your foreign dandies less so;
You'd think, to hear the rascals boast,
Each glance they shot had bagged its host—

And ye, soft sex, in truth distinguish
Those creature far beyond the English;
With them ride, ruralize, and flirt,
As if French scandal did no hurt—
Behold the danger of the thing,
And cut the coxcombs, warned by Ching.

Ching's project he to Chang unfolded,
Who slowly yielded, while he scolded,
(Glad, it may be, that Ching appeared
To love not where at first he feared,)
And in return, Ching gave a hearty
Assent to join Miss ——'s party;
Who had engaged all Wisdom's scions
To tea—a coterie of Lions—
The punning—chemie—chattering—critical,
And œconomico-political.
In one night, then, the bond they ratify,
Their several tastes in turn to gratify:
First comes grave talk, the soul subliming,
"And then, my boy," cries Ching, "for climbing!"

'Tis eve! the party met, our pair,
The 'observed of all observers' there!
Charming the *melange!*—what variety
Chequers the tints of blue society!
A chatterer here, and there a still man,
A Malthus now, and next a Millman;
A Spanish air, a German gutteral,
A sharp, dry sentence shot from Luttrel;

A song from Tom, a hit from Sam,
A glorious laugh from William Lamb;*
A prosy man from Timbuctoo,
A fine freethinking, liberal Jew;
A general hash of odds and ends—
New books—old medals—deaths of friends—
Stewed down into a conversation,
By men of "general information."

O ye great Authors of our time,
Be gentle to this gentle rhyme!
Abuse me not as you 've abused me—
You know how shockingly you 've used me—
Altho' you blandly clothed your guile,
And veiled your bite beneath your smile;
And, fearful ev'n of this poor satire,
Forbore to aid—but not to flatter
Yet is it just!—for him, who sues
No praise from bards, no help from Blues;
Who yields their idols cold respect,
Who shuns their dinners and their sect;
And from the world, to Reason flown,
Thinks for himself and lives alone—
For him, I fear, is scarce the trade,
By which neat piles of Fame are made.

* Who, as Viscount Melbourne and Secretary of State, will, we hope and believe, fulfil all that the country has long expected from his talents, and prove that a man may be honest and true, as well as wise and merry.

No hints to these, no balm to those,
No urging friends, or soothing foes;
No passing on the vagrant Muse
To noble shelves and Scotch Reviews;
No begging each book-making sinner
To talk about one's work at dinner;
No luck like that by which some hoary
Renowns were coddled into glory;
And now, grown "honours to the nation,"
Blew out their "bubble reputation."

Our Twins are sauntering thro' the room—
Ching bored—Chang perfectly at home;
You 'd thought, to mark their several faces,
Their characters had shifted places.
Chang, charmed to hear such lore and knowledge,
Seemed blithe as Freshman at a college,
While Ching contrasts his learned gladness
With a long face of patient sadness.
I spare you, reader, a narration
Of all the graver conversation.
Of how Chang heats his kindled soul
With Parry's chat about the Pole;
Now combats Ward about romances—
Now Lubbock on the scale of chances;
Here overthrows the dour Sir James
With a great blunder fresh from Kaimes;
And here in turn is crushed indeed
With a much greater one from Reid.

All this I spare you, and instead
With silent steps the crowd we tread,
And enter, thro' a little blue door,
What Lady Morgan loves—"*a boudoir.*"
Enter, and with our Twins, who find
On a neat ottoman reclined,
Our friend, young Julian, and a certain
Wit of the day—we 'll call him Merton.
One of those wits he was, who place
The talent greatly in the face—
Whose lips when closed are full of matter,
And each sharp eye's itself a satire.
Callous and bold, and ne'er concealing
The aim, each arrow sought some feeling,
And every jest that took the wing
But buzzed around the heart, to sting.
Art thou a shot?—thy joy remember
When rise two woodcocks in December!
Ev'n with such joy the jester swell'd
When now our brothers he beheld,
And cock'd—resolved both birds to hit—
The double barrels of his wit.

But first the Humourist seems to praise,
The while he questions of—their ways;
Till noting with a gladdened eye
How Chang winced sore at each reply,
Him, he more markedly addrest,
Took a cool aim, and fired his jest.

Quoth he, " The nature of your tie
" Must be a great advantage to you;
" All laws you clearly may defy,
" And ropes and chains in vain pursue you.
" For while the one offence incurs,
" The other nought amiss may do;
" And who shall harm the one who errs,
" Nor harm the unoffending too?
" Nor bounds your tie to law's perversion—
" Think what a fund 'tis for diversion!

" Suppose Chang went into the church,
" And Ching should enter in the navy,
" On Sunday evenings, in the lurch
" Ching leaves his flock to cry 'peccavi.'
" Because Lieutenant Ching—the sinner—
" Grows groggy at the captain's dinner;
" While, should a war break out—and Ching
" Have any timorous misgiving,
" He's only got to cut the thing
" By saying, Chang can't leave his living!

" Think, too—since now the illumined nation
" Has taken up emancipation,
" And a big oath—his thousandth odd—
" Upon O'Connell's sturdy lips is—
" That this next sessions, he—by God—
" Will *quite* emancipate the—Gipsies!

" Why should not bright St. Stephen's, too,
" Emancipation grant to you?
" Giving you both the right of burgess,
" To sit in parliament by purchase?

" Well, then, if Chang ambition fire,
" And he some quiet burgh should hire;
" Ching need not care a single filbert,
" What bills he owes to Stultz and Gilbert.
" To' arrest the debtor would, remember,
" Be a gross outrage on the member.

" But putting greater things aside,
" Only conceive that one may wed,
" And that the other hates the bride,
" With whom *he* too must go to bed.

" Supposing, while you most caress her,
" He with reproaches should address her;
" 'Ah, thy sweet mouth!'—'that monstrous feature;'
" 'Star of my soul!'—'the nasty creature,'
" 'Shall I be never of this bore rid?'
" 'Oh, what delight!'—'my God, how horrid!'
" Such, it is clear, might be of each
" The' opposing thought, or, haply, speech!
" If this should now and then annoy,
" At least one comfort you enjoy;
" Should you grow tired of Mrs. Chang,
" 'Tis not quite requisite to hang!

" Whene'er you like, unto her snarlings
" You leave her with the little darlings!
" For Ching, whom *you* place all the' offence with,
" Blame him as much as she may please,
" Has business, that he can't dispense with,
" Just at your wife's antipodes!

" Thus may you feast on all love's honey,
" But shun the sting of matrimony!"

More had the Jester said, but flushed
And angry lowered Chang's gloomy brow;
And as he spoke, the dark soul rushed
Into his glance, and his wrath avow—
" Gay Fool, avaunt thy mockery.
" Speak'st thou of love—of brides to ME!"

No more his ire his lip disclosed,
Still on his brow the cloud reposed;
Still struggled scorn with bitter shame,
In his curved lip, and stern eye's flame;
Still on the jester fierce he gazed,
And still his hand half-threatening raised.
Abashed and craven looked the wit,
He feared a yet severer hit:
He thought our Siamese Ulysses
In sturdy blows his anger might ease;
Nor liked, amid surrounding quizzes,
To share the fate of old Thersites.

But Ching most opportunely made
A sortie in the Humourist's aid;
And whispered low, as towards the door,
With Chang, like ship in tow, swift sailing—
"Talking of love, 'tis time and more
"To go, dear Chang, about the scaling!"

Soon as the startled Jester gains
The even tenor of his veins—
"Is there *no* place Man scapes from feeling
"The insidious blows of *double* dealing?"
He said—and all athirst to quaff
That dram to wits professed—a laugh—
He turned for Julian's approbation,
But found him vanished from his station,
Gone also on an assignation.

END OF CHAPTER II. OF BOOK II.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER III.

ARGUMENT.

Night in the streets of London—Knowledge—Feeling suppressed—Hodges wandering homeward—His gallant, but melancholy adventure—He arrives at his home—The spectacle there reserved for a father's eyes—His speech—The answer made to it—The finale to a very distressing scene—Lady Frances and her friends—The Interruption—The Danger—The Escape—The Muse explains—A Caution to young ladies—Bond-street apostrophized—* * *'s Hotel faithfully described—Ching's improper levity—A Battle—The Prison.

CHAPTER III.

Night—the grey mother of the Charlies
Who live no more the parish fund on;
Still from her drowsy watch-box parlies
With her old gossip, Mother London.

The charming retail of their scandal
My prudence bids me fear to handle;
Law—fain to drive the babbling vice hence,
Keeps to itself the retail licence.
Yet will dear spite from such restriction,
Escape sometimes to works of fiction;
And if to facts I now must grovel—
Why—only buy my next new novel!

And Silence through the lamp-lit streets
Hath left man's dwellings to the fairies;—

Save when some cat the wanderer meets
Glide thro'—what Betty calls—the *airies.*
Then on the ear of midnight grew,
The cadence of the varying mew;
" It rose—that chanted, mournful strain—
" Like some lone spirits' o'er the plain.
" 'Twas musical—but sadly sweet—"*
Until in answer to the call
You heard, some feline Juliet greet
Its little Romeo from the wall.
Then wildly changed the note of feeling,
And softness sharpened into squealing.
Ev'n as in Melmoth's mighty tale
'Tis told, how—of the power of evil—
Aërial music did not fail
To play—before he played the devil!

The chimneys in the shining air,
Look desolate and lone,
Like ruined Schemes, they wonder where
Their pretty smoke hath gone.
Anon from some high room you see
The calm light of the taper,
By which perchance—some bard like me,
Stamps glory into paper.
Thee, Knowledge, thirsting to inherit,
What nights have I outwatched the stars!

* " Siege of Corinth," l. 223—5.

And dreamt I might inhale thy spirit,
Thro' silence and my loved cigars!

While to the gorgeous tide that rushed
To Pleasure charioted below,
Shook the lone chamber—lone and hushed—
Where cast the wizard lamp its glow
Some time o'er such high theme of thought,
As that to Earth by Wisdom taught;
Or, some time, when in dreamy mood,
I watch the dim thought glide
Thro' the shut spirit's solitude,
In a lazy and mote-like tide.

O nights!—O solitudes!—what deep
Delight, and pure, were drank from you!
Ne'er from my Boyhood's golden sleep,
Such dreams of glory grew!
If I could pour what I have felt,
O Knowledge, with its burning prayer,
When to thy shrine my heart hath knelt;—
——If I could to the world declare,
One tithe of that which hath the power
To fill with speech my lonely hour;
One whisper of the wondrous voices,
In which the unwitness'd soul rejoices;—
Oh, if, ——. But fated in their birth,
The first born of our feelings perish;

And later thoughts that cling to earth,
Our earthly natures only cherish.
And if at times within the breast,
The Unseen Habitant is stirr'd,
And chafes against its narrow rest
Like some imprisoned bird;
Back to its sullen home, represt,
We curb too well the pining guest;
Until, all reconciled and tamed,
It loves the bars which fate hath framed;
Yea! in the very face of day
Content with customed slavery, sings,
And, calm'd within its cage of clay,
Forgets its skies and folds its wings.

'Tis night! and thro' the streets is going
The worthy Hodges, homeward bent,
Not overmuch, I fear me, knowing
His own most rational intent.

He had been joining, you must know,
A public feast at Cuff's* and Co.;
And—mixing politics with mirth—
Spouting at large on English worth;
But speaking when conjoined with drinking,
Confuses, while it shows, one's thinking.

* Freemason's Tavern.

The way was long to his abode,
Nor sought he out the shortest road.
See! how he 's rolling
Now, to and fro,
Fitfully trolling
A ballad or so.
Such as drop out of the lip of good fellows,
When those windfalls of wisdom, wine suddenly mellows.
" 'Tis glorious to sing dithyrambics divine,
" When the spirit is struck with the lightning of wine,"
So Archilochus cried when good drink was a *deus*,
(Ah! those antients were jolly dogs,) see Athenæus.

By Bond-street blundering, mark him now—
He stops—looks up the street—a row!
A row, by martyr'd Charles, the cherished
Patron of nightly Charlies perished;
The first great Charlie, who 'd the *noûs*
To guard the street—but rob the house;
Who rattled with the louder zeal,
The more his own dark schemes were hatching;
And helped—the cunning rogue!—to steal
The goods he claimed his pay for watching.

A row—a row!—run, Hodges, run,
To patriots, fighting 's always fun!
He runs—he jumps—he scours—he flies!
" Britons! what odds are these?" he cries,

As dim and distant he can yet view,
'Gainst one or two, a desperate set-to.

Oh, haste! oh, haste! you cannot guess
Whose woes, whose wrongs, you may redress;
Perchance, much greater were your pucker,
Did you forebode whom you would succour.

False fate—you moral Delilah,
Thank heaven, we all know what you are!
And now just see, you spiteful kitten,
The way you served our worthy Briton!
*From right to left, not quite bereft
Of all sense of the perpendicular,
His path he takes: he nears the row—
He sees the watchman's garb—and now
Their words grow plain, and more auricular.

Oh! is he yet in time to save?
His feet the kennel's waters lave!
Another stride—alas! 'tis vain!
Reel nerve and heart—reel sight and brain!
And where the mire the thickest lodges,
Oh! heaven—*procumbit humi Hodges!*

* "From right to left, his path he cleft," &c.
The Bride of Abydos.

Gone is the bustle, reader, where
The Muse may by-and-bye declare!
Gone is the the bustle—still and quiet,
Time's courier hours perform his fiat;
And Hodges sighs—he stirs—he sneezes—
The act his memory somewhat eases!
Nought like a sneeze to fillip sense,
When sleep steals o'er us, God knows whence;
So, if our history hath not fixt your
Vigilance—N. B. get your mixture.

Well, Hodges wakes—stirs—shakes his ears,
And up he staggers!
He stands and thinks; the dim past rushes
Into his mind;—I hope he blushes!
And with a trembling hand he brushes
The dirt that to his garb adheres;
And then away—briskly the patriot swaggers.

Your wine, i' faith 's a wond'rous prober
Into the cranium's real powers;
Some are two days in getting sober—
Some sound as ever in two hours.
Hodges was of the latter species;—
Placebit repetita decies!

And now he 's at his own house-door—
He knocks not, for he has a key;

He enters—in a moment more
Upon the landing-place stands he!
A light streams thro' the threshold's chinks,
And voices murmur low within it!
"The Twins not yet in bed!" he thinks,
"Suppose I join them for a minute!"

This chamber—mind—the builder's art meant
The drawing-room, or best apartment;
Not made for Somnus and his quorum—
This hint is to preserve decorum!

Well, Hodges enters, and descries—
O gods!—O night!—O unsnuffed candle!
By which the astounded father eyes
So singular a scene of scandal!——
That while by her soft hand the vile
Deceiving young Lothario's caught her,
His Cousin does the time beguile,
In kneeling to his blushing daughter.

The Father stares—fate no more killing
Sight on a father's eye bestows,
Than a young rogue without a shilling,
Courting his child before his nose!

Ah! at the view of such a lover,
What visions of lost guineas hover!

With what a muscular distortion
One sees the expected marriage portion.
The house set up—the yearly cradle—
Mouths—for which he must buy the ladle.
And oh!—those bitter—bitter pills,
Jack's schooling, and the butcher's bills!
Ah! who 'd not rather, free from wife,
And children lounge a Cœleb's life,
Than pay for kisses, and for blisses,
Not one of which sweet luxuries his is?

Such were the thoughts which, swift and hot,
Through Hodge's cranium went full trot;
At sevens and sixes oddly pacing,
Like donkeys cudgelled into racing.
While he surveyed the lovers spitefully,
Enjoy themselves so damn'd delightfully!

"Hollo!" he cried, "what are you after?"
Up starts the youth—up starts the daughter.

The one remains erect, the other
Just strives one fearful shriek to smother,
Then sinks into her seat once more,
With both her hands her face concealing,
And her mute shame appears to' implore
Your mercy for her wounded feeling.
Which phrase, if less adroitly moulded,
Means a dislike to being scolded.

" You base young man—is this the way, Sir,
" My care, my kindness you repay, sir?
" Seduce the affections so unwary
" And artless, of my daughter Mary?

" Out of my house, Sir, not a word,
" Your chaff won't catch so old a bird!
" Out of my house, Sir—Oh! ungrateful,
" How often here you've had your plateful!
" How often—but—but 'tis no matter!
" Just look, thou base seducer, at her.
" Is that the lady you 'd predestine
" To plunge into a match clandestine.
" Sir, she 's my only child, and I
" Can leave her rich, Sir, when I die;
" And you, with scarce a single sous,
" *My* heiress thus presume to woo.
" I never heard such impudence, Sir,
" My home's my castle—budge—hence, trot Sir!
" Zounds! it is odd indeed, in these
" Blest islands, free as their own waters,
" If we can't marry as we please
" Our own confounded daughters!

" Sir, I 'm a freeman, and I fear
" No dun's address—no man's effrontery—
" I pay, Sir, forty pounds a year
" In rates and taxes to my country.

" Nor do I, Sir, one farthing care
" What man is called his grace;
" No! I'm a Briton, and can look
" A lord, Sir, in the face;
" And I intend, and *can afford*, Sir,
" Her spouse himself shall be a lord, Sir!
" So, Mr. Laneham, march—retreat—
" *She* for your betters will be meat!"

Succinct and clear, thus Hodges said—
He ceased, and sternly shook his head.
His small eyes twinkled in their sockets—
He buttoned up his breeches pockets;
As if to say, " What these contain—them
" *You'll* never get, young Master Laneham."
So stood he sour—austere—majestic!
" Oh! home—sweet home!"—O scene domestic!

Then Laneham with a look, where sorrow
Seemed something high from pride to borrow,
First glanced where just one pace apart,
His Mary in her shame was sobbing,
Then curbed his brow, and chid his heart
From its untimely throbbing;
And with calm gaze, nor daunted, eyed
The angry sire, and thus replied.
" We loved each other since our birth,
" An orphan I, had none beside
" To love upon the lonely earth;

"And she, save thee and me, saw none
"To pour her full heart's love upon.
"We loved—and when thou wert away
"In other lands, for years to rove,
"We saw each other, day by day,
"And grew with every day our love!
"No treachery mine! for well I knew
"Her heart was like my own,
"And that had wound itself unto
"One chord of life alone.
"To leave her—tho' to wealth—were worse
"To her than Want's severest curse;
"And I! in huts with *her* to live
"Were worth all wealth—all worlds could give!

"And if I claim her now—I crave
"No dowry save her love for me;
"'Tis just that they who Fortune brave,
"Should bear the wants that they foresee.
"But not that thou shouldst doom thy child
"Through life in bitter thought to pine;
"If I—if I her peace beguil'd,
"Oh! make the' atonement mine!

"And I, through every change will swear
"To love, to cherish, to defend her;
"And recompense in love, whate'er
"Of wealth for love she may surrender."

He ceased—and Mary had withdrawn
From her sweet face her veiling hands;
And Hope abruptly seemed to dawn
O'er her pale cheek, and stay the fears
That trembled in her spell-bound tears.
But hard and harsh the father stands,
And though within him might be lurking
The milk of human kindness—nought
Of yielding love, or gentle thought
Upon his rigid brow is working.

When once a man's mind is resolved,
'Tis useless to his heart appealing,
You can't get through the leaves involved
Around his artichoke of feeling.

The Saint who thought his child a catch,
Wish'd her to make 'a proper match;'
He hoped perhaps a Lord—a clever
Member of Parliament however!
So you may judge the youth was ill able
To melt him by a single syllable.
"Well! have you done?" was all he said.
"Mary, your hand—we'll go to bed.
"Excuse me, Sir—you'll find the door
"Where you have found it, Sir, before.
"Your servant"——
With these words he took
Poor Mary by the hand, and past

Up stairs—upon the youth one look—
One look of anguish Mary cast.

And then he was alone,
Father and child were gone!

He stands with downcast eyes,
Nor speaks, nor stirs;
His thought—his spirit flies
To blend with hers!
Until, dissolved, the cold thoughts flow
Back on his startled heart;
And with a quiet step and slow,
He turns him to depart.
Then the harsh-tongued and desolate
Sound of the closing door,
Heavily rose where Mary sate,
And taunts and chidings bore.
Bore with so meek yet crush'd an air,
That Hodges could not but forbear,
To wound too deep so soft a breast;
And, as himself was very tired,
He soon resolved that, till the morning,
All farther scolding, threat, and warning,
Should kindly be supprest.
He rose, and solemnly desired
She'd say her prayers and go to sleep,
And, begging also she'd not weep

Herself into the scarlet fever,
He left—as we will also leave her.

Change we the scene—To —— square,
Au trosième with the Muse repair.
See in that room—the drapery's blue—
A little party met at *loo:*
Young—single—beautiful—in short,
The veriest rose-buds of the court.
Poor Lady Frances, you must know,
Caught a bad cold some nights ago.
And, freed awhile from courtly duty,
At home behold the languid beauty,
Whiling the tedium that attends
On sickness, with some bosom friends,
And loosed from chaperons and mothers,
Chatting on love and elder brothers.
It makes one's heart beat to behold
Sweet girls together uncontrolled;
Guileless but gay—and tho' without us
Talking—dear creatures! all about us.

"'Tis I to deal—you saw their pearls?
"I own—I never liked those girls,
"And yet the stupid men they charm.
"Jane's head is good—but such an arm!
"What made her like that Mr. Frere,
"The odious man—what!—diamonds dear?

" So George will marry Bell, they say—
" Poor thing!—he's been extremely gay;
" I own it gave me great surprise—
" He's handsome!—Yes—such charming eyes!
" The Duke at first refused consent,
" But Bell upon the match was bent—
" He'd scarce a sous!—was that the rub—
" What made him live so well?—a club.
" Well, they'll be happy, for he sings
" Such songs—she wears the prettiest things!
" With great economy they'll do—
" They've hired Lord Henry's house at Kew.
" Love ev'n the poorest couple blesses,
" And Carson makes the prettiest dresses.
" Is that the *deuce?*—fie, love—the *two!*
" O Lord!"—here shrieks appal the hearing,
For at the casement to their view,
A deuce-like two indeed appearing;
One face gay, grinning with delight,
The other sad and grave as night—
Yet both in dusky hue alike,
And strange uncouth, outlandish features—
Enough, in real truth, to strike
Some terror into those sweet creatures.
Half in the room, and half without,
They pause a moment as in doubt;
Not so the damsels—through the door
Each struggling to be first, they pour,

And really it was quite heart-breaking
To hear so sad a waste of shrieking.
Such sounds, if lavished on the stage,
Had made e'en merit quite the rage.
Scarce more terrific, or more loud
The clamour of the Bromian crowd,
When Pentheus, as old tales recount,
Lay hid on grey Cithæron's mount,
And strove, rash Monarch! to discover
What ladies do—when half seas over!

So—there arrested in amazement,
Still pause our Brothers at the casement.
Quoth Ching at last—"Upon my soul,
I think her conduct vastly droll,
Perhaps her feelings quite betray'd her,
At such a public honour paid her.
What think you?"——
Chang, serene and cool
Replied—"O Ching, you are a fool!
Enough I've now in sober sadness,
Conceded to this shallow madness.
Come—danger dwelleth in delay,
Retreat we *safely* while we may."
"You're quite enough to make a man swear,"
Cried Ching—when suddenly his answer
Dies on his lips, as half a score
Of menials rush within the door.

The butler, who leads on the' assault,
Wheels round, and shouts in thunder, " Halt !"
While to the dread of each beholder,
Comes up his musquet to his shoulder.
He lays his finger on the trigger,
And mutters out—" By Jove—*a Nigger !*"
By butlers shall their blood be shed ?
Slap went the window, down each head.
The menials to the lattice run—
The Butler points below his gun—
All look without—no Twins are there !
Like witches, have they turned to air !
" Run, John, the yard below explore—
" You, Thomas, fly to the *front* door !"
They ran, they searched, they stared, they gaped
In vain—our heroes have escaped.
Love stretched her cloud, my Twins, o'er ye, as
She stretched it once o'er good Æneas.
How scaped they thus from being shot there ?
First sing, sweet Phœbus, how they got there !
Well then, this window, reader, know,
Looked on the unwatched yard below;
It was a corner house, and (bearing
Some few doors round) was one repairing,
A scaffold used whose walls in mending,
Had served our brothers for ascending;
Then creeping round the leads, they gain
The house which love will storm in vain,

And reach, by cords from roof suspended,
The window where the journey ended.
So when Fate bade them fly the foe,
Their course was upward, not below.
Trained from their earliest years to climb,
They seized the rope, and swung sublime,
While, unsuspicious of this soaring,
The foes *beneath* were all exploring.
'Twas thus the enemy they baffled,
Retracked the leads, regained the scaffold,
And, tarrying till the search was o'er,
Won *terra firma* as before.
You'll own that these the sort of fellows
That make old husbands devilish jealous.

Now, as they wander, Ching declares,
He has no notion of such airs;
That coyness may a maid be suiting,
But not when once it comes to *shooting!*
That that event hath sealed her sentence,
And he will leave her to repentance,
To wet with pining tears her pillow,
Recall his love, and wear the willow.
But Chang no answer gave—inurned
Within his breast a fever burned,
And all or light, or gay, or vain,
But reached the sense to rouse disdain.
And more than all it seemed to sting
When Ching's allusions served to bring

A closer, keener memory
Of the loathed nature of their tie.
Howbeit Ching, I've always heard,
Preserved his wrath and kept his word,
And sternly left to other chances
Of love and conquest, Lady Frances—
Wherefore beware, ye girls who charm us,
How you 're alarmed, or how alarm us;
Nor if you wish for life to suit us,
Send men—you take the hint—to shoot us!
And now our brothers Bond Street enter;—
Dear street of London's charms the centre!
Dear street!—where at a certain hour
Man's follies bud forth into flower!
Where the gay minor sighs for fashion;
Where majors live that minor's cash on;
Where each who wills may suit his wish,
Here choose a Guido—there his fish:—
Or where, if woman's love beguiles,
The ugliest dog is sure of smiles.
Dear street of noise, of crowds, of wealth,
Of all Earth's thousand joys, save health.
Of plate, of books—and (I incline a
Little that way) of old *Sevres* China.
Of all, in short, by which pursuing,
We glide entranced to our undoing;
Lounge through each mix'd and motley blessing
Of loving, dining, driving, dressing—

Drawn & Etched by W.H.Brooke, A.R.H.A.

No sooner did they see our two
Than pounce on them the Cynthia's flew!
page 181.

London, Published by Colburn & Bentley, Jan.y 1831.

Despise expense and sober fools,
And wake at last—within the Rules!

Aye, just by that buck-haunted house,
Where well the cheer atones the chouse;
Where not a thing by palate polish'd,
Can e'er in safety be demolish'd.
While the bill items, to your sadness,
The outrageous taxes paid to badness:
Counts all your hungers, if eschew'd
Your prudence the untempting food,
Or if you, greatly daring, dined,
The damn'd dyspepsias left behind.
Well—just by that renowned hotel
Where whiskered Tigers grimly dwell,
Where noble ——— and his Dolly
Bask in the dung of vulgar folly.
Where the mustachio'd sharpers shun
The gull'd friend, as the greedy dun.
Where Slang exalts his belcher'd nob,
And the smug waiter is "Dear Bob."*
Well, just by this divine abode,
A group of Cynthias block'd the road:
No sooner did they see our two,
Than pounce on them the lasses flew!

* The waiter is accustomed to receive notes from gentlemen in "Crack Regiments," borrowing £20, and beginning "Dear Bob."

Perchance they fancied, if short-sighted,
Two things that seemed so close united—
Might be old R—th—ld, amorous soul!
Taking with Three-per-Cents a stroll.
Chang scowl'd upon them, grave and scornful—
One maid engross'd his bosom mournful—
But Ching stopt short, with sparkling features,
And leering cried, "What charming creatures!"
To you, dear reader! I must leave
The ladies' wonder to conceive,
When they perceived they had got hold of
The Twins they 'd been so often told of—
While they were chatting and conferring,
Chang vainly begg'd them to be stirring;
But finding Ching was deaf to preaching,
Sullen he ceased from all beseeching,
Folded his arms, and raised his eyes,
And grew romantic on the skies.

Heaven knows to what, or where, gay Ching
Had sought the solemn Chang to bring;
Had not three heroes of the shop,
Smith, Smythe, and Kin, pre-kin'd by Pop,
Warm from some revel nobly Bacchic,
Halted amid these ladies Sapphic;
And Popkin—(ye have all heard tell
Of Popkin, hatter, in Pall Mall—

This Popkin is the eldest hope—
The second brother deals in soap)—
And Popkin took—*O dira Fata!*
Freedoms with Ching's inamorata.
Sudden Ching turn'd, his eyes on fire,
(Such things in Siam wrath inspire,)
And spluttering out some new-learnt oath,
Smote the bold Popkin on the mouth.

"A ring! a battle!" Popkin cries,
And quite mistaking one for t'other,
Returns the blow on Chang's raised eyes—
Raised—all superior to this "pother;"
Then Chang's wrath rose, he looked much troubled,
And instantly *four* fists were doubled:
So fond we English are for dangers,
And for abusive words preparing,
That the twin arts we teach to strangers,
Are always fistycuffs and swearing.

St. George! most dreadful and most furious,
Would sure have been this combat curious,
Had not, just as our brothers finely
Backing each other, squared divinely,
Doubting whom first their strength should level,
A shout, "The watch! the watch!" arose,
And in an instant, where the Devil?—
Yes—where the Devil were their foes?

The girls were fled, the men were flying,
Popkin alone still stood defying;
But Popkin was a man long-headed,
And blows his pulse had greatly steadied—
The young Ulysses of his country,
He mingled cunning with effrontery—
So when he saw the invidious watchmen,
Like human spiders made to catch men,
Towards them he walked, and bade them note
Blood on his mouth, and muslin'd throat,
Show'd the aggressors in the Pair,
And gave them to the Charley's care—
Smoothing away the watchman's qualms
With three drops from the oil of Palms,
Bid him then keep the brothers chary,
For justice, and Sir Peter Laurie;
Swearing he 'd come, and, to their sorrow,
Prove the assault in court to-morrow;
And quite, the watchmen to engage,
Rouse them to sympathetic rage,
And make them for his injuries feel,
He gave his name as—"Robert Peel!"
This done, he stalk'd away—the fiat
Of the stern watchmen did not find
The Twins agreed to go in quiet
To "ills they knew not of" resigned:
They struggled long, they struggled hard,
Nor need'st thou now learn from the bard—

It was the brothers whom the brave,
But ill-starr'd Hodges failed to save.

Behold them now within the keeping
Of that—Night's rudest—ward of sorrow;
Around them Vice lies drouthly sleeping,
And Misery, shivering, dreads the morrow!
Ah, this wrong world! where'er we turn,
Life finds the same too faithful mirror;
One penance everywhere we learn,
Misfortune still confounds with Error.
Let him whom Want hath proven sit,
Alone, in judgment on his fellows—
Ev'n Blame, by true Experience lit,
Grows warm, and to Compassion mellows.
Mirth's well a graver Truth may boast
Than aught which lurks in Melancholy;
And they who laugh at Folly most,
Most often daunt the World from Folly!

END OF CHAPTER III. BOOK II.

BOOK THE THIRD.

Introductory Hymn to Book the Third

I. LIFE (AIWA)

Introductory Lines to Book the Third.

TO THE GRAVE.

HEARKEN, O Grave! beneath me lying;
Hearken—my heart shall speak to thee!
I know not whose the dust supplying
Thy red and creeping progeny:
No stone is there; the swathing willow
Curtains alone the Sleeper's pillow.
But boots it *who* that couch may claim?
Thy homilies remain the same!
And round thee vibrates the unsolid
And soft air with a moral deep;
And voices vague, and disembodied,
O'er thee a fearful vigil keep.
Preacher and Prophet—to imbibe
Thy lore, itself the spirit husheth,
And swift and noiselessly, a tribe
Of Dreams into the Silence rusheth.

But dreams like his whose burning lips
Reveal'd the dread Apocalypse,
Glassing—though in a troublous mirror—
The dim but starry truths of Fate,
Wëird shadows of that World of Terror
Or Love—to which thou art the Gate?

Tell me, O Grave!
When to thy slave
The black-robed laugher Death—
And to the Air, Earth, Fire, and Wave,
This dust resigns the breath;
Tell me, shall aught which may be poured
From my soul's gushing well,
Beyond thy reach awhile be stored,
And flow—my Chronicle?
Bearing upon its wave unbroken
A living—though no lofty—token
That I have loved my Race!
And that their tyrannies and terrors,
The monsters of their self-sought errors
Have had for me no grace?
That never flinch'd my fearless Scorn
With Folly in the field?
That to my naked heart was worn
"Man's Welfare" as its shield?
That—nor the Banner nor the Band
Which venal champions may defend

I sought!—content alone to stand
And make my soul my friend?

And wherefore more?—the echoed blame,
The lukewarm and the low-breath'd praise,
The niggard and reluctant fame,
The uneven scale that falsely weighs
Alike our end and means; the lies
That Idlesse lists and Wrath supplies;
These *may* have stings the bosom feels,
But he can conquer who conceals;
And God hath armour for the mind
That wars on Custom for Mankind!

As one who combats from a tower,
He pours his strength below,
Whose height is Truth's beleaguered power,
Whose foes– are Vice and Woe!

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

ARGUMENT.

Chang and Ching before the Justice—Ching's defence—A new difficulty; how removed—Julian's opportune appearance—Julian returns home—Lines on Burns—On the wrong done men of genius—The Imaginative, rarely love with a human and real passion—But if they do *so* love, and the love be formed in early youth, the preternatural strength and ardour of the feeling—Our first love compared to our first play—State of Julian's mind—Alteration in his manner and aspect—Digressive allusion to the Wizards of old—Julian's resolution to seek his fortune in India—The Lovers occasionally meet.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

THE morning now begins to press on;
The Nursery maidens home repair;
Young Gentlemen resume their lesson;
And the stern Justice takes his chair.
Some half a dozen cases hurried;
Some half a dozen wretches worried;
Some half a dozen of the worst of
Culprits to prison justly thrust off;
Base varlets with such ragged breeches,
The very Treadmill for them itches.
Some half a dozen so respectable,
That Justice is not to suspect able

Paying the wonted fine, and giving
Seemly account of mode of living,
Dismissed, break through the cobweb, leaving
To Fate the poorer class of Fly;
Whom Justice—that old spider, grieving
Much for their guilt, condemns for thieving
Upon the very web she's weaving,
And eats them up while they reply!

These previous cases heard, they bring
Before his worship Chang and Ching.
Loudly the watchmen made complaint
Of blows that might have roused a saint;
Asking if now the luckless watch
Your *single* rogues could scarcely catch,
What in Heaven's name must be the trouble
To catch the rascals going double!
They begged of Vice so bold a sample,
Might now be made a dread example.
Or else, the sage Police were sure
The thing would spread beyond a cure;
And every rascal in shoe leather
Would go thus hook and eyed together.
Nay, not content perhaps with *pairing*,
Set round like jewels in a rare ring,
Thieve—murder—aye, and rape in musters,
And hang at last like grapes in clusters.

Gravely the Justice heard the speech,
Gravely the Justice eyed the two,
Gravely the Justice frowned on each,
And said—" Young men, 'tis very true!
" Your crime, you cannot but be sensible
" At present seems quite indefensible;
" Appearances are aggravated,
" Your being thus so strangely mated;
" A circumstance which, if not vicious,
" At least, must be allowed suspicious!
" Perhaps you can explain, and state your
" Reasons for this strange trick of Nature.*
" If you can give of all this mystery
" A full account, and honest history,
" Our laws will do you nought of ill—
" If not—they send you to the Mill!"

The Justice ceased—the brothers stared—
Neither for answer was prepared.

* We must be careful how we consider there is any exaggeration in this harangue; how we censure the author for too broad a caricature, or the justice for too harsh a vein of reasoning. Are the Siamese the only men condemned for what it often happens Nature has been alone to blame? Do none owe crime to the example of parents, the stings of famine, and a variety of circumstances over which the culprits had no control? Poverty ties men to guilt, as the bone united Chang to Ching. And a poor devil born beneath the frown of fortune is hung because it continues.

Bewilderment and fear Ching muzzled,
And ev'n sage Chang looked vastly puzzled.

Chang was the first to re-collect
His spirits into full effect;
Stoutly the stalwart Justice eyeing,
And lashing wrath into replying,
He 'd just upon the lip—the word;
When Ching, tho' still confused, nor knowing
Well what to say he now was going,
But all impatient to be heard,
Cried out—and while affection fired him,
His mother wit not ill inspired him —

" I made the row, Sir, I alone,
" While Chang was gazing on the sky, sir;
" He prest me greatly to come on,
" But—*such* a girl was in my eye, sir!
" And so, not deeming it could hurt
" You, or your laws, I stopped to flirt;
" And tho' my weakness you may blame, sir,
" Perhaps you might have done the same, sir."

The Justice smiled—ev'n English cadis
Are rarely prudes about the ladies.
Ching sees, and boldly he renews—
" Well, Sir, and while we thus amuse
" Ourselves, come by some lawless strangers,
" Who turn delight, Sir, into dangers.

" Nay, one of these uncourteous foes
" Had put quite out of joint my nose;
" But that I clenched, in wrath and trouble
" The fists I lately learn'd to double;
" Then a few blows exchanged, Sir—then
" A seizure by these gentlemen;
" A night, Sir, in a shocking hole,
" And now, you see, you know the whole!

" But one word more;—in this affair,
" If I have sinned, my sin not knowing,
" Such penance I consent to bear
" As you may deem it worth bestowing;
" But *he*—my brother—no offence
" Committed; you must let *him* hence!
" Take *me* to prison, if you please,
" But first this gentleman release;
" And while to jail the guilty sending,
" Take heed, nor touch the unoffending!"

Ching ceased; the court was in a grin—
The tranquil Justice stroked his chin,
And asked the night's superior saint if
The court did now contain the plaintiff?
But Popkin wisely not appearing,
He straight dismissed all farther hearing:
" Young men, you may go where you please,
" Reform your ways—and pay your fees!"

Alas! how in the world we're made for,
Sins conquered, really are sins paid for!
We break a head, inspired by wine,
What plasters up the wound?—a fine;
We steal a wife—we foul a name—
What mends the matter?—still the same?
In *notes* her sentence law dispenses,
And justice only means expenses.
But, oh!—conceive our Twins' dismay—
They'd not enough the fees to pay!
However, Fate, who kills most lame
Dogs, in this case assumed a smile;
And in a human shape she came
To help *our* lame dogs o'er the style!

It chanced that Laneham all night long
Had wander'd houseless, and despairing;
And passing homeward now, the throng
Around the office entrance staring,
His way uncourteously impeding,
Aroused the sense—till then of aught unheeding.
So, as he moved, he heard the loud
And guessing wonder of the crowd,
"Two joined together, head and foot—I
"Saw them myself, they look so sooty."

These words, and more resembling these,
Serve Laneham wholly to awake:

"What if they are our Siamese?
"One look for her's, for Mary's sake!"
He thought, and pushing through the press—
Reader, yourself the rest may guess!
But know, in short, the fees were paid;
And not your interests keen to starve, I
Must add, the Twins were home convey'd,
In the cool shelter of a Jarvey!

This kindness done, his way once more
Julian renew'd, and gained his door.

To his lone room he pass'd; and o'er
The stairs his step fell heavily;
His knit and gloomy visage wore
That which ye would have feared to see.

Something there is in man's despair,
More fearful than his very wrath;
Cope hot Revenge—but aye, beware
To cross calm Suffering's lonely path!
Dreader than all the passions' strife,
The solemn absence of their life;
That ghole of silence and of gloom,
Which darkly broods above their tomb!

He sate him down; and quietly
Cast round a dim, half-unconscious eye.

There left, as when they last addrest
The charmed gaze, and thirsting breast,
Lay the lov'd volumes, where the souls
Of the great Dead walk gloriously;
The Edens of the Mind; the goals
Of mortal immortality;—
The stately Arks that from the deep
Garner the life for worlds to be;
And with their glorious burthen, sweep
Adown dark Time's unfathom'd sea!

Amid less lovely lore, the page
Lay open where the Ploughman's Song
Incarnates Thought; and o'er the age
To which its noble lays belong;—
O'er the low city, and lewd court;
O'er the slight tricks of worldly gaud;
O'er the wing'd follies, that disport
In life's vexed atmosphere of fraud;
Casts out the broad and generous glow,
Where Nature shames Art's garish seeming;
Yet, while it shames, doth still bestow
Not more a shame than a redeeming.
Shedding a glory round *their* urns,
Who breath'd the air that breath'd for BURNS.

Oh! wise—wise fools, whose tender art
So coldly probed each fault that dyed

With its own blood that generous heart;—
Who, in your grateful thought, denied
To him whose memory yet exalts
Man's mould—aye, in those very faults—
To him, who like an Air from Heaven,
Breath'd life and glory on your way;
The mercy and the silence given
Of right, unto the humblest clay.*
In life's cool walk, if one hath blest
A single, just, or grateful breast;
Yet hath, in error, stung or saddened
The breast, his 'customed bounty gladdened,
Say—were it thine—would'st thou resent?
Would Love or Anger find a vent?

* All mankind, to whom, even mediately and through unseen channels, the glorious verse of Robert Burns can reach, have incurred a debt of gratitude, and that no slight one, to Mr. Lockhart, who has honoured literature (in his Biography of that illustrious Poet) with a work full of just, and manly, and noble sentiment. It is difficult, indeed, to command one's indignation, when one hears fine gentlemen critics, who sin delicately, and grow elevate on *Chambertin*—and to whom we owe no earthly gratitude, and no earthly indulgence—talk, between snuff-takings, of the immoralities of Burns. Every country 'squire, and city clerk, and puny dandyling, may enjoy in quiet his loves and his intoxications; they are but the proofs of his spirit, or obediences to the manners of his time. But if Burns, the benefactor of the world, (for whom reverence should induce indulgence,) does what they do who are its drones;—then come pages of sermons, and mawkish lecturings, and judgments righteously severe. Every sword of the Pharisees leaps out of its scabbard. One would think to hear them, that it is a great pity a man of genius should not be born without flesh and blood.

Say—would it not thy heart relieve,
To have *one* memory to forgive?

But He, who serves all earth,—whose mind
Stars the dark wanderings of mankind;
And from lone Thought's empyrean height,
Exalts the soul, its glories light,
For him, no grateful memory lives;
No justice weighs, no love forgives;
For him, the Universal Eye,
Each heart he cheered hath grown his spy.
The very lustre of his fame,
Betrays the specks upon his name;
The columns of his triumph stand,
As Pasquins for each vulgar hand.
For him the wonted shades which hide
Home's reverent secrets, are denied,*
Exposed, dissected, canvass'd o'er,
Each household wound and hidden sore;
His very heart hung forth a prey
To the sharp-tongued 'remorseless day.'
The temple he hath built will yield
For him alone no shrine to shield:

* Between the publicity of rank and that of genius, there is this difference—the former has its consolation in a thousand luxuries—the home revealed is a palace; but genius, often girt with want, mortification, privation, disease, beholds its frailties, and its secrets dragged to light, and looking within for comfort, views but the scene of struggles, and the witness of humiliation.

Nay, round the altar where he flieth,
The coil'd and venomed slander lieth—
Crush'd by the serpents of his doom,
Behold his Temple walls his Tomb!

Not these the thoughts that o'er the soul
Of the young student-lover stole,
All books—all matter of all thought,
Save one—to him were dead and nought;
And an ice lay o'er his mind,
And his heart was dull'd and blind.

I have thought that those who live
In the world, their fancies give,
Musing and self-conning spirits,
Whom desire by right inherits,
For desire is that we learn,
Which must ever vainly * yearn;
And such natures vision-bowed,
Clasp a God in every cloud;—

I have thought that these obey
Rarely human passion's sway,
Pining for imaginings,
Whose earthly shapes Fate never brings,
Only in that mystic time
Of the green youth's teeming prime,

* Hobbes.

When the Prophet heart's delight
Yields the sense 'a second sight,'
And the gentle earth is riven,
And its faëry kingdoms bare,
And we hear the harps of Heaven
In the low breath of the air;—
Only in the brief and fleeting,
Sorcery of that sweet self-cheating;
If such spirits chance to glow
With a deep love born below;
And that love be duly plighted,
And that love untimely blighted,
Then no earthlier nature e'er,
Knew their rapture, their despair;
Knew the dreams that round them tended,
Breath 'd to being at their call;
Knew the height their hearts ascended,
Or the dreadness of the fall.

First love is like our earliest Play!
What enchantment of survey!
Every scene and whisper giveth
Life that monarch never liveth.
What a magic of amaze
In the passion of the gaze!
What a transport in the fear,
That can soul the panting ear!
Heavily the curtain's pall
Slow descendeth over all,

And the Musick's voice is gone,
And the lights fade one by one;
And upon the glory past,
Rushes the black-winged Silence fast!
Yet, vainly yet, in Memory's cell,
Echoes and haunts for aye the spell!
Oft again our souls will woo it,
But, remembering, ne'er renew it;
Oft again we seek the stage—
But the magic was the *age!*
And the scene has lost its glory,
And the zest has left the story!
Love, and Plays are oft repeated,
But no more the gaze is cheated!
And all after-charm is curst,
By the contrast of the first!

But Julian's heart was proud and stern,
And in its silent depth conceal'd
A spirit ever wont to yearn
For action in some broader field.
And when the brooding mist at last,
From his dark mind in shadow past,
Designs, and schemes, those homes of care,
Bold, but as yet half shaped, were there,
As some grey city dim descried
Through the moist dawn's slow-waning haze,
When broke, and scatter'd faint and wide,
The world beneath some sleepless eye surveys!

He turn'd him with a silent heart,
Unto the daily cares of clay,
The dullest breast can act its part,
When sorrow is the play.
But those who knew him mark'd the soul,
Was absent from his quiet eye;
The smile at will he might control,
But not at times the sigh.
And never as of old, the smile!
It chill'd, it sadden'd while it shone,
Like lights we only kindle, while
The life of day is gone.
From his youth upward he had fed
On lonely, but on daring thought,
And now the altering charm was fled,
His ancient food he sought;
Oft would he sit for hours, and mark
The wan moon creep her weary way,
And hold communion, sad and dark,
With that true Genius of our clay,
Urger of Hope—Woe—Virtue—Sin—
The unsleeping Second-Self within!
And, when the morning came, you saw
Upon his cheek the haggard brand,
Which one might bear, whose spell could draw
The Spirit from its land.
The fallen lip, the harass'd brow,
The wrung exhaustion, and the awe!

Alas! the soul has fiends that sear,
As dreadly the consuming frame
As aught, escaped from Nature's law,
That ever to the cavern came
Of those whose kingly charm could bow
Of old, the monster-powers of Fear!
Whose daring souls were nerved to brave
The dark things of the riven grave;
Girt with the menaced fire, to breast
The lighnings of the armed Priest;
Trample the fears of nature—quell
The flesh, by one immortal spell,
And shake the very Thrones of Hell!
Arch Rebels of our tyrant Birth—
The more than monarchs of the earth,
Humbling that dread, and shadowy world,
Around our own so dimly curled;
Who, mightier than the Heathen's God,
From Fate herself usurped the rod,
And made her rent recess the cells,
Voiced with a mortal's oracles.
Sceptering the mysteries of the Deep,
The Whirlwinds in their Mountain-keep;
The Seasons in their rounded march,
The wan Kings of the starred Arch;
Rapt above Nature and o'er Time,
By lore too glorious to be crime!

Days went; and Julian's schemes at last,
From their completing mould were cast,
And fixed the bourne on Indian soil,
Where Wealth might sometime yield to Toil.
And wealth was precious in his eyes,
For wealth might win to love the prize.

Improved are now the bribes of old,
Since Danaë was seduced by gold—
You want the daughter?—well then, rather
Shower the gold upon the father!

And, tho' not oft, our lovers yet,
By stealth, and for brief moments met—
Ah! meetings which are traced in tears,
And hopes just-born—are tomb'd in fears!

Oh! what a soft and lovely shroud
Of thought hangs o'er *such* mournful meeting!
The grief consoled—the comfort vow'd—
Are memories far too fond for fleeting.

As some benign and gentle shade
Our woe itself hath sacred made,
They wander with us, and invite
Our steps to no unholy rite;
Wearing the mystery of the tomb,
Its tenderness—but not its gloom!

They glide athwart our manhood's cares,
And care is hush'd!—they haunt our sins,
And sin grows soft!—our hopes—our prayers—
All interest sways—or passion wins—
Or Fancy dreams—those thoughts suffuse
With their own loved and faithful hues!
They bathe, for aye, the surface sere
That crusts upon us year by year;
And, as unto our youth they brought
The lesson which by Age is taught,
So now, in turn, they seem to bring
Our Age—sweet whispers from the spring;—
Flock round our pillow at life's close,
And in our very grave repose!

The lovers met, and Julian still
Soothed Mary's dim forefears of ill;
Spoke hopes which rugged Reason bade not,
And poured the comfort which he had not.

And when he told how years would pass
But love remain—and he return
Rich as her sire could wish—alas!
She thought not of the early urn
Such hopes too often find!—the wide
Dark gulf between, she scarcely viewed;
She looked at once *beyond* Time's tide,
And saw them once more side by side,
As now they fondly stood!

So would they meet, and hope, and raise
Fair morrows to the evil days;
And in her youth and innocence,
She dreamt not love could need defence.
She knew not why so wildly trembled
His hand, if only touch'd by her's;
The wish by Passion oft dissembled,
If true, for ever it incurs.—
As hearths—as fuel without fire—
Man's love that would disown desire!

And there was peril in the hour,
And place, and silence, of their meeting—
Eve, and its star, and that soft power,
That sway'd their pulse's fitful beating.
Nature below, and shade above,—
And *they*—their young hearts and their love!

And never was a lovelier breast
Than her's by youthful ardour prest;
And never did a dreamier eye,
Look back to love unknown reply.

Oh! what is that divine, intense,
And holy soul within the sense—
That can control—restrain—inspire
The deafened fierceness of desire—
That can the wildest wish of clay,
The strength—the *self* of Nature sway,

And make us rather bear—yea, cling
To the unslak'd and sleepless sting—
Than bid one pang that Being prove,
Lov'd more than all the ends of Love?

And she was saved—nor knew how nigh
The doom she never sought to fly!—
Ev'n with her fair cheek on his breast—
Ev'n with her ripe lips warm from his,
So nearly, and so wildly blest—
There was a barrier to the bliss—
A soul itself that nobly prided
To shield the fond heart that confided!

So Time went on his silent way,
And brought in sight the fatal day;
And now but one brief moon will fail,
Ere Julian's ship unfurl her sail;
And the frail plank, and faithless sea,
Become, poor girl! a world to thee!

END OF CHAPTER I. BOOK III.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER II

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER II.

ARGUMENT.

Melancholy plays the Schoolmaster to Mirth—The curious and perplexing dilemma of the Twins—Their escape—The world not free from the misfortunes of Chang and Ching—The conversation between Julian and Chang—Love—The immortality of the soul, &c.—Chang often seeks a renewal of that conversation—The ancient philosophers—The Boudhist religion---The state of Chang's mind on religious matters.

CHAPTER II.

One evening, Julian homeward walking,
Beheld afar a gathering crowd;
And on his ear, the storm of talking
Broke quite "inelegantly loud."*
When one is suffering from blue devils,
Noise—mobs—are most tremendous evils!
How very much one's Melancholy
Turns up her nose at vulgar Folly!
How very bitterly she quarrels
With Mirth's sad sentiments and morals!
Calls Joy hard names, and swears 'tis very
Silly, and wicked to be merry.

* Lady ******* was good enough to fashion the above phrase for me. Her Ladyship cannot endure a mob to be the least vulgar; in her works she appears quite affronted at their not wearing silk stockings, and shouting hurrah!——in a whisper.

So Julian, when the crowd he spied,
Would fain have sourly turn'd aside,
Muttering against folks' strange fatuity,
In wasting time and cracking jokes
With such provoking assiduity
On the concerns of *other* folks.
Instead of walking lone, and pouting,
Whether to drown, or dangle doubting;
Fate, and her thousand vagaries cursing,
And Spleen affectionately nursing;
Shock'd like himself at aught of gladness,
And bearing life with proper sadness.

Laneham had turn'd aside, I say,
When suddenly the crowd gave way,
And wrangling in the midst he sees,—
By Jove!—our luckless Siamese.
Some are, who seem beyond all succour,
Destined for ever to a pucker;
In vain to-day they may escape,
To-morrow brings an uglier scrape;
Through life they plunge, strive, pant, and squabble,
And Death still finds them in a hobble.
Somewhat of this sad species I am
Afraid you'll think our Twins of Siam.

Laneham walk'd up and ask'd the matter?
A hundred tongues reply in clatter!

But long ere silence was obtained,
This much at least he ascertained :—
A serjeant tall wished to convey
Off Chang, well able to prevail, if
Ching were not dragged the other way
In the d——d clutches of a bailiff!
The fact was, Ching, who'd ever had
Expensive habits from a lad;
And, since his *entré* into fashion,
Had loved like other beaux to dash on;
Now reaped Profusion's sad results,
In an arrest from Mr. Stultz!
The bailiff seized him at the time
When Chang, in whose unconscious cold ear,
Brave Serjeant Drill had the sublime
And gay profession of a soldier
Been dinning; found himself imbruted
With ale, and by the lord recruited!
We wanted then some gallants tall,
A Corps of Heroes for Bengal;
And Drill believed himself no dunce,
In bagging two such birds at once.
Well sure, that to enlist one brother,
Was quite enough to win the other.
Never, I ween, did War and Law
Their several ways more drolly draw.
Grappled on Chang the man of Slaughters!
The sturdy bailiff grappled on Ching!

The one pull'd this way to his quarters,
The other that way to the *Spunging!*
While our astonish'd swarthy sad men,
Unconscious of the scrape they'd got in,
Thought what a dangerous band of madmen
Fate suddenly had cast their lot in!
Much were they charm'd, you may suppose,
When they beheld their guardian Laneham,
Once more at hand against their foes,
So opportunely to sustain 'em.

If e'er you want a friend to free,
Whom in a street-row you may see,
Two things are only necessary,
The first to be well dressed and very:
The second, to combine decorum
With a most copious *vis verborum.**
Luckily Laneham both possessed,
And first the Serjeant he addressed:
"Take off your new recruit, nor spare him;
"But hark you, sir, if you molest
"This other gentleman, or bear him
"Against his will—at your behest—
"Aye—but a single step from hence, Sir,
"Why, tremble at the consequence, Sir.

* Anglice, "gift of words," that of which, in order to endow the Irish, Nature has, with great iniquity, cheated their neighbours the English.

Drawn & Etched by W.H.Brooke A.R.H.A.

"Shame! Shame!" "Aye shame!" on every side,
Shop boy, and Oyster virgin cried. page 201.

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"What!" and he turn'd unto the crowd,
Rais'd his right hand and spoke more loud.
"Shall we see men served thus and be dumb?
"Where's *Magna Charta?* where our freedom?
"What! is a military varlet,
"Glowing with insolence and scarlet,
"Our rights and privileges civil
"To kick, at pleasure, to the devil;
"Drag a free man against his wish on,
"To be the food for ammunition:
"And treat with worse than Turk's brutality,
"This guest of British hospitality?
"Shame! shame!"
"Aye, shame!" on every side,
Shopboy and oyster virgin cried.
The attics groaned their lofty blame,
And from the stalls came hoarsely—"Shame!"
Ev'n so, of late, the thieving crew,
Who, Eldon-like, love nothing new,
No more allowed to rob in peace,
Made London ring with "No Police!"
While stones—O shame to England!—flew
Around the Chief of Waterloo;
And in the very street whose name
Is borrowed from the veteran's fame:
Meaning—(like those sharp speeches wont
To shower on Hume's unshrinking front,
What time he lifts the veil from jobbing,)
"O wretch, to interfere with robbing!"

Stiff stood the Serjeant—stiff and stately,
But puzzled much, and funking greatly;
A pump at hand he thought he saw;
Besides, he did not know the law!
While solemnly he scratched his head,
Thus to the Bailiff Laneham said:
"There is your prisoner, be it so!
"But where your warrant 'gainst the other?
"Of course the penalties you know,
"If you, by chance, lock up the brother.
"Of course you know, for such infraction
"Of law, we bring at once our action.
"So mind you are your proper cue in,
"A false imprisonment is ruin;
"On a man's freedom all infringing
"Is met by damages most swinging.
"If you persist, and should defend
"Your cause—I beg to recommend
("They'll help you finely through your blunder,)
"Messiers Rack, Gripe, Grasp, Clutch, and Plunder."

The Serjeant did the silence break,
"Give me my money back," said he;
Then next in whispered voice did speak,
The Bailiff hinting at a fee.
The money back Chang slowly gave,
Still puzzled with all this verbosity,
And said with brow extremely grave,
"So *this* is English generosity!"

Laneham meanwhile the Bailiff's palm
Touch'd, and dissolved all farther qualm.
And lo! our Twins, once more releast,
Walked from "*The many-headed Beast.*"
So by the upper ranks the mob
Is somewhat impolitely branded;
What sort of beast then is the Nob-
-Ility? Oh! "*The many-handed!*"

While with their friend to his abode,
Our Indians saunter on the road,
Just let us—ere we do pursue—
Make a remark—we think it true.

Tho' laws when framed with so much trouble,
Scarcely foresaw men going double,
Otherwise, doubtless, one might bring,
Cases quite pat to Chang and Ching,
And solve by precedent the urgent,
Hard point of bailiff and of sergeant;—
Yet just as full of contradiction
For us poor *single* folk as them,
Are those blunt puzzles of restriction,
Which tangle first and then condemn.

One pulls this way, and that the other—
One grapples this, but frees that brother;
Yet in this social state, so close
Knit are our welfare and our woes,

That who shall say, what comes to thee,
Shall bring nor scathe, nor chain to me?
Bewildered and confused we stand,
Opposing laws on either hand,
And our innumerous customs die,
Into the Passive of one Lie;
And *that* is life—as *we've* disguised it,
And gravely said that *Heaven* devised it.

Mark, and at times through our narration
A latent sense may meet thy view!
What seems most like exaggeration,
Clothes oft the fact most simply true!

Where are our Twins?—far—far before—
I'm quite ashamed so long we've tarried,
See them to Julian's small first floor,
In C—— Street already carried.

See them beside his table sitting—
Chang in deep thought, his dark brow knitting—
Ching sipping port—I fear not Allnutt's—
And cracking pleasure out of wallnuts.

While Julian thinks in Chang to view,
A vein of kindred cogitation,
And enters with that youth, into
A sentimental conversation:

They talked of Love, the lord of earth,
Its power—its mystery—and its birth;
Both—apt its colours to enhance
With the rich moonlight of romance.

"Yes," Julian said, "yes—oft, methinks,
"There is in love the germ of more
"Than our philosophies explore.
"I speak not of the *end* acquired,
"When the soul *rests*—where it *desired:*
"But *ere* the end be gained—what bright
"But half-caught Visions haunt the sight!
"Back into shade the vision shrinks,
"But not its memory of delight!

"Flock thousand dim and faëry feelings,
"Love only wakes, our spirit o'er;
"Vague thoughts we fain would call revealings,
"The stars grow lovelier than before;
"From our earth's clay a cloud is driven,
"And we gaze oftener on the heaven.
"*There* the soft instinct seems to win us;
"Something, new-kindled, stirs within us;
"The lesser and the lower aims
"Of life, the ennobled heart disclaims;
"The fervour in its very faults
"Refines, and mellows, and exalts.
"We lose the sense of self, we glow
"With a vague love for *all* below:

" More generous impulse swells the thought,
" Than e'er by saint or sage was taught;
" High deeds, half-shunn 'd before, the soul
" Now pants, now pines, to make its goal.
" All things divine and fair, the birth
" Of flowers, the gladness of the earth,
" The mystery of the air and sea;
" The charmed tongue of Poesy;
" (Which th' un-purg'd grossness of the brain
" Had scorn'd till then as light and vain,)
" All, the *full* all, that we inherit,
" Grow sooth, and augur to the spirit!

" Lofty and tender thoughts, before
" Undreamt, become our angel food,
" And our regenerate minds adore
" The glory and the truth of GOOD!

" Such are the signs within, the while
" Our nature coins itself in love;
" And *such* to me seem signs that smile
" As types and tokens from above!
" For they are *not* of earth! but rather
" The struggling and half-fledged desires,
" For what on earth we may not gather!—
" Love never grants what it inspires!
" Possession may content the frame,
" And calm, nay haply quell, the flame;

" But those wild visions and aspirings,
" The' unbodied, dream-like, dim desirings—
" *They* shun all earthlier fruition!—
" *They* speak an uncompleted doom!
" *They* murmur at the clay's condition!
" And pine within us to the tomb!

" Yes! Love brings something more than Love!
" A prophet and divine impression,
" That that which yearneth here—above
" Shall not be all denied possession.

" Though dormant in the secret breast
" Through the harsh toil, and grinding strife,
" And sluggish sleep, that eke *the rest*
" Of the long acts of motley life;—
" Though dormant, may the guest divine
" Lurk in its lone discultured shrine;
" (For as our gloomy way we grope,
" We ask but light from earthly hope,
" Ne'er seeking, and but darkly seeing,
" The inward glory of our being;)
" At once it wakes, and breathes, and moves,
" The instant that our nature loves—
" No! never human lover knew,
" A passion deeply felt and true;
" And did not—ere his love declined—
" Feel the Immortal of the Mind;

" Feel how—unseen and still—we cherish
" That SOMETHING never doomed to perish,
" And own the homeward-pining sigh
" Of the pent exile of the sky!"

As Julian ceased, upon his mien
And air, and brow, and lofty look,
The whole of his bright heart was seen,
As stamped upon a book!

And Chang, in whose dark troublous breast
The finer thoughts lay unconfest,
But often struggling; on him fixed
A look where awe with pleasure mixed.

After a brief pause, musingly
And slow, the Indian made reply.

He tells how to his vision seems
Love, not indeed without the soft
And sacred thoughts, and seer-like dreams
Which Julian spake of;—but more oft.
Full of dread omens—shapes that made
The heart's blood creep;—grim images
That lay coil'd snake-like in a shade
Of horror;—ghastly impulses
To some black, guilty purpose urging
The will that shuddered while in verging.

And all the while upon him dwelt
Ching's gaze, whose chill'd and stricken mind
For the first time in terror felt,
The nature to his own entwined.

So talked they! but the broad and high
And lore-lit soul of Julian brought
Slowly at length, nor consciously,
A soothing to the Indian's thought.

They parted—but Chang henceforth came
Oft to the student's solitude;
And to renew and thread the same
And mazelike commune Julian woo'd.
Oft while the brother silent sate,
Silent but not unheeding—they
Conn'd the high themes of human fate,
The birth of flesh, and its decay.
The' uneven dooms of life—the' unsolved
Arcana of the life to come;
And Chance with wistful thought revolved
When Truth's close oracles grew dumb.
On these high themes, with all that shines
From the pure One Creed's solemn shrines,
They blend the wild, but lofty dreams
Of other climes, and moulder'd ages,
Nor bar the Christian's sun-lit themes
The star-thoughts of the heathen sages.

Then the full student pour'd the store
Yet fresh in Wisdom's urns of yore.

The Ionian Seer, who first * in Greece,
The sage's lamp of naptha lighted,
Fair Wisdom's tranquil creed of peace,
With plumed Freedom's faith united; †
And that all-grasping truth proclaimed, ‡
Which Heaven itself hath proudly claimed;—

The rival Samian's § wilder lore
Blent from dark riddles and the hoar
Traditions of remotest years;
(Moss'd, as it were, by antique guile,)
Won from Chaldea's Starry Seers,
And the grey Mother of the Nile!

The Wise of Clazomene, || who hung
The spell o'er *his* resistless tongue,

* Thales, the founder of the Ionian School of Philosophy, and the first Greek who received the title of Sage, and taught the immortality of the soul.

† It was an observation of Thales, "that nothing was so base as to allow a tyrant to grow old."

‡ "Know thyself." *E Cælo descendit, &c.*

§ Pythagoras, the creator of the great Italian School opposed to the Ionian.

|| Anaxagoras.

On whom the Olive Queen* bestowed
The title of her Thunder God; †
The Wise of Clazomene, who—soul'd
With contemplation—deem'd life given
But with a still heart to behold
The glory of the Earth, and Heaven;—‡

Holier than these, the golden springs
Of Plato's bright imaginings;
He who became the fount, where all
The fondly wise their visions fed;
And with a charm'd and solemn thrall
Knit Hope, and Solace with the Dead!
The Star that shone on tombs!—the light,
Which, more than aught beside, broke the world's
Gentile night;—

And He§ whose lofty name hath gone
Too lightly from our lips; who drew

* Athens.

† Pericles, the pupil of Anaxagoras, was sometimes honourably, sometimes satirically, styled "the Olympian," from the thunder of his eloquence.

‡ When Anaxagoras, the peculiar property of whose mind has been called "a certain high-wrought and fanciful sublimity," was asked why he came into the world, he answered, "To behold the sun, the moon, and the marvels of nature."

§ The illustrious Zeno, the father of the most exalted and least appreciated philosophy, which an uninspired reasoner ever devised.

The noblest form that ever shone
Upon the old world's dazzled view;
Reared it above all change and chance,
Bowed Earth, Time, Fortune, to its throne,
And made it in sublime romance,
Itself its Universe alone;—
And then within the high Dream stored,
And call'd it "VIRTUE,"—and adored;—

Of these the student spake, and still
The lore grew lovely on his tongue,
For Wisdom's lute needs slender skill,
If not too harshly strung.

In turn, the Indian boy released
From their dark woods, and shadowy caves,
The unshaped Chimæras of the East
And with such draughts his listener thrilled,
As from the unsunned and solemn waves
Of Fable and of Awe, his urn
Perchance each elder wanderer filled;
And, home regained, bade Wisdom learn
What Craft or Folly first instilled.

Marvels, I ween, did he recount
Of huge *Mienmo's** visioned mount;

* *Mienmo*, the Mount of vision, placed in the centre of the most elevated part of the earth.

Of *Boudha's* hallowed toils, and all
The pomp of *Mooktzke's** glorious hall;
The homes the Eternal Law prescribes;
The mystic *Nat's* innumerous tribes,
From the dread monster-race, who deep
In wood and wave their empire keep;
Haply, where *Casse's* waters spring
To-day, beside the *Dragon-King.*†
To those whose mightier legions hold
The crystal temple's halls of gold.‡
And higher, to the unfathomed space,
Swayed by the *Arupa's* airy race.§

Then from the glories of the blest
He glided, dreadly pleased to tell
Of the four states the accurs'd invest;‖
From that, where, in their rugged clay,
Glimmering and dumb, the brute-tribe stray,

* *Boudha* holds his divine habitation in *Mooktzke*, or the Hall of Glory.

† The Dragon King, who always sleeps at the foot of those mountains, whence the River *Casse* springs, is said to have seen the first god who appeared in this world; and it is believed, that he will see the last. He only awakes from his sleep at the appearance of a new god.

‡ The Sun, which belongs to the habitation *Zadumakarit* (held by one order of Nat) is represented as being without chrystal, and within gold.

§ The *Arupa*, are the *immaterial* beings, or spirits; the other creatures, however angelic or elevated, being corporeal.

‖ There are four states of *Apé*, or misery; the first, that of all animals

To where the lost of *Niria* dwell
In *Zabudiba's* rocky hell!

Thence from such legends vaguely vast,
To their time-hoared philosophy;
Nurse, haply, of all creeds that be
Save one,—the dark recounter past.

He told, how from its fearful frame
The death-won world received its name:*
How from the evils of man's birth,
And that corrupting curse of earth
For ever, as a circle, fated—
—They thought no God the world created.†
For that a God had skreened from aught
Of harm, or chance, the world he wrought.
Of souls (he said) belief was cherished,
That with their fleshly homes they perished;

inferior to man; secondly, that of the Preitta; and thirdly, that of the Assurighe. The tenants of these two latter states endure nearly the same punishments; and, till we are made aware of the horrors of the fourth, we should conceive that imagination had exhausted itself in the tortures they contain. The fourth, or *Niria*, is in reality the Boudhist's hell: it is situated in the caves of the southern island Zabudiba.

* The Universe receives the name of *Logha*, or Loka, which signifies destruction and reproduction.

† The evils in the world, and its repeated destructions, (taught by the creed of Boudha,) are sufficient, in the opinion of these religionists, to prove that it was not the work of a Supreme Being.

But from *the whole*, again arose
A being, doomed to joys or woes;
To bestial mould, or shape of spirit,
As the past life's career might merit.*
And so for aye, *that whole* resolves,
Till through all changes it revolves,
And climbs into that loftiest state,
Free from the breath of Time or Fate;
Stirr'd by no memory that hath been;
One calm, delicious, pure, serene—
The *Nieban* to the perfect given;—
The shadow of the Christian's Heaven!

* The followers of Boudha, who make one of the three hundred and thirty-nine heretic sects among the Hindoos, believe the soul perishes with the body; and yet, by a metaphysical contradiction, that from the materials of both arises a new being, rewarded or punished according to the deeds in the former life; and they suppose, that these said and same materials, having passed through various orders of Nat, or superior beings, ultimately gain the Nieban, or state of perfect happiness. Thus, curiously enough, they at once deny the immortality of the soul, yet make it progressive; terminate it with life, yet load it with the most tremendous responsibilities. The fact is, that they themselves are irretrievably puzzled and confused in a maze of allegories; and that we, in decyphering their riddles, are ten thousand times as much in the dark. One thing is quite clear, the Boudhists are not, as they have been accused of being, Atheists. They allow gods enough, in all conscience; and give to them, or to their agents, the direction of the world; they only deny, that a divinity *created* the world. To be sure—this denial has in all times been confounded with Atheism; but it is a very different thing—as different, for instance, as tithes from religion.

And these the Indian loved to paint,
But with no fond believing folly;
In his strong mind had now wax'd faint
Each trace his childhood prized as holy.
Not that the erring dreams were lost
In one true faith, but, vague and mixed,
He took from many creeds what most
His fancy pleased, or judgment fixed:
And formed them into one, which schooled,
The calm *opinions* hush'd within him;
But—like the holiest—rarely ruled
His *deeds*, when Passion sought to win him.
Ah! would that those divine desires,
That Thought exalts, or Heaven inspires,
Could grow at once instinct and rife,
Breath'd into *acts*—and *made our life!*

END OF CHAPTER II. BOOK III.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER III.

ARGUMENT.

Blue devils—not seraphs—Their cruelty to Chang—Chang's manners described—His love; jealousy—Mary's alarm—A scene which increases it—Her secret scheme—Chang's wish to go into the country—They depart from London.

CHAPTER III.

O DEVILS! if your damn'd condition
Contains, perchance, an opposition!
What are those imps, who sport the hue
Sacred to Whigs, and Wisdom——*blue?*
Oh say, what are those dismal prigs,
Are they young Benthamites, or—Whigs?
Ye devils blue! how oft, alas!
On me you vent your azure spite!
Just now I took a cheerful glass,
To "purge your colour from my sight!"

If from my cradle you've pursued me,
Dull'd, gloom'd, oppress'd—ye ne'er subdued me!
In vain betwixt me and the sky
Ye lower,—I dare you, and defy!

I do not stoop to soothe, and flatter you;
Nor, like Tom Moore, with praise bespatter you!
I do not call you the sublime
Feelings of gentlemen who rhyme.
I don't wrap angel wings about you,
Your ugly shapes with grace investing,
Swear Genius cannot do without you,
And that you're "deeply interesting!"
No—spite of critical severe raffs*
Blue devils make but sorry seraphs.

These devils in our Isle's immense city,
Finding no dwelling-place more pleasant,
Now, in their bluest blue intensity,
On Chang seem'd settled for the present!

Moodier and darker every hour,
His visage and his spirit seem;

* Mr. Moore, in his Life of Lord Byron, was pleased to talk very finely indeed about melancholy. Thinking his doctrine pernicious to the growth of common sense, I expressed that opinion in "Paul Clifford;" though, of course, with that deference that an ordinary man owes to a great one; whereon certain critics—friends possibly of Mr. Moore, were extremely wroth. I beg pardon of these gentlemen!—If melancholy be poetical, may they be poetical all the rest of their lives! God forbid that I should disturb their sombre satisfaction! They are right in defending their bad spirits—their only claim to intellect is worth preserving!

And, wheresoe'er his steps are wending,
To earth you note his glances bending,
As if uncheck'd he would devour
Some nursed, but loathly dream.

And when with kindly voice and eye,
The secret of his altered mood,
The wistful brother tearful woo'd,
With few words, slow wrung nor willing
And an aspect stern and chilling,
He gave the vague reply.
All things,—pursuits,—that pleased before,
Cheerlessly he sought no more.
Sometimes you his lips might see
Moving fast unconsciously;
But aloud no word was uttered,
It within was, charm-like, muttered,
Like some dark and guilty yearning,
From the very daylight turning.
Oft he, in his gloomy trance,
Darted round a jealous glance;
And if none appeared to mark,
With a gaze that from within
Stole the venom, fierce and dark,
On his brother's face it bent—
But it softened ere it went;
And his flesh and members quivered,
Like a man but just delivered
From a peril or a sin!

Strange and terrible, I ween,
Had the contrast of that look
(If thou hadst its meaning seen)
And their posture then have been!
For, whate'er their feelings took
Of change, the brothers ne'er forsook
The lovely custom which had grown
From their very birth their own;
So—all the while you shunned to trace
The passions of the sterner face;
Still, with arm round either thrown
They sate in close embrace!

But oft, when Mary with her sweet
And her delicious beauty, stole
Athwart his presence—seemed to fleet
The demon from the Indian's soul!
With a fixed and charmed eye,
And a quick and startled sigh,
Would his panting heart pursue her!
As if—to use the fairy words—
That Passion tuned to Fancy's chords—
He yearned to meet her silvery feet,
His soul to pour unto her.*

* "And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I 'll pour unto thee."
Herrick.

Yet sometimes e'en *her* magic failed,
And a darker power prevailed,
And sometimes if, her voice addrest
His brother's ear—or, if her smile
Replied, tho' sadly, to the jest
With which the light Ching would beguile
The grief which even he perceived
Upon her brow—and seeing grieved;—
Then a cloud came o'er his air,
Or a swift and angry glare
In his gloomy eye-ball glittered;
And low words he gibbered, strung
In his unknown native tongue,
But which Ching would seem to hear
With a deprecating fear;
For, since Chang's had been imbittered,
(Wherefore he but dimly guest)
Ching's warm nature had been spelled;
From its choler bowed, and quelled
By the passions of a breast
Roused—a tempest from its rest!
All that seemed to soothe or please,
Were the lofty colloquies,
That from time to time, we told,
How with Julian he would hold;
Yet from these returned, his mood,
Less stern, was oft more sadly-hued,
As if the more his knowledge learned
Of man's true ends, and Nature's laws,

Still with a gloomier thought he turned
To what he felt, and what he was.

But rarer now these visits grew,
As near and near the stern day drew,
When the unpitying bark afar
Should waft the lover from his star;
For still, as neared that day of dread,
Sunk Julian's soul; and if he bore
Against his doom, and faintly fed
With hope his sick heart's wasted core;
'Twas only in the hours when nought,
And none broke o'er his lonely thought—
His mind was poisoned at the fount!
He lothed all living forms, and even
The starry themes he most was wont
To love, grew tedious; and the leaven
Of his deep-hoarded gathering woe,
Tainted and tinged all things below.

But lovely is a woman's soul,
And ev'n when sorrow spurns control,
Its selfishness she smothers;
And Mary, tho' perchance the dart
Had entered deeper in her heart
Ev'n than her lover's breast; yet cherished
The thought that in *his* grief had perished,
The thought, the sympathy for others!

So, roused at moments from her bow'd
And brooding sorrow, she surveyed,
Alarmed and anxious, the strange cloud
That o'er the Indian cast its shade.
Too pure, too guileless to discover
The barb and mystery of his soul,
She dreamt not she beheld a lover
In him compassion would console:
But shudderingly she saw his look
So dreadly on his brother fall;
And felt that he had ceased to brook,
And now abhorred, their fleshly thrall.

'Twas evening, and the quiet air
Came thro' the casement, soft and holy,
By which the brothers seated were;
Chang, self-wrapt in his melancholy,
And looking o'er the changed street,
Where fast the gloaming shades were thickening,
And wearied Traffic's busy feet
Were heard more rarely homeward quickening;—
There was a softness in his mien,
There was a softness in his brow;
And Mary, as she chanced, unseen
To pass beside him, paused—and now
Ching, who in silent watch had viewed
The slow relaxing of his mood,
Looked up, and when he saw the maid,
A smile upon his features play'd.

Gently he signed her not to speak,
Lest that unwonted spell should break;
So pleased and touched the maiden stood,
An answering smile upon her cheek;
And on his shoulder kindly laid
A sister's hand, as she survey'd.

So were they grouped: there was, I ween,
A quiet pathos in the scene.
The object of their mutual care
Feeding lone thoughts, unconscious, there—
The wistful, and the anxious brother
Striving his very breath to smother—
And smiling with a moistened eye;
And, in her still and tranquil grace,
That fair girl, with her moon-light face,
And ivory neck, and golden hair,
Contrasted with that Eastern Pair,
Gazing on both so tenderly.

Chang sighed, and turned;—and all amazed,
Started—and on the watchers gazed.
As he gazed, the warm blood rushed
To his cheek—the gathering ire
Lit his eyes with livid fire;
And his lips with anger trembling,
Half refused the speech; but hushed
And their sudden fear dissembling,

Stood the two; nor from him took
The pitying kindness of their look.
"Her hand on thine! 'tis true!"—so said he,
With a hollow voice unsteady,
As he muttered—from the heart
To the deed the passions start:
And a fierce and frantic hand
On his brother's throat he fixed;
And his features sternly scanned,
With a gaze, wherein were mixed
All the wrath, and all the woe,
All the madness that below,
In his bosom, raged and festered!
"Thou too lov'st!" he said—nor more—
As it came, the fit was o'er,
And the fiend abruptly mastered!
"Fool—fool—oh! bitter fool!" he muttered,
And his face ashamed he hid;
Faintly even Mary chid—
And no word by Ching was uttered,
To his eyes the wrong'd heart crept,
And—but not in wrath—he wept.
That wild and fierce leap of the mind
Had outstripped words—and left behind
A leaden terror numb, and still,
And a foreboding icy thrill,
Vague, shuddering, mute, and undefined!

Before that evening, and that scene,
A scheme on Mary's mind had been,
Which she had anxiously revolved—
Doubting half—and half resolved.
But from that hour, albeit not more
She guess'd Chang's passion than before,
And only felt how deep the sting
Of his appalling hate to Ching:
Her mind no longer could be bent
From the "wound pitch of her intent."

To none her project she betray did,
Till of its likelihood persuaded;
And then 'twas with no easy art
She won her sire to acquiescing;
Sweet reader, how shall I impart
That scheme—to save the bore of guessing?—
Nay, reader, fie—Ma'am, no caressing!
Upon my word, you 're much too pressing!
I grant, to please you all, my trade is:—
But then, indeed—consider ladies!—
Well, if you will—it must be so!
Silence!—are all prepared?—then know—
That plots are fruits which shun precocity,
And that no sin 's like curiosity!

But while the scheme was in its cradle,
Chang said that London air him made ill;

Complaining that the smoke opprest
His lungs,—and settled on his chest.
(Hence, by the way, I often think
The spleen that haunts our London gapers—
When so much smoke we daily drink,
No wonder that we feel the vapours!)—
He said his spirit seemed to long
To change the dull air for the breeze,
And the loud city's reeking throng
For the green turf and whispering trees.

'Twas then the zenith of the spring,
(The second in this clime they 'd known,)
Blithely the West Wind plumed his wing,
And merrily the blue sky shone.
In short, it was that sort of weather
We rarely have two days together.

Well! when the weather chanced to blunder
Into this sort of French effrontery,
Chang grew quite obstinate—no wonder!—
To make the most of it in the country.

So Hodges hired a place of Claridge,
'Twas pretty, and not far from town;
And one fine morning, in their carriage,
Our little family went down.

Between two books—that yet to charm you,
And that which now is all but over,
Reader, once more, the muse to arm you
With caution, condescends to hover.

Some time ago, I gave due warning
Of an infringement on my rights;*
Since then, I hear, the impostors scorning
Justice, continue to be—sights!

'Tis well!—their fraud shall yet be thwarted—
Fortune ne'er smiles upon the cheating—
My Twins *must* give—they 're so supported—
The rival candidates a beating.

Meanwhile, forgive—if I once more
Remind you—they 're the Independents;
Oh! mix them not, I must implore—
Mix them not up with the defendants.

Hear me, ye pseudo Twins, I 'll ne'er
Submit to your coarse imitation;
Know, I can drive you to despair—
And note the scheme in preparation!

Note, if you push—for those *I* sing of,
Your wish to be mistaken further,

* See the commencement of Book ii. Chap. 2.

I 'll make a common thief *my* Ching of—
And lead my Chang into a murther.

So, ye young rascals, I exhort you
No more as *my* Twins to exhibit;
Or, spurious Ching, I will transport you,
And you, false Chang, shall taste the gibbet.

We think we now to our conclusion
May glide—nor meet with more confusion.

BOOK THE FOURTH

BOOK THE FOURTH.

Introductory Lines to Book the Fourth.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL GREY,

&c. &c. &c.

Rare yet, my Lord, you held the place
Whence Sense and Pariell drove Ins Grace.

Introductory Lines to Book the Fourth.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL GREY,

&c. &c.

ERE yet, my Lord, you held the place
Whence Sense and Parnell drove his Grace,*

* It is not because a man fails in one province, that we are to withhold him merit for succeeding in another. With all his *late* political errors, no one can read the history of the Duke of Wellington's campaigns, (which makes indeed the history of his character,) without acknowledging the evidence, not more of a great general than of a great mind. To deny that his is deservedly one of the most illustrious of the proud names of this country, is to betray the stolidity of the dunce, or the bigotry of the partizan, or the audacity of the time-server. Like other men, in what his education adapted him for, he excelled, *but* beyond others; in what his education unfitted him for, he failed; but not even then, let it be remembered, without showing certain qualities which, in the old times of cabal and plot, might have won him the reputation and power happily in civil respects denied him now. With a profound admiration for his merits—rejoicing as an Englishman, to ac-

The Muse had seized the rights of Fame,
And decked eulogium with your name.
Power stills the praise that Freedom pour'd—
A colder hand retunes the chord;
And if I give to Flattery scope,
'Tis less in homage than in hope.

Time, when it lowers on states, inspires
Some thoughts above self's low desires;
And if I speak of hope, the word
Hath scarce the construing of the herd;
Since nor with careless glance—my soul
First gazed on dark Time's riddled scroll—

knowledge the justice of his fame—I cannot, however, but consider that the greatest benefit he ever conferred on his country, is to be found in the nature of his fall. He depended on the people, and he was safe; in vain the Aristocracy combined against him—in vain the Church. He deserted the people, and he fell at once. Never was fall so sudden—so complete! It was the revenge of the common Sense and the common Interest he had outraged. What a lesson against the intrigues by which states were formerly governed! What a warning to future ministers! What an incentive to the vigilance of the people! It is for Lord Grey to profit by this example; if he do so, he will triumph over the two great and substantial causes of dread—the ardour of theorists, and the tendency of the times to hurry events, not in accordance with, but *beyond*, the intellect of the multitude. 'His order' is in danger—it can be saved ---by a prompt surrender of all that it contains obnoxious. To the dominion of the Aristocracy may be given the same advice given by Augustus in respect to the dominion of Rome---you can only support its strength by limiting its boundaries!

First conned the food of Truth, and wrought
The chyle of memory into thought,
In my still heart I learnt to rear,
Beyond all lowlier hope or fear,
Beyond the harlots of the hour,
The lusts that burn for wealth or power,
The snake-like arts, that while they wind
Aloft, are track'd in slime behind;
Beyond the day's brief praise or blame—
Beyond the angel-wings of Fame—
Beyond the smiles of kings—the loud,
Not lasting, worship of the crowd—
Beyond all,—save the heart's—applause;
O God—O Earth! your common cause.

What then my hope?—Oh, if thy youth
Bow'd Ease to Toil, and Pride to Truth:
If thy stern manhood never faltered,
Unawed—unbought—untired—unaltered;
If yet the ends thou sought'st to gain,*
The same eternal truths remain;
If to enforce those ends, the Hour
Hath sceptered Liberty with Power,

* Turn to any page in the political life of Lord Grey, what is the cause for which we find him the advocate?—Economy—peace—reform—liberty allowed abroad, and enlarged at home. Was there ever before a minister in this country to whom the people had merely to say, "Be consistent?"

May we not hope from thee for more
Than Might ere gave to Right before?
And tho' deep wrongs contemn'd—at length
Have roused Submission into Strength,
Thy glory will not be the less
To raise Concession to Redress.*
'Tis but—the bitter struggle past—
To share the victory earned at last—
To hail free thought to *action* grown,
And in man's triumph crown thine own.

If this thy glory, not in vain
Was nurst the dream that urged the strain.
And mirrors now in faithful lays,
Men's present hope, and future praise.
If *not* thy glory—all that burns
In beacon now, to ruin turns;
The hovering halo shuns thy name,
And homage blackens into shame.

* Montesquieu, in the "Grandeur et Decadence des Romains," (chap. viii.,) the work in which the rare and brilliant genius of that great writer is perhaps displayed with the fullest concentration and the least alloy, has observed, "Le gouvernement de Rome fut admirable en ce que depuis sa naissance, sa constitution se trouva telle, soit par l'esprit du peuple, la force du sénat ou l'autorité de certains magistrats que tout abus du pouvoir y put toujours être corrigé." Yet this very power, which he afterwards calls the salvation of a free government, our statesmen, till now, have represented as its ruin.

If cold, if stern, to courtlier ear,
Ev'n praise by Freedom poured, appear,
'Tis not for thee to learn, in sooth,
How Doubt hath stol'n her fire from Truth—
How long—how oft—our race hath borne
The good denied—the pledge forsworn;
Till Foresight—means the sceptic's eyes—
And to mistrust, is to be wise!*

Yet, oh! what glory waits his mind,
The moral Theseus of mankind,
Who with firm step and dauntless gaze
Shall thread the dark unholy maze,
Who—*not content* the *maze* to win—
Shall slay the Monster-Vice within.
All *private* ties with years decay,
Love chills, and Friendship rots, away.

* When Hartley, (Observations on Man, vol. i. 304,) speaking of private morals, said, "great care ought to be taken not to esteem our friend a *nonpareil*," and "that it is a great injury to any man to think more highly of him than he deserves;" he uttered what, if taken in the seeming sense, not that in which the speculator meant it, Age calls at once a moral, and Youth a meanness. But in private life, after all, it is wiser in the long run to confide than to suspect. In public life all experience tells us the reverse. What Epicharmus said more than two thousand years ago, and Polybius (whose actual experience in the world gave not the least merit to his noble history) has so emphatically retailed, hath lost none of its melancholy wisdom by time. "*In distrust are the nerves of the mind.*"

But in Earth's *Common Soul* each deed
That serves mankind, records its meed.
There Envy breathes—but there avails not,
Change dims all else—that splendour fails not.
Wave after wave Time onward sweepeth,
The same bright spot the glory keepeth.
It fires—but never needs—the bard,
Eternity hath grown its guard.
It lives with all men honour most—
A date—an heir-loom—and a boast.
Each future good by Heaven decreed
To grateful Earth—is deemed its seed—
And not one after-light can shine,
Nor blazon forth its glorious shrine.

But why to THEE this worthless strain?—
Can verse no emblem then contain?
Lurks there, then, in the Sybil rhyme,
No type—no token of the time.
What in this tale may we descry?
The moral men in vain deny!
Behold the Two whom Heaven had made
To love each other and to aid,
Bound by a tie that grows a thrall,
Till what should strengthen—can but gall.

To one, 'tis true, the irksome chain
Sits light—and custom conquers pain;

But in the moodier Twin, our verse
Portrays its torture and its curse.
What! in mankind can we behold
No state like that our tale hath told?

But mark as we proceed—and grows
The darkling legend to its close,
The one who bore with lightsome cheer
The chain—hath now the most to fear.
As loathing takes its latest change,
And swells Despair into Revenge.
What! in mankind can we behold
No state like that our tale hath told?

Mark yet—if we could all release
That tie—would not the peril cease?
In wonted streams freed Nature flow,
And in the brother merge the foe.
What! in mankind can we behold
No state like that our tale hath told?

Are there no Orders like that two—
That in the moral world we view?
No bond that maddens while it draws—
And makes that hell—UNEQUAL LAWS?*

* An expression that owes none of its warmth to poetry—*impartial* law has been confounded with the Deity himself. "God being as the writer *de Mundo* well expresses it, *νόμος ἰσοκλινὴς*, an impartial law,

Release is then the surest tie—
Here pause we—nor the rest supply!

Enough—and now forgive the rhyme
That plays the moralist with Time;
And think the verse which least appears
To flatter—oft the most reveres.

and as Plato, μέτρον παντων, the measure of all things."—*Cudworth's Intellectual System*, vol. i. 425. If James the First was right when he said, "Since the devil is the very contrary opposite to God, there can be no better way to know God than by the contrary;"—(*Demonologie*, book ii.) it must be allowed that we have given his majesty's plan of knowing God a very long trial!

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

ARGUMENT.

Description of scenery around the Brother's cottage—The evening walk of Chang and Ching—Their dialogue in the wood—Their return home—Their appearance—Mary's alarm—Chang's short soliloquy.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

It was a fair and gentle scene,
In which the Twins had their retreat;
The pastoral cot—the village green—
The quiet valleys wav'd with wheat;—

Like youth upon a holyday,
The brook sprang freshly on its way;
A noisy voice of gladness sending
Thro' antique oak, and ozier bending
Along its broken marge,
Till in the Thames it dies away:

Its death-bed, reeds and wild flowers, (breathing
A requiem faint, but fragrant,)—wreathing.
And there your step for hours might stay,
Bank, sky, and river to survey;
The lonely fisher moor'd hard by,
Where yon green islet woos the eye,
The black and heavy barge,
And the light vessel swiftly gliding.
With Pleasure and gay hearts presiding.

On either bank the while you see
The cot, the villa, whitely studding
The fair ascent, where many a tree
Into the life of spring is budding.
The chesnut with his silver wealth;
The prodigal Laburnum's gold;
And shily, and as if by stealth,
You aye and ever, may behold
Up some half-hid grey cottage creeping,
The jasmine and the bee-flower peeping.
And o'er the wizard sky the while,
The strange and spirit clouds would grow;
So quaintly grouped as to beguile
Your charm'd eye from the earth below.
And lead the scheming self to ape,
Such baseless pile and airy shape;
For when hath Fancy not excelled
Whate'er of beauty eye beheld?

Such was the scene, save there that Eve's
Slow shade a mellower beauty threw,
As the waves murmured, and the leaves
Sighed back the Day-god's last adieu;
When lone, nor watched, the Indian brothers
The soft banks of the river sought;
Dark Chang within his bosom smothers
Half-shaped designs and gloomy thought;—
His bitter love—unhallowed hate—
Repinings—curses—at his fate;
Schemes—memories—feelings dy'd in gall,
And something shapeless blackening over all!

They came by a pleasant slope,
And the swans swept sailing by,
"Stay, and see," cried Ching, "how the brave birds cope
"With the vex'd waves gallantly!"
But pause or reply stern Chang made none—
His eyelid drooped, and he hurried on.

They came where an ideot boy, with a string
Drew gudgeons out by the dozen:
"Stay, and see, there is never so silly a thing,
"But finds sillier things to cozen."
But pause or reply stern Chang made none—
He bit his lip, and he hurried on.
They came where some children careless sported
In a green vale's gentle hollow—

"Stay, and see how Pleasure, the less she's courted,
Will ever the fonder follow."
But pause or reply stern Chang made none,
He looked aside, and he hurried on.

They came where a stately mansion rose,
With a funeral bier beneath—
"Stay, and see how they kiss—those olden foes—
"Wealth and his scorner Death!"
But pause or reply stern Chang made none—
His brow grew black, and he hurried on.

They came to a dark and lonely wood,
And they lost the stream's glad course;
But they heard, thro' the grim of the solitude,
The' unseen wave murmur hoarse.

There was an awe and a chill
Over that desolate spot,
In their damp, unsunn'd, and still,
The moist leaves seemed to rot.
And the grey sky only anon,
Thro' the dense shade sadly shone;
As the rare stars glimmered through
The haze and the reek of the marsh-drawn dew.
And a fear came sudden and curdling o'er
The blood of the gentler brother;

And he knew not why, but his words forbore
To lure from the gloom of his thought the other.

For hitherto, with a kindly art,
We have seen that he moulded his speech
In the fashion quaint, which the moody heart
Of his brother not often had failed to reach.—
But he now was mute, and his pulse beat fast,
So into the midst of the wood they past.

Then suddenly, and solemnly,
And with a death-like cheek,
Chang paused, and darkly turned his eye
On Ching—but did not speak.
And strange, and yet more strange that look
Glared out through the dull air.
And his brow grew damp, and his knees they shook,
And a horror crept cold thro' his stiffening hair.

His lips were apart and trembling,
But their voice like a ghost was fled;—
So stood he and so gazed,
When Ching, fear-stricken and amazed,
But with a tone, dissembling
The strangeness and chill of his dread,
Spake out, and his voice was as winds, when again
They break with a groan thro' the Ice-king's chain.

"My brother, wherefore bendest thou
"On me that eye, and boding brow?
"Have I offended thee in aught?—
"Speak, brother, out the angry thought!
"But gaze not on me with that fierce
"And silent aspect—thy lips quiver,
"And thine eyes look as they would pierce,
"Like darts, my life—I feel thee shiver
"Ev'n as thou stand'st, and every vein
"Creeps chill'd by thine—"

"Ay, thou hast said
"The very curse—the very bane,
"For which my soul could look thee dead.
"Cannot this blood glide fast or slow,
"But thou its very pulse must know?
"Can I not move, or breathe, or yell
"My tortures to the tacit air,
"But still thine eye must on me dwell,
"And still thy ghastly shape be there?

"Oh! I could gripe thee with these hands,
"And tear away the fleshy bands,
"The curse of clay which from our tribe
"Hath severed our unnatural fate,
"Made us to this wide earth a gibe,
"And to ourselves—a hate!

"Ay, shudder, for my heart is told,
"At last the words are said—
"Hark! for in them thy doom hath knoll'd
"A knell of deeper dread
"Than ever yet to mortal bore
"The fullness of despair!
"Henceforth to each for evermore
"An open hate we bear—
"Henceforth must jealousy and fear,
"And horror be thy daily cheer!

"Henceforth the blest sun shall look dark,
"The earth grow red with blood,
"Thy haggard eyes shall dread to mark
"Thy mirror in the flood—
"Thy flesh shall waste—the dewy sleep,
"The quiet pulse shall fly thee—
"For thou must know, A FOE must keep
"Lone watch for ever by thee!

"And thro' the night, and by the day,
"In bed—at board—at every tide
"Of time and place—that foe must stay
"To curse thee by thy side!
"And own a deep and solemn joy
"The while he feels himself decay,
"That the same death which must destroy
"Himself—rots *thee* away!—

"And now I seal my lips!"
He ceast;
And his strained hands their clench releast:
And his breath gasped as if to free
His breast from some departed spell,
Yet witching with its memory.

And thus—as stands some fearful thing
Of war, awhile its vengeance spent—
Sullen and dark he stood; while Ching
A look on his swart visage bent,
Where fear—amaze—love—pity mingled;
So plainly baring all the soul,
That there a glance might well have singled
Each separate feeling from the whole:
And when a moment's pause had died,
Thought gush'd to speech, and he replied.

"Thy fever, not thyself, hath spoken,
"Mine only friend—my brother—
"Oh! by our childhood's every token—
"By all we *have* been to each other—
"By the sweet comfort we have taken
"From our own lips when others chid;
"The thought that, if by all forsaken,
"*One* friend Fate never could forbid,—
"By every joy in common shared,
"Or sorrow felt, or danger dared,

"Oh wrestle, with the fiend within,
"And be yet—yet what thou hast been!
"My brother, when our father blest us,
"Could one be in the prayer forgot?
"And when our mother's love carest us,
"That love could either share it not?
"Our sleep, our food, our life the same,
"And if sometimes our breasts might frame
"A different impulse or desire;
"Methought *to both* 'twas sweet to yield
"And all that might have chafed appeal'd
"But to our love, and to the tie
"Of our belov'd affinity!
"Belov'd!—was *our* love not more free,
"From Envy—coldness—and from all—
"The thoughts of self, than theirs *can* be
"Who, in their chill'd affection, call
"*Divided* forms and schemes which brood
"O'er *lonely* projects—*brotherhood!*
"How often, in our childish years,
"We talked throughout the sleepless night,
"And blest the bond which *now* appears
"Accursed in thy sight!
"How often were we wont to say
"Each worldly bond must pass away—
"Time must dissolve, and absence sever,
"'And Death all other hearts divide;
"'But, Brother, thou and I can never
"'Be sundered from each other's side!

" ' Come joy, come sorrow, we together
" ' Must bear and share the doom;
" ' Nor break *our* friendship's holy tether,
" ' Save in one common tomb.
" ' So God hath joined us to be
" ' To each a solace and a mate,
" ' Earth's friendships—loves beyond—for we
" ' Are sacred ev'n from Fate!'—
" Hast *thou* not said those very words?—
" And now!—and now!"

His heart
Nor further speech, nor breath accords;
But all the streams of Memory start
Fresh from the well of distant years,
And falling on that gloomy breast
Which had so dark a change confest,
He burst forth into tears!

And high, and pale, and motionless,
Stands Chang; and on his sullen cheek
No varying nerve or hue express
What Pride or Hate forbids to speak;
Yet slowly in his eyes at length,
The frozen moisture gathered strength,
Until from the reluctant lid,
One large and salt tear coldly slid
Adown his cheek, unheeded straying,
And his look's rigid calm betraying.

And dark and darker grows the night,
Around them falling;
As the winds awake, and the Water Sprite
From his caves is calling:
And the heavy drops from the gathering cloud
Fall on the trees as they quail;
And the crest of their haughtiest chief is bowed
To the rush of the trampling gale.
And the gloom, and the night, and the solitude,
Were their witness and watch in the dreary wood.

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And when they gain'd their distant cot,
The Twins were reconciled.

They arrived at the lonely door,
With the light at the lattice burning;
And Mary came out, in joy once more
To welcome her guests returning:
For the hour was late, and the storm was drear,
And Mary was ever a fool to fear.

Besides, (may Heaven forgive the thought!)
A knife, that in the Brothers' room
Was left, in vain had Mary sought;
And this with that knit brow of gloom,
That restless eye, and aspect dark,
Which late in Chang she deemed to mark;
Her vague half-lit forebodings joined—
As the hours passed, nor homeward yet
Their steps return'd. Nor now her mind
Shook off its burthen, as she met
Their welcome forms the threshold crossing;
But lifting high the light, whose flare
In the fierce wind was wildly tossing,
A long and wistful gaze she fixed
Upon their faces;—the proud air
Of Chang seemed bowed, and tamed, and mixed
With something of that gentler mien,
Which wont on Ching's light brow be seen.
But Ching's gay laugh and voice were mute,
And weary fell his languid foot;
The exhausted frame, or labouring mind,
In his drawn cheek its sigil sign'd;
And you might mark, yet lingering there,
The traces which the past bequeaths,
When some dread thought we shun to bare
Again,—the haggard memory sheaths.
She looked, but silently suppress
Whate'er aroused suspicion guest.

They sate at the nightly board,
And Mary prest the cheer;
And her father's voice with a merrier sound
Than of wont, came on the ear;
And the generous wine which he long had stored
Was gaily circled round.
But the airy heart of the buoyant Ching
Flagg'd like a bird on a wounded wing;
Tho' ay, as the wine cup sparkled by,
The beam broke forth from his kindled eye,
And struggled his lip for its 'customed whim—
But the jest was dull, and the glance was dim.

And Chang nor eat, nor spake, nor took
His droop'd eye from the board, save by
A hurried and a stolen look
To her, who watched them wistfully.
Still at that look his breath heaved thickly,
And his pulse beat feverishly and quickly.

Not much they needed to be prest,
To yield to Mary's gentle prayer,
No longer to protract the rest
Which should their wearied strength repair

They are now in their quiet room,
They are now on their couch reclining;

And only through the broken gloom
One waning lamp is shining.
Already hath Ching's tired breast
Cradled the vex'd thought into rest.
But Chang yet wakes, his lips are stirred
At times by some half-muttered word,
Fragments of speech confused and broken,
But of the past's dark pile a token.

Now tones of grief, and now of shame,
Now of repentance and remorse;
And now fair Mary's holy name,
Of thought awakes a purer source.

These were the last words which he breathed,
Ere, snake-like, slumber round him wreathed,
And lock'd him in her 'numbing fold—
" 'Tis past—it was—it was control'd!
" And we are saved!—and if for me,
" No hope can dawn—I yet may hover
" Around her blessed path—and *He*
" O joy! O joy!—*he* doth not love her!"

END OF CHAPTER I. BOOK IV.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER II.

ARGUMENT.

Night—The Mysterious Stranger—Quacks—Mr. St. John Long—Licensed Surgeons, Lawrence, Abernethy, &c.—Mary's scheme disclosed—The hours—Lines on our anxiety in the illness of one we love ---Suspense ; its result—The value of one faithful heart—The contrast between a sick chamber within, and the exhilaration of nature without.

CHAPTER II.

And now it was Night's witching noon;
The storm had raged itself to rest;
And a grey calm lay round the Moon,
As on she glided mournfully;
Like one who, with a pining breast,
Is left the sad survivor lone,
Alike of loves, and perils gone;
And, from the height of Memory,
Sees, with a strange and joyless eye,
The beauty, and the pomp below!
Self-wrapt, and wearily travailing,
She waneth from her wan life, sailing
All silent in her woe.

Beneath the room in which, serene
And death-like, sleep the Twins is folding,
Lo! with a stranger to our scene,
Mary and Hodges converse holding.

This gentleman in black was drest,
A noble frill adorned his breast;
An air, which Conrade-like, had damped
Questions absurd—his visage stamped.
In his plain face, few charms the lover
Of classic features could discover;
No modish grace leer'd forth in him,
Simple his dress, but simply-prim:
Yet he who paus'd to look again,
Saw more than marks the herd of men.*
Something about him vaguely said,
"This man could do a deed of dread—
"Jesu! defend us from the dead!"
Something about his garb, his gravity,
His smile so sombre in its suavity,
His searching eye, his wrinkled nose,
The tightness of his black smallclothes—
Showed him, at once, one of that race
Whose spell can pierce the closest place;

* "Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again,
"Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men."
Corsair.

Who haunt the coyest solitudes;
And sit beside the bed of prudes.
The chastest maid could scarce deny
His midnight visit never shockt her;
And matrons, should their girls be shy,
Would cry, "What, bashful to the doctor!"
Yes, reader, for the worst prepare;
Think of your poor soul, I implore you!
Your will!—you've not an hour to spare!
A son of Galen is before you!
Pooh! let us not be so malicious;
Your licensed leech is never vicious.
Death from his hands should give no terror,
In him 'tis—"Accidental error!"
But quacks who do the art usurp, us
Like St. John Long, destroy on purpose!
Pouring damned gas, I do assure ye,
Into our lungs, by way of potion,
And making, with infernal fury,
Holes in our poor backs with a lotion!
But *this*, sweet reader, let me urge on
Your kind remembrance, was a surgeon,
Licensed to do your business ably.
One died with him most comfortably!
Indeed, he did enjoy a station
Of quite uncommon reputation.
Perhaps, you think my verse may glance
To Mr. Brodie, or to Vance—

Or to that "Duke of Limbs" so super-
-Eminent—aye, Sir Ashley Cooper!
Or him who wrote, so I've heard tell,
A Book which merits great abhorrence,
He cuts one up extremely well,
And, I believe, his name is Lawrence!
Or that most soft and unalarming
Surgeon, the ladies think so charming—
Who, (pray to God he leave no pupils!)
Black-brows his patients into blue pills!
Who, if your temple or your thumb ache,
Vents all his wrath upon your stomach!*
Who, like a Garrick or a Kemble,
Awes your whole frame into a tremble;
And, having steeped you in submission,
Next starves you—into plump condition!†
No! none of these he is, and yet
He's just as clever, for a bet:

* Qui stomachum regem totius corporis esse
Contendunt, vera niti ratione videntur.

Q. Sereni Samonici de Medecina, &c.

If it be true that the stomach is the king of the body, what a difference in the physical empire and the political. In the former, if any of the subjects are out of order,—"the king" is made the first to suffer for it; —in the latter, if the king be worse than he should be, it is the subjects alas! who are physicked!

† Every one knows how Mr. Abernethy, in his "Book," recommends the meagre to pursue famine, in order to arrive at fat.

In short, whatever him you term, he's
An honour to the sons of Hermes!
And Mary, with an anxious brow,
And earnest accent, tells him how
Her heart had sunk, when she had seen
With such a strange and haggard mien,
After so long a time had past,
The weary Twins return at last.
She told how (his desire obeyed)
The opium draught had been convey'd
Unseen, into the wine-cup's draught—
And, how unsparingly they quafft.
She told him, how with fairy foot,
Unto their chamber's threshold creeping,
She'd listened, and when all was mute,
Had glided in, and mark'd them sleeping.
She spoke, and wiped the soft eyes, glistening
With tears, where doubt, and fear intruded.
Stiff in his chair the doctor listening,
Was very glad when she'd concluded.

And now he rose: "Tis vastly well, ma'am,
"The College ought you to prefer to me:
"I'll just step out—nay! but to tell, ma'am,
"My young men some things that occur to me."

"Stay, stay—their life, you're sure? Nay, more,
"Their sufferings?—"

"Trust to my sagacity,"
He said, and smiled, and shut the door—
Your doctors can't endure loquacity!

Well, Reader! now the veil is lifted!
And Mary's plot, I fear, is sifted.
I fear you see how to relieve
The brothers from a thrall of late,
Which seemed so dark and loathed a fate,
One only course she could perceive.
But in that strange imperiled course,
What fear, and, haply, what remorse!
What hazard in the bold endeavour,
Those bonds which birth had knit, to sever!
To break the seal so dreadly set
Upon their common doom!—to unbind
The claims which, tho' unnatural, yet
Nature herself had round them twined!
Peril there was, and dread!—yet still
The gain seemed weightier than the ill;
And the chill memory of that hour,
When one against the other raised
His guilty hand, had still the power
To' appal her spirit; and to sink
Doubt in the deepness of a feeling,
That Fate had stifled Choice:—she gazed
On the dark, sullen, unrevealing

Abyss of doom,—and on the brink,
If her soft spirit paused to shrink,
She still thought Fate left no retreating;
And conscience lulled the weak heart's beating.
And now the leach hath with his mates
Softly the chamber entered;—
Without the anxious Maiden waits—
All's still!—Eternity devours,
Silent, and dark, his offspring Hours—
The Hours within whose hearts we see
Life, moving in its mystery, centered!
Those separate drops in Time's great sea,
In which we Animalcules leap
To life, from Matter's working sleep;
And, after that brief span of strife,
In which we play the fool with life;
Not by one millionth of the mass
In the same globule seen—or seeing;
In which to death what millions pass!
Their death—the ripeness of new being!

Oh! dark, yet not all starless doom,
The blessing twin-born with the curse!
That frameth one eternal Tomb
From the all-teeming universe!
Yet, from the reeking jaws of Death,
Calleth again the unquenching breath,

Making an Universal Soul,
For green Decay but to absorb it,
And Life's rejoicing Circle roll
For ever, thro' Corruption's orbit!
Who hath not some time past the hours
In that suspense, o'erwrought, unresting,
When one loved dearly, with the Powers
Of Death's dark angel lies contesting?
How awfully the moments roll
To—what unknown and shadowy goal!
While he perchance unconscious sleeps
For whom thy spirit's bitterest trial—
How the Clock's solemn chiming keeps
Dread note upon the heart's cold dial!
As scarce you catch the languid moan
That marks the progress of the strife,
How agonizing seems your own
Intensity and stir of life!
How idle all the arts and powers,
The boasted fruit of learned hours!
Nought *there* to save—nay, more, to ease,
One pang, one shiver, of disease!
To gather on the black abyss
Balm for thy heart, or strength for his;
Or with thy worst foe, Thought, to cope,
Save that poor Impotence—called Hope!
Say—*who* is fated not to be
A watcher on that bridge of gloom,

Which sways a hair above a sea
Of Doubt—Despair—and Doom!

And now, if Mary bore no kin
To those poor youths, whose fate within
Hung on a fearful scale,
No marvel that a sister's keen
And piercing interest might be seen
Upon her cheek, and in her eye;—
No marvel that her nerve should fail,
For she was one whose heart run o'er
With love, and loving sympathy;
And, woman-like, she ever felt
A bond with those with whom she dwelt;
But mostly Mary kindness bore
To them whose lot seemed desolate!
Far from their home—their natal skies—
Their household's first familiar ties;
There was in those Twin brothers' state—
Their marked and solitary fate—
Their life so fettered, and so sterile—
Their union past—their present peril—
Enough to touch a harder breast
Than she who loved all earth possest.

And Mary and her father kept
All night their watch beside the door,

Save when within the father crept,
And back to her some tidings bore.
The good extoll'd—the worse dissembled—
And ever at the good she wept;
And ever at the doubtful trembled.

And what within that chamber past?
What means, what mysteries did the skill
Of that most cunning leach devise?
The brothers' fate was on a cast!
But what the hazard of the dies?
Alas! that is a secret still!
Would, my fair public, that our verse—
That art's arcanum could rehearse;
But none might in that chamber venture.
(Those doctors are such Turks!) to enter—
Save only Hodges; and they set
On him the muzzle of a vow;
And, tho' the thing is over—yet
The honest rascal keeps it now.

Whether by aught else than the knife,
The attempt was made their bond to sever;
Or, to what point the thread of life
Was, trembling, strained at the endeavour;—
Or when they waked, or when they knew,
Or how they bore, that operation,

I might invent, but mar the true
And homely course of this narration.

'Twas kept so close, you might have thought
A king himself was undergoing it,
And that the puzzled doctors sought
To charm the prying world from knowing it.

As once, the date 's not far behind, sir,
They play'd the game of Mum at Windsor;
And called disease's every harassment—
Politely flattering Death, " Embarrassment!"
As if plain language might exasp-
Erate the fates, soft phrases wreathing;
And, when the patient scarce could gasp,
We heard of " Want of ease in breathing!"

Nor can I tell how long a space
Time ran of his untiring race
Before the deed was done:—
But this I 've heard, that not one shriek,
Or cry, did from that chamber break,
No—not one stifled groan—
Save only once—when suddenly
There came a sharp and startling cry,
So wildly, strangely, forth it rang,
That you could scarcely deem

From any mortal breast it sprang,
But rather might it seem
As if the demon who had knit
That strange and preternatural tie,
And did, unseen and brooding, sit
O'er their enwoven destiny;
Dislodged, and baffled in his spell,
Had fled their doom in that wild yell.

Draw up the curtain!—a faint gloom
Broods quivering o'er the half-lit room,
(Like a bird's unsteady wing
To and fro when wavering,)
Save where the sun-light broadens o'er
One long track trembling on the floor.
There, with the smile of triumph stands
The leach, and whispers his assistants;
While the good Hodges rubs his hands,
And, whimpering, chuckles at a distance.
And all alone against the wall
Leant Chang—and joy—albeit a grave
And thoughtful joy—was stamped on all
His dusky lineaments, and gave
A musing brightness to his gaze;
Spell-bound where thro' the lattice fall,
The living and the laughing rays.
As if his heart was whispering—"Free
"In future, like those roving beams,

" 'Tis thine to wander, and to see
" If life and love reflect thy dreams.
" Thou 'st joined thy race, and all before thee
" Lie the untrodden paths of earth!
" Gone is the curse thy mother bore thee;
" Thou wakest to a second birth!"

But on the couch lay Ching, and fixed
His gaze upon his brother's face;
And softness there with sorrow mixed,
And restless wonder you might trace.
As if his bosom felt a pain,
That bonds so long—so close—should cease,
And felt, in freedom from the chain,
The strangeness—more than the release.
And once, when he beheld a smile
Break o'er Chang's lip, he bowed his head,
And tears came in his eyes, the while
" Art thou so joyful then?" he said.

And the long bond was broken there!
Apart were those, who from their birth
Had grown together: doomed to bear,
As with one breast, the storms of earth.
Yet ever differing, and disjoined
By wilder storms within;—and now
Re-born,—and with their common kind
Made as their fellows—shall they find—
Ah! shall they find below!

The power to gather from the crew
Of vulgar thought, *their* hoard?—the boast
To be apart from earth?—above
Earth's tribes, and in themselves contain
(Minioned to none) hope—commune—love—
The source of pleasure and of pain?

Shall they find this? Or shall they rue
Too late, what Liberty hath cost—
The All that careless childhood knew,
And pining Manhood lost?

Ah! could we dream, when once possest
Of one devoted tender breast,
How chang'd—how desolate and drear
Without it, would the world appear;—
With what a different watch and ward
We should the lonely treasure guard!
How breathlessly—how deeply prize
What life—once lost—no more supplies!

The Twins are left—the leach's fiat,
Unbroken loneliness and quiet:
Oh! what a weary knoll that phrase
To Thee condemned in pain to pine,
And watch the all-else-rejoicing rays
That through thy darkened casements shine!
To count the moments creep—how slowly!
To see the Insect on the wing;

In the glad air and sunlight holy,
To hear the merry throstle sing!
To mark, without, all Earth o'erflow
With lusty life, exulting, flushing!
Then turn *within thy* heart, and know
The Golden Fountain from thee gushing.

Ev'n as a stream whose water strays
To some new channel gliding nigh,
And, drop by drop, the spring decays
Until its very heart be dry!
While o'er it fall the same sweet dews,
While round it creeps the same soft air,
Earth in the same delicious hues,
And life—as if *thy* life—were there!

END OF CHAPTER II. BOOK IV.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER III.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER III.

ARGUMENT.

Chang's soliloquy—His joy—His return homeward—The lovers—Their conversation—The alarm, and the interruption—The disappearance of one of the personages of the poem—Two letters---The fulfilment of a prophecy---The Author's advice to a certain person, and Conclusion.

CHAPTER III.

[*Chang alone, upon a hill commanding a wide and various prospect. The River flowing immediately beneath.—Time, Noon.*]

"Ha! ha! roll on thou glorious Wave!
"Sing out thou fresh and mirthful Air!
"Joy! joy! my free heart *now* can brave
"Your taunts 'twas madness *once* to bear!
"The wild voice of your liberty
"Can mock my sullen soul no more!
"—How bright are ye, sweet Earth and Sky,
"That were so dark before!

[*Motioning away a herd of cattle that approach towards him gazing.*]

"Away! away! my heart is coy;
"Nature is now *my* Empire! None

"Shall share awhile my new-found throne!
"Ha! ha! the joy—the bounding joy—
"To be alone—ALONE!"
And on he sped—and, aye, his tread
Was light as if his heart was there!
And (his path beside) the River's tide,
Danced featly to the piping Air.

From the herbage young* the laverock sprung,
And the bird with the jetty wing
That flieth low by the copse—alsò
Sang its hymn to the loving Spring!

And the Sun shone bright—and the happy light
On the greenwood glade was quivering,
While the birds in and out the boughs about
Made the deft leaves softly shivering.

Delight was mirror'd on the Earth,
The very clouds were gay;
Time at the Spring that saw his birth,
Gives all the world a holiday!

He came unto a silent pool,
Smooth lay the wave scarce ripplé-ing,
For trees around the margent cool
Had dull'd the light wind's crisping wing.

* "And softè as velvet the *yonge grass*."—*Chaucer.*

Silent he stood, and gazed upon
His image in the water shown,
Around his form his glad hands passing,
That form alone the clear wave glassing.
Then his lips moved, but without speaking,
Smiles only round them mutely breaking;
And up to the delicious skies
He raised the deep joy of his eyes.

The fish were glancing through the tide,
The fairy birds rejoicing by,
Save these—and God—were none beside
The witness of his ecstacy!

And there for hours he staid, until
Day died along the western hill;
And slowly then he homeward went,
And o'er his face a graver thought
Had fallen like a veil; he bent
His eyes upon the earth, nor sought
Round, as before, each thing most fair
The rapture of his soul to share.

From Truth, how blest soever, flown,
His heart is now on visions dwelling,
That love no more a mock to own
He dreams to Mary he is telling.

Poor youth!—what thoughts—what hopes are his!
And coloured by the present mood
The future glows; and on its bliss
No fear—no doubt intrude.

Mary his own, through life to roam,
Her smile his star, her breast his home;
That single hope in every shade
Or wave of thought reflected play'd.
Nor marvel that no fear disturbed
Joy's free delight but just uncurbed;
That form and face so rude should deem
That Love could yet the mould beseem:
And bid that love round one so fair
Entwine its links, and not despair!
So loathly had his fancy shaped
That bondage but so lately 'scaped;
So there had every thought of shame
Or self-abasement found a name;
That that *One* sense of degradation
Had merged each less humiliation.

And well we may conceive he ne'er
Remarked aught odious or unseemly
In features all his nation share,
And think—so Crauford says—extremely
Handsome: worse errors *here* have root, I
Have heard *such* Gorgons praised for beauty!

(For every where our lawless taste
The strangest monsters hath embraced;
But this fact useless to repeat is;
—Just get my learned namesake's* treatise.)

And, after all, there are some hours
When every thought comes clothed in flowers.
When nought's too bright for us to share,
Nor aught too high for Hope to dare;
When the veins seem to bound a flood
More nimble than the wonted blood;
Some ether, whose quick spirit bears
A sort of kindred with Heaven's airs,
And, if mix'd with aught of Earth,
Refines it with a subtle mirth.
Hours when the heart leaps out beyond
The thought—the mere thought—to despond.
When the smooth Judgment pileth schemes
That mock the laggard Fancy's dreams.
Hours in which those high plans that leave
Our very Race below we weave.
Hours that have leapt at once to glory;
Hours that have given more names to story
Than ages of the life we plod,
(The bright spark dormant in the clod,)
When only Ice and Prudence rule us;
Or Folly must be tamed to fool us;

* That very quaint amusing old book, "The Artificial Changeling."

When with a solemn brow we chide
The daring thoughts would upward guide;
Creep careful on—afraid of falling—
And laud "the common sense" of crawling!

Yet Disappointment hath a keen
And serpent tooth. And oft, methinks,
'Twere better if no Hope had been,
So had we 'scaped the galling links
By which, when Hope expires, we have
A deathless bondage to her grave!

Now let us for awhile transport
Ourselves into a quiet chamber
Within the Brother's cot; you see
Thickly around the casement clamber
The woodbine's emerald leaves that court
The painted sun-fly and the bee.

The lattice reached the mossy sward,
Rich with the cowslip's golden hoard;
And that loved Flower which Poets say
Laughs up—the glad "Eyes of the Day."
And now, in Eve's embrace reposing,
Its drowsy lids is whitely closing.

Within that chamber there are those
Whom Nature rules, no less than o'er

The flowers and herbs around; the rose
Bares to the Day her heart's rich core;
So Beauty melloweth unto one;
So the heart opens to its sun!

By Mary's side, her hand in his,
Her lover kneeleth,
And from that hand his truant kiss
Still to her ripe cheek stealeth.
But Sorrow pales its wonted hue,
She feels not now the thrill,
The glow—that rouse and yet subdue;—
Her heart lies mute and chill.
And he—ev'n he—the while he sought
Her grief to comfort or to chide,
Ev'n he felt one o'erpowering thought
Of anguish stifle all beside.

"Be soothed," he said, "we part, but yet
"One hope our severed souls will cheer,
"And all the past we most regret,
"Shall chase away the future fear.
"Oh! while in distant lands I toil
"For wealth thy Sire's consent to buy,
"Thy thoughts, like dew, shall bless the soil,
"Thy love, like stars, smile from the sky.
"And never, love, believe me, never
"Did those who through all changes bore

" The heart unchanging—Fate so sever
" But that they met—we'll meet—once more!
" I do not say, 'Be true to me,'
" I know that deep and tender heart!
" I only tell thee—'Live to see
" How lov'd—how truly lov'd—*thou* art!'
" Ah! what are years to those whose thought
" Can bear them o'er the gulf of space?
" By grief itself my soul hath bought
" The right to fly to thine embrace!
" Methinks, if when, once more we meet,
" The form be bowed, the locks be thin;
" 'Tis but thy welcome eyes to greet,
" To light Youth's lamp once more within!
" Age is not made for us!—No! all
" The Past defies its withering breath!
" The snows of Time on Love may fall,
" And only warm the soil beneath.

" Well weep—weep on! for hearts like ours
" Methinks 'tis sometimes wise to weep!
" For if our love had flowed o'er flowers,
" It ne'er had been a stream so deep!

" If Joy the fancy most beguiles,
" 'Tis Grief that to the heart endears;
" Oh! slight the love which springs from smiles,
" To that which has been nurst in tears!"

He ceast—for many feelings rushed
Upon him, and all language hushed.
O'er his hands his face he bent,
And his breast heaved thick and high;
But not a sound from his closed lips went,
His thoughts warred silently.

But Mary o'er him bowed her fond
And anxious eyes, that ceased to weep:
When those she loves she sees despond,
A woman's sorrow glides to sleep;
She shames the grief so lately bared,
And comforts where she just despaired.

"Thou speakest well," she answered, placing
On his her wan and trembling hand,
"And henceforth every dark thought chasing,
"The Seraph Hope, we will withstand.
"I often think, that breasts may be
"In absence only more allied:
"A moment's thought estranged from thee
"Were nothing, wert thou by my side;
"And I have vexed thee—to my shame,
"When thou wert by, and I was gay,
"But, oh! the least look thou could'st blame,
"I could not look—and thou away!
"And if our love—"

He lifts his eye
Upon her worn and altered cheek;
And his words, fierce and suddenly,
Upon her melting accents break.

"Our love! oh, name it not!—I feel
"Now—now, how guilty I have been!
"Why did I let my lips reveal
"What should have preyed untold within?

"Our love!—*my* love hath blighted thee
"And *thine!*—Oh, would that I could tear
"Away that holy band, and be
"The *only* victim to despair!"

"Julian!" Her voice's music trembling,
Lulled his disturbed soul,
As, thought in tenderness dissembling,
Gently its whispers stole.

"What, wouldst thou change what now thou bearest,
"Ne'er to have been beloved by me?
"And think'st thou I would take the fairest
"Lot, for one memory less of thee?
"When the poor Indian boy to day,
"Redeemed—regenerate—and released,
"I saw bound forth upon his way,
"On nature and glad thought to feast;

" When through the happy fields he fled,
" Until the distance barred my gaze,
" I sighed—nor shared his joy ; I said,
" Alas, in vain his eye surveys
" The beauty and the pomp—the springs
" That well in glory o'er the earth !
" The tree that blooms—the bird that sings—
" The cloud—the star—the solemn birth
" Of eve—the hum—and stir of noon—
" The motes that dance for very mirth—
" The charmèd face of the witch moon—
" The mystery and the soul of things—
" Touch but his outward sense, nor win
" To the deep source entombed within—
" Such as they are—not felt—but viewed—
" To the unwakened multitude ;
" Such as they are, to those who prove not
" How life in life can centered be ;
" Such as they are to those who love not ;
" And ere *I* loved, they were to me !
" For him, whate'er in this far land
" Breathes but one hope of love, is bann'd.
" For him, no anxious eye that glasses,
" What in the soul's dark ocean passes ;
" For him, no thought for ever tending
" His image—*with* his image blending,
" Merging all life itself to be,
" A shadow and a memory.

"For him, no glance that we have given,
"For him, no feeling we have known—
"True, that one curse is from him riven,
"A worse is left—TO BE ALONE!

"Would'st thou not rather bear a woe
"Far deeper than thou yet hast proved;
"Than feel that Indian's joy—yet know
"Like him, thou never could'st be loved?"

Hark! there went forth a groan!
By the lattice the boughs were stirr'd,
And the heavy step on the threshold stone
Of a heavy heart was heard!

As a bolt that hath parted
A tree in sunder;
At the sound they have started
In fear and wonder.

The one as for combat stands,
The other half turns in flying;
The maid with her clasped hands,
The lover with mien defying!

A moment—all was still! he past
Unto the casement and unbarr'd:
There the wan Moon just risen, cast
A ghastly whiteness o'er the sward.

And there—full in that spectral gleaming,
Around his dark rude features streaming—
As some bronz'd image in a wood,
Lifeless, but life-like, which to see
Gloom sternly out, and solemnly,
Curdles the blood;—the Indian stood
Erect and mute—his raven hair
In the dead stillness all unwaving!
And in his brow and lip, despair
Her strange and dread defeature graving.
But in his mien that power of Awe,
That hush'd nor conscious haughtiness—
Which human forms can only draw
From grief's most desolate abyss.
He spoke nor stirred;—nor even gazed
On him, who—shuddering and amazed—
Wherefore he knew not,—now drew nigh.
But when the maid, emboldened, past
Upon the sod—on *her* his eye,
Dark and dilatingly he cast.

Oft, in the midnight's blackest hour,
That look again before her grew!
Oft its intense and freezing power
Curdled the daylight's brightest hue.
The future ne'er could all control
That vision from her haunted eyes;
It left a ghost upon her soul,
Which Memory could not exorcise!

Nigh drew the lover—yet more nigh—
When, slowly breaking from his trance,
The Indian, with a quiet glance,
And a gesture slow and high,
Waved him back commandingly.

Then still—no single feeling spoken—
That drear and awful pause unbroken,
Where the Night her fortress kept,
O'er the trees that darkling slept,
And the thickness of the shade,
From all eyes a curtain made,
Whence the very stars were banished—
—Like an evil dream he vanished!

When he went—they breathed more light,
And Julian's heart awoke,
And he chid himself that so strange an awe,
Had suffered the Indian to withdraw
Alone—and in the night;
But a word to Mary there he spoke—
He plunged the copse amid,
He shouted out with a lusty cry,
But the faintest trace from his gaze was hid,
By the trees that bann'd the sky;
And his voice on the stillness vainly broke,
Nor an echo gave back reply!
And all that night the boy returned not;
The morrow waned—he came not back;—

The next day pass'd—and still they learned not
A single clue his fate to track.

They sought to lure the brother's fear
By stories framed to guile his ear;
How Chang had been ordained to roam,
To find new channels for the thought,
Of late self-preying and o'erwrought;
But soon he would re-seek his home:—
Whistful, Ching heard, and answered nought:
All the while their features eyeing,
With a fix'd look, sharp and prying;
And, when he withdrew that look,
Mutteringly his head he shook,
And his doubts but thinly shrouded,
With a restless brow and clouded.
On the fourth day came the two
Letters that we place before ye,
Which perchance, suffice to show,
The last *dénouement* of our story!

To Hodges.

We meet no more!—to other lands,
But not my native land, I roam!
Something of memory makes me yet
Unfit for home!

All that the stinted heart demands,
Enough for nature's primal debt,
Nor more—I bear with me away.
The happy may have many wants,
But *Misery* is a sage, and scants
Our nature to the claims of clay:
The rest is yours,—and by each band
Which your enwoven laws command.
But, *from* you doth the bond require
Consent to one—my last—desire.
The last at least, confest to you,
Or heard within that happy shore,
To me,—ah, if to memory too!
A haunt no more!

Hear me!—all earth—all earthly life
Hath in it a mysterious gerb!
Where'er thou look'st, behold it rife!
It stirs the still heart of the herb;
In every breath of air it enters;
In every drop of dew it centres;
It glows upon you with the light;
Dreams thro' the quickening hush of night;
No wave so deep but there it lurketh;
No clod so still but there it worketh;
Nerve to whate'er your sense is seeing;
Heart to this Universal Being;

From whence—to which—the mighty flood
Of Things—to Nature's veins the blood—
Arise—return—involved—unsleeping—
In one eternal orbit keeping!

What is this spirit?—what this rife
Essence?—"The principle of LIFE?"
So earth may call it—but above,
Thy God and Nature's named it—LOVE!
Thou canst not mar it in the tree!
Thou canst not mar it in the flower!
But o'er it, in the human breast,
Thou *hast* a power!
Yet use that fearful power, and see
What fruit will spring from love supprest!
The Nature thou hast wronged, will be
In evil and in wrath redrest!

Love checked—comes thought congealed and sour;
The pinched heart doth itself devour;
The blood grows sluggish; and Desire
Creeps into Envy;—all beside
Enjoy—and hate—nor hell hath ire
Like that their joys in him inspire,
To whom the joy's denied!

Bar love—and bann the light and air!
Love shut from out the unwholesome mind,

And the mind stagnates into night!
And all the blessings of our kind
Flit o'er the vision, but to find
The very senses dumb and blind!

All *savage* climes confess this truth!
They war not with its voice!—the youth
Singles the maid his heart prefers,
And all that heart must gain is hers!
Go man!—look round thy quiet home!
Go look upon thy child—
If o'er that face a cloud hath come—
Where once the sunshine smil'd;—
If in the cheeks' blent roses, grief
Hath gnawed the damask from the leaf,
If her lip tremble when she greets thee,
If her step falter when she meets thee,
If, when you speak of joy, her cold
And calm look mock the smile of old,
If other's woe and other's weal
Less than she felt, she seem to feel,
If *virtue's praise*, which once her eye
Flash'd when she heard—fall heedlessly
Upon her shut and deafened heart;—
If sorrow scarcely seem to sting,
So buried is the dart,
If only when you touch *one* string,
To life the senses start—

THEN tremble your own work to see!
Tremble to think one human will
Can o'er another's bliss or bane
Hold such overwhelming destiny!
Tremble to think not only pain
And woe and death—you can ordain
To your own flesh; but darker still
The change from heavenly thought to ill!
From the warm heart and genial feeling,
To the shut breast condensed, congealing!
From the pure stream whose waters laught
Joy—freshness—health—around to waft,
To that all lock'd and lifeless ice,
The veriest element of vice!

Go—fall upon thy daughter's neck,
And thank Heaven's mercy that the wreck
Is not yet wholly done!
Rejoice, that yet 'tis thine to make
Her life as lovely as it seemed,
When first Emotion learned to take
The hues that Fancy dreamed.
Go!—seek for him whose love hath won
The heart, that *thou* alone canst bless,
Go—glad this desert earth has one,
When thou her sire from earth art gone,
To make thy daughter's happiness!

And that what Sternness marred before,
'Tis given to Mercy to restore!

I know in your—a severy—clime,
Wealth's want is deemed the sternest crime,
I know, and have for this provided—
The gold I leave to thee is thine,
That those twin souls its lack divided,
Its gain may let thee join!
This is the compact!—if the moon
Ere thrice it wanes, their bridal see
Then thine the precious dust will be,
To thee, not them, the glittering boon;
Because I know this yellow spell
Works with a twofold miracle.
Reject or grasp it, still it rules,
If woo'd by knaves, or spurned by fools!
To me 'tis nought—yet that refined
Dim mist with which its shadows blind
The vision of all mental eyes—
Which ye—sweet Europe's dupes—call wise,
Might make these lovers rather choose
Hope, peace, life, soul itself to lose—
Than bow the stiff-necked pride to take
What I, without a sigh, forsake!

Out on your bow'd and narrow souls!
All—all alike one pest controls!

All, all alike—an equal price
Set on the hack'd and jaundiced drudge!
Yea! ev'n the few who scorn the vice,
The virtue in another grudge;
Believe that none beside can spurn
The slave whose lies a babe might learn,
That, like your own, earth's *every* race
Their hands as cramp'd—their hearts as base!

Farewell!—my latest words are spoken!
Methinks not wholly vain or wild—
Is not thine ice of purpose broken?
And thy heart gushing to thy child?

Farewell! and of me while her joy run riot,
Do not one whisper tell!
But sometime hence, when the joy grow quiet,
Tell her—I loved her well!

When on her breast, to the stranger yearning,
Her firstborn child you see,
With a face from the pride of the father turning,
Give it one kiss from me!

If you hear that that breast which my memory inherits,
Ask where the wanderer roam—
Say—he walks on to the dim land of Spirits—
Soon may he find his home!

To Chung.

My brother !—yes, those letters seem
As sweet as in our early years !
And like a dark unliving dream
Just fled—the later past appears !
Each thought that shall thy name recall,
Must link remembrance with regret,
But thou, I know, wilt pardon all
The madness I may not forget !
That hour—that scene—that solitude—
The horror of that silent wood—
They haunt—they crowd around me still !
When the fell spirit urged me on,
And that dread deed thy blood will thrill
If I but name—was all but done !
And thou—ev'n as I write, my heart
What soft, what melting memories move !
Thy soothing words—thy gentle art—
Thy pitying and thy noble love !
And in that love thy breast was bared,
And the love conquered !—and I knew
My curse—my frenzy was not shared,
Nor thou *her* madd'ning vassal too !

And *as* I knew—the demon spell
Forsook my soul, and from my eyes
The shadow and the falsehood fell!
Ah! even now Remembrance flies
Back to that hour, when on thy breast
The curse long-hidden was confest.
And something of thy nature crept
Into my own; and seemed to win me
To gentler thought;—and, as I wept,
The unwonted Angel stirr'd within me!
And my whole soul had then been changed,
Had not the monarch-passion cast
Its sorcery——Well! thou art avenged,
And that---yea! THAT is past!

I look into my soul, where late,
So wildly and so darkly whirl'd,
The roar of many waves!—and hush'd,
And blank—and mute---and desolate
The space is left—the Storm hath furl'd
His pinions,—and the waves have rush'd
Back from the hollow depths—no wind,
No! not a sound the silence breaks!
Thought calls within the ruined Mind,
And not an echo wakes!

And now alone, and as a dream
I pass away!

Cities and Pomp, and all that fire
The daring, or the vain desire
Delight no more!—the shadows curl'd
Around the far ends of the world,
Where human steps have rarely trod,
Yet virgin with the breath of God,
As when, if true the Hebrew theme,
He called them into day;
These henceforth shall my haunts become!
And, o'er the deep void of my breast
The Solitude of Awe shall rest,
And Silence be my Home!

But thou, when I am seen no more,
Wilt often think of me with kindness—
And not repent thy love that bore
So well, a brother's guilty blindness.
Yes!—thou wilt think of all that burned
Within me, ere to crime it turned,
The passions long concealed—restrained,
Until the cloud the thunder gained,
And from the gloom, so stilly nurst,
The frenzy of the tempest burst!
Thou'lt think of all that tempted;—all
My soul resisted and o'ercame!
And what thy reason *guilt* may call
Thy heart will give a gentler name!

May THEY—how called soe'er—whose sway
We feel—we trace not;—but obey:
As with a led and hooded will,
We walk in sorrow, and in strife,
And—Heaven's deluded fools—fulfil
The curse which man calls life!—

May THEY—my brother—pitying light thee
To blessings Reason fails to see,
And may their heavenly love requite thee
For what thy love has borne from me!"

And thus the words that in the fane
Afar—the brothers' hearts had thrilled
Seemed not so wholly false and vain,
But that their shadows were fulfilled.
The Bark that on the fitful wave,
The Star that peril'd served to save,
Is moor'd in the calm of its haven-rest,
But the Stream rolls on with a lonely breast.

Many moons have shone and waned,
And his bride hath Julian gained;
And for once the dream of youth
Hath paled before a brighter truth—

And on their brows, and in their eyes,
You read the fullness of content,
And see that not a rapture dies,
But peace becomes its monument.

And glad and lovely is their home—
You cannot breathe its very air,
But what your spirit feels as some
Diviner angel lingered there.

They learn that God no scanty worth
Hath placed—if rightly sought—below;—
And own the kind heart of the earth
Hives more of solace than of woe.
Misfortune, and our human cares,
They feel as Nature feels, but quail not;
The eye that soothes—the heart that shares,
And Hope, and GOD, are friends that fail not.
Well!—and the Father?—Oh! he sees
Their happiness, and sees it sharing,
For joys but rarely fail to please,
That we believe our own preparing.
The homes we build, we take a pride in,
Although for others to reside in.
Moreover, as no small addition to
His better causes to rejoice—
The good man's laudable ambition too
Has just been flattered in his choice.

It never rains, but it must pour,
(Old proverbs all allow the pith in,)
And Luck, when once she sends a shower,
Rains down upon us like St. Swithin.
So Julian has, by a relation,
Been left a legacy not small;
(And by the bye, poor Chang's donation
Lies, still untouched, with Messrs. Call.
For Julian, when he came to learn it,
Persuaded Hodges to return it.)
Moreover in the late election
He won a certain Burgh's affection;
Dined—drank—made love to wife and daughter,
Poured ale and money forth like water,
And won St. Stephen's Hall, to hear
'This parliament *may* last a year!'

The sire's delight you'll fancy fully—
He thinks he sees a second Tully;
And gravely says he will dispense
With Fox's force, and Brinsley's wit,
So that our member boast the sense
Of that great statesman—Pilot Pitt!
For me, my hope lies somewhat deeper:
We'll now, they say, be governed *cheaper!*
So, Julian, pour your wrath on robbing,
And keep a careful eye on jobbing.

If you should waver in your choice,
To whom to pledge your vote and voice,
You'll waver only—we presume—
Between an Althorpe and a Hume.
But mind—ONE vote—o'er all you hold,
And let the BALLOT conquer GOLD.
Don't utterly forget those asses,
Ridden so long—the lower classes;
But, waking from sublimer visions,
Just see, poor things! to their provisions.
Let them for cheap bread be your debtor,
Cheap justice too—that's almost better—
And, though not bound to either College,
Don't clap a turnpike on cheap knowledge.
For well said Prussia's scepter'd sage,*
Knaves less than fools corrupt the age;
The errors and the ills of states
Vice moulds, but Ignorance first creates.
And ne'er forget this simple rule, boy,
Time—is an everlasting schoolboy,
And as his trowsers he outgrows,
Be decent, nor begrudge him clothes,

* Frederic the Great—the posthumous Essay on Forms of Government. His words are: "In our times Ignorance commits more faults than Vice." The admirable pedantries of the Emperor Julian excepted, the whole of this essay makes perhaps the most enlightened *sketch* on matters of reasoning ever traced by a royal pen.

Sure that at least his education
Will make your kindness reparation;
For, *can* he fail to grow acuter,
With watchful Providence his Tutor?

In these advices towards your policy,
Many, dear Julian, will but folly see;
Yet what I preach to you to act is,
But what had been your author's practice,
Had the Mercurial Star that beams
Upon elections, blest his dreams,
Had——but we ripen with delay,
And every dog shall have his day!
And Ching?—Poor fellow!—Ching can never
His former spirits quite recover,
Yet he's agreeable as ever,
And plays the C——k as a lover.

In every place he's vastly *fêted*,
His name's in every Lady's book;
And as a wit I hear he's rated
Between the Rogers and the Hook.
But Chang?—of him was known no more,
Since, Corsair-like, he left the shore.
Wrapt round his fate the cloud unbroken,
Will yield our guess, nor clue, nor token.

He runs unseen his lonely race,
And if the mystery e'er unravels
The web around the wanderer's trace—
I fear we scarce could print his travels.
Since Tourists every where have flock'd,
The market's rather ovestock'd,
And so we leave the lands that need 'em,
Throughout this "dark terrestrial ball,"
To be well visited by Freedom,—
And slightly nibbled at by Hall!

END OF CHAP. III. BOOK IV.

L'ENVOI.

L'ENVOI.

THE tale is done—the dream—the glory—
The smile—hath faded with the story.
Round my hushed chamber rolls, in loud
And troublous tides the stormy crowd;—
Forth from his dim, unstarred abode
The Unknown Spirit sweeps abroad;—
Lone on their clouded eyries cower
The Eagles of Imperial Power;—
As with some new portentous birth
Travails the mighty womb of Earth;—
The herds of men walk wistful; Rest
And Home's calm gladness shun the breast;
Where Influence hath not grown Offence,
Broods—mute and hundred-eyed—Suspense;—

Awed and awaked, we hold our breath,
And nurse a dread like that of death!
This not the hour in which the art
Of Song glides dream-like to the heart.
This not the hour when Satire's sage,
And tranquil scorn arrests the age;
Men pluck no flowers on Danger's brink,
Nor—ripe for action—pause to think.
Ev'n now a shame that in this rhyme
My soul hath dallied with the time,
Steals o'er me:—and methinks I greet,
Not mourn—the silence it will meet.
Yet in a calm, nor boding day,
Thou first wast breathed to life, my lay!
And Beauty smiled upon thy birth,
And Learning's lips foretold thee—worth;
And all that seemed thy course to' oppose
Thy failings—and thy father's foes.
But brave thy doom as I have braved,
When prudence failed, but daring saved;
Thou canst but bear what I have borne,
Till Time hath conquered even Scorn;
The foeman's hate, the friend's neglect,
And Hope, the bankrupt's, galleys wreck'd.
But still the heart "bears up and steers
Right onward," thro' life's solemn sea;—
Perchance, my lay, the future years
Thy recompense and mine may be.

As waters glass a distant star,
We woo some light from Heavens afar,
And, imaged in our soul, we dream,
The wave that gains, arrests the beam:
Hushed in a false content we stray,
And glide—perchance to gloom—away!

THE END OF THE SIAMESE TWINS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE POEM OF "MILTON."

...

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TO

THE POEM OF "MILTON."

A CONSIDERABLE part of this poem was written some years ago at college: the plan of it is now altered, and the additions I have inserted may, perhaps, procure some indulgence for the tameness, or the faults, of the earlier portion. The first part of the poem is founded upon the well-known, though ill-authenticated, tradition of the Italian lady seeing Milton asleep under a tree, and leaving some verses beside him, descriptive of her admiration of his beauty. Taking full advantage of this legend, and combining with it the fact that Milton appears—if his verses, especially those in the Italian language, are

founded on truth—not altogether to have escaped, in his tour through Italy, the master passion,* I have suffered it to impart somewhat of romance and somewhat of a tale, to a poem, originally, and still chiefly, intended as a sketch of the most celebrated of English poets, in the three great divisions of life—Youth, Manhood, and Age. Aware, how sacred and solemn is all connected with the Great Poet, I have endeavoured to touch upon so difficult a subject with all delicacy and all reverence. Perhaps there exists no other name in the records of literature, in which the same poetical licence, if taken on the same grounds, would be considered, by any one, as too large an extension of privilege. But *here*—I confess with willingness my fear—that I may have erred by suffering the smallest mixture of fancy with truth. I have not done so, however, from an unthinking rashness, or without all due and

* Hayley, indeed, in that most audacious piece of biography, the "Life of Milton," in which he has taken almost as much licence with fact, as I, with awe at my own temerity, have done under the sanction of verse, speaks thus composedly on the subject—"It was at the concerts of the Cardinal that he was captivated by the charms of Leonora Baroni, whose extraordinary musical powers he has celebrated in Latin verse, and whom he is supposed to have addressed *as a lover* in his Italian poetry, &c."

respectful care. And if it should seem to the well-judging, that I have erred, the error (should a second edition ever grant me the opportunity) shall be expunged. The nature of my undertaking has obliged me to give the poem in the shape of fragments, and it may be as well to add, that the poem, *in its original state*, was privately printed some years ago at Paris, though scarcely thirty copies have ever left my hands, and only a hundred were printed.

MILTON.

PART I.

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.

L'ALLEGRO, line 129.

I.

IT was the minstrel's merry month of June;
Silent and sultry glowed the breezeless noon;
Along the flowers the bee went murmuring;
Life in its myriad forms was on the wing,
Broke thro' the green leaves with the quivering beam;
Sung from the grove, and sparkled on the stream:
When—where yon beech-tree broke the summer-ray—
Wrapt in rich dreams of light—young MILTON lay.
For him the earth beneath, the heaven above,
Teem'd with the earliest spring of joyous youth;

Sunshine and flowers—and vague and virgin Love,
Kindling his tenderest visions into truth,
While Poesy's sweet voice sung over all,
Making the common air most musical.

II.

Alone he lay, and to the laughing beams,
His long locks glitter'd in their golden streams;
Calm on his brow sate wisdom—yet the while
His lips wore love, and parted with a smile;
And beauty reigned along each faultless limb—
The lavish beauty of the olden day,
Ere with harsh toil our mortal mould grew dim—
When gods who sought for true-love met him here,
And the veil'd Dian lost her lonely sphere—
And her proud name of chaste, for him whose sleep
Drank in Elysium on the Latmos steep.
Nor without solemn dream, or vision bright,
The bard for whom Urania left the shore—
The viewless shore where never sleeps the light,
Or fails the voice of music; and bequeath'd.
Such flowers as ne'er by Thracian well were wreath'd—
And song more high than e'er on Chian Rock was breath'd.
Dreams he of nymph half hid in sparry cave,
Or Naiad rising from her mooned wave,
Or imag'd idol earth has never known,
Shrin'd in his heart, and there adored alone;

Or such, perchance, as all divinely stole,
In later times, along his charmed soul;
When from his spirit's fire, and years beguil'd
Away in hoarded passion—and the wild,
Yet holy dreams of angel-visitings,
Mix'd with the mortal's burning thoughts which leave
Ev'n heaven's pure shapes with all the woman warm;
When from such bright and blest imaginings
The inspiring seraph bade him mould the form,
And show the world the wonder—of his Eve?

III.

Has this dull earth a being to compare
With those which genius kindles?—Can the sun
Show his young bard a living shape as fair
As those which haunt his sleep?—Yea, there is one
Brighter than aught which fancy forms most dear—
Brighter than love's wild dream; and lo! behold her here!
She was a stranger from the southern sky,
And wandering from the friends with whom she rov'd
Along those classic gardens—chanced to stray
By the green beech-tree where the minstrel lay.

IV.

Silent—in wonder's speechless trance—she stood,
With lifted hand, and lips apart—and eye
Gazing away the rich heart, as she viewed;
Darker than night her locks fell clustering

O'er her smooth brow, and the sweet Air just moved
Their vine-like beauty with his gentle wing;
The earliest bloom of youth's Idalian rose
Blush'd thro' the Tuscan olive of her cheek—
(So thro' the lightest clouds does morning break)—
And there shone forth that hallowing soul which glows
Round beauty, like the circling light on high,
Which decks and makes the glory of the sky.
Breathless and motionless she stood awhile,
And drank deep draughts of passion—then a smile
Play'd on her lip—and bending down, her hand
Trac'd on her tablet the wild thoughts which stole,
Like angel-strangers, o'er her raptur'd soul;
For she was of the poet's golden land,
Where thought finds happiest voice, and glides along
Into the silver rivers of sweet song.

V.

O'er him she leant enamour'd, and her sigh
Breath'd near and nearer to his silent mouth,
Rich with the hoarded odours of the south.
So in her spiritual divinity
Young Psyche, stood the sleeping Eros by;—*
What time she to the couch had, daring, trod;—
And—by the glad light†—saw her bridegroom God!

* In allusion to that most beautiful of the ancient tales, the story of Cupid and Psyche, in Apuleius.

† It is said in the story, that the lamp itself partook of the serene gladness on the countenance of the God.

Did her locks touch his cheek? or did he feel
Her breath like music o'er his spirit steal?
I know not—but the spell of sleep was broke;
He started—faintly murmur'd—and awoke!
He woke as Moslems wake from death, to see
The Houris of their heaven; and reverently
He look'd the transport of his soul's amaze:
And their eyes met!—The deep—deep love supprest
For years, and treasur'd in each secret breast,
Waken'd, and glow'd, and center'd in their gaze.
And their eyes met—one moment and no more!
Nurs'd in bright dreams of old romantic lore,
Of Eastern fairies gliding on the beam,
Or Grecian goddess haunting minstrel's dream;
He rose—and tho' no faintest voice might stir
His lips—he knelt adoringly to her,
And gazed his worship; but the spell was past,
And the boy's gesture broke the breathless charm,
And maiden shame, and woman's swift alarm,
Burningly o'er the Italian's soul was rushing;
And her lip trembled, and her pulse beat fast,
And with a thousand new-born feelings blushing—
She turned away—and with a step of air
She fled, and left him mute and spell-bound there.*

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

* The whole of the above lines make the part of the poem first written.

VI.

Time waned, and thoughts intense, and grave, and high,
In that young minstrel mixed with softer dreams,
Yet never vanished wholly from his eye
The wandering star of love's Ausonian sky;
But aye and ever, in his memory
Set as a heaven, its lov'd and haunting beams,
Glass'd their dim beauty in his soul's deep sea.
Time waned—and o'er his cheek the darkening hue
Of manhood settled—and the long desire
Which he had nurs'd within him, till it grew
A passion—to behold that heart of earth
Yet trembling to the echoes of the lyre
That Virgil woke, and Tasso strung anew,
Became his guide;—and for the shrine of Rome
A pilgrim bound—he left his father's home.
With a deep heart he drank the mighty lore
That floateth o'er the saddened Clime of Song.
Beheld the starry sage,* what time he bore,
For Truth's dear glory, the immortal wrong;
Held no light commune with the master-minds
Of that fast ripening day; and all he saw,
Or felt, or learned, or dreamt, were as the winds
That swelled the sails of his majestic soul,
As then—ev'n then—with ardour yet in awe
It swept Time's ocean to its distant goal.

* In allusion to the story of Milton's visit to Galileo.

VII.

It was the evening—and a group were strewn
O'er such a spot as ye, I ween, might see,
When basking in the Summer's breathless noon,
With upward face beneath the murmuring tree;
While in a vague and floating sleep arise
Sweet shapes and fairy knolls to the half-conscious eyes.
It was the evening—still it lay, and fair;
Lapp'd in the quiet of the lulling air.
Still—but how happy! like a living thing
All love itself—all love around it seeing;
And drinking from the earth, as from a spring,
The hush'd delight and essence of its being.
And round the spot—a wall of glossy shade—
The interlaced and bowering trees reposed;
And through the world of foliage had been made
Green lanes and vistas, which at length were closed
By fount, or fane, or statue, white and hoar,
Startling the heart with the fond dreams of yore.
And near, half glancing through its veil of leaves,
An antique temple stood in marble grace;
Where still, if fondly wise, the heart believes,
Lingers the pining Spirit of the Place.
Seen wandering yet perchance at earliest dawn
Or greyest eve—with Nymph or bearded Faun.
Dainty with mosses was the grass you prest,
Through which the harmless lizard glancing crept.

And—wearied infants on Earth's gentle breast—
In every nook the little field-flowers slept.
But ever when the soft air *drew its breath*,
(Breeze is a word too rude), with half-heard sigh,
From orange shrubs and myrtles—wandereth
The Grove's sweet spirit borne in fragrance by.
And aye athwart the alleys fitfully
Glanc'd the fond moth enamoured of the Star.
And aye, from out her watch-tower in the tree,
The music which a falling leaf might mar,
So faint—so faëry seem'd it;—of the bird
Transformed at Daulis thrillingly was heard.
And in the centre of that spot which lay
A ring embosom'd in the wood's embrace,
A fountain clear as ever glass'd the day,
Breathed yet a fresher luxury round the place;
But now it slept, as if its silver shower,
And the wide reach of its aspiring sound,
Were far too harsh for that transparent hour:—
Yet—like a gnome that mourneth underground—
You caught the murmur of the rill which gave
The well's smooth calm the passion of its wave;
Like one who pours the thoughts that will not rest
Into the quiet of a loving breast.

VIII.

And, group'd around the fountain o'er the green,
Were Dames and Gallants of a form that threw

Nought meet to mar the spell—upon the scene.
Such group—they were as old Boccacio drew;
Or fairest samples of some galliard throng,
Born to the zest of Chaucer's lusty song.
The warm Sun's darling offspring—Wines and Fruit—
Were idly scattered o'er the sod—nor there
Forget Italia's living voice—the Lute—
And sweet, I ween, the whisper'd tones, the air
Bore only to her ear for whom they burn'd;—
Ah, sound! for which whoe'er hath loved—so oft hath yearn'd.

IX.

But, mid that graceful meeting, there were none
Who yielded not to him—that English guest.
Nor by sweet lips half wooing to be won,
Were witching words and brightest smiles suppress:
And starry eyes "rained influence" round the form
Where Beauty never set a nobler thrall
For heart or fancy—and the wild and warm
Thoughts of that sunny clime took wing and pour'd
Into such verse as yet Time's crypt hath stor'd.
Oh! little dream'd those flatterers as they gazed
On him—the radiant cynosure of all,
When on their eyes his youth's fresh glory blazed,
What that bright heart was destined to befal!
That worst of wars—the Battle of the Soil—
Which leaves but Crime unscath'd on either side;

The daily fever, and the midnight toil;
The hope defeated, and the name belied;
Wrath's fierce attack, and Slander's slower art,
The watchful viper of the evil tongue;—
The sting which Pride defies—but not the heart—
The noblest heart is aye the easiest wrung;
The flowers, the fruit, the summer of rich life,
Cast on the sands and weariest paths of earth;
The march—but not the action of the strife
Without;—and Sorrow coil'd around his hearth:
The film, the veil, the shadow, and the night,
Along those eyes which now in al survey
A tribute and a rapture—the despite
Of Fortune wreaked on his declining day;
The heap'd clouds labouring upward round his heart;—
Oh! little dreamt they this!—or less what light
Should from those clouds—a new-born glory—start;—
And from the spot man's mystic Father trod,
Circling the round Earth with a solemn ray,
Cast its great shadow to the Throne of God!

X.

The festive rite was o'er—the group was gone,
Yet still our wanderer lingered there alone—
For round his eye, and in his heart there lay
The tender spells which cleave to solitude.
Who, when some gay delight hath passed away,
Feels not a charmed musing in his mood,

A poesy of thought which yearns to pour
Still worship to the Spirit of the Hour?
Ah! they who bodied into Deity
The rosy Hours, I ween, did scarcely err.
Sweet Hours, ye *have* a life, and holily
That life is worn! and when no rude sounds stir
The quiet of our hearts—we inly hear
The hymn-like music of your floating voice,
Telling us mystic tidings of the sphere
Wherein—in linked chorus—ye rejoice;
And filling us with calm and solemn thought,
Diviner far than all our earth-born lore hath taught.
With folded arms and upward brow, he leant
Against the pillar of a sleeping tree,
When, hark! the still boughs rustled, and there went
A murmur and a sigh along the air,
And a light footstep like a melody
Passed by the flowers—he turned—What Nymph is there?
What Nymph! what Dryad from the green recess!
Emerging into Beauty like a Star!—
He gazed—sweet Heaven! 'tis she whose loveliness
Had in his England's gardens first (and far
From these delicious groves) upon him beamed,
And looked to life—the wonders he had dreamed.

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XI.

They met again, and oft! what time the Star
Of Hesperus hung his rosy lamp on high;
And the Witch Night shook from her solemn car
A liquid magic o'er the breathless sky.
And Mystery o'er their lonely meeting threw
A charm earth's common ties can ne'er bestow—
Her name—her birth—her home he never knew;
And she—*his* love was all she sought to know.
And when in anxious or in tender mood
He prayed her to disclose at least her name,
A look from her the unwelcome prayer subdued;
So sad the cloud that o'er her features came:
Her lip grew blanch'd, as with an ominous fear,
And all her heart seemed trembling in her tear.
So worshipped he in silence and sweet wonder,
The unknown Egeria of his haunted soul;
And Hope—life's chequering moonlight—smiled asunder
The doubts that cloud-like o'er him sought to roll.
And thus his love grew daily, and, perchance,
Was all the stronger circled by romance.

He found a name for her, if not her own,
Haply as soft, and to her heart as dear—
His life—his "Zoe"—Ah! of all names, none
Make so divine a music to the ear
As that by lovers coin'd—the child-like art
That breathes to vulgar words the fond thoughts of the heart!
Creep slowly on, thou grey and wizard Time—
Thou grey and wizard Time, creep slowly on—
Ev'n I would linger in my truant rhyme,
Nor tell too soon how soon those hours were gone.
Flowers bloom again—leaves glad once more the tree—
Poor life, there comes no second Spring to thee!

END OF PART I.

MILTON.

PART II.

Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores
Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.
Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat
Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.

MILT. ELEG. VII.

I.

FAIR Plato, in the garden of thy soul
The very weeds were lovelier than the flowers
Which crown the toil of others; the sweet showers
That fed the tides—the golden tides—that roll
Along the rich soil of thy reason, fell
From Heaven!—they bear the odour of their birth
Where'er the waters that received them swell;
Whether in glory o'er the sun-lit earth,
Or whether murmuring thro' the mystic cell,
Where the dim Error, like a moonbeam, calls
Wild beauty from each fancy where it falls;—

They bear the odour, and the perfumes rise
O'er the lull'd sense, and breathe soft whispering of far skies!
Fair Plato, when thy spirit dreamed that Fate
Consigned our souls to this low-thoughted sphere,
Stored with vague memories of a former state,
Which made our powers—our hopes—our reason here;
So that whate'er we deem *we learn* is nought,
Save dark revivals of some gorgeous thought
Born in a nobler being;—*was* the lore
Tinged by *no* glimmering from the land of Truth?
Does not the heart recall, in passion, more
Than the Earth dreams of?—Do we not aspire
In love to *that* which Life's love never knows?
What doth this trite world with the vague desire,
The restless cravings, and the fruitless throes,
The *pining after shadows* of our youth?
Why, when we love, does the high Heaven appear
Nearer and lovelier, and all like a shore
Trodden in childhood; and the solemn sphere
Which the stars hallow, grow a lyre, whose notes
Are like faint music, most beloved of yore?
Is it that love *must* be the memory least
Forgotten in this exile, and, recalled,
It brings a thousand images—like motes
Dim—but yet bathed in sunlight—disenthralled
Atoms from that bright being which has ceast?—
Yes, fond Athenian, with thy maze of thought,
Still will I deem one truth, at least, was blended,

And the pure light thy wildest wanderings sought,
Ne'er on a lovelier truth, I ween, descended!
Yes, tho' within the temple of the mind,
No brother Angel linger yet behind,
Pining for brighter worlds, the exile Love
Lifts from the shrine his *homeward* gaze above!

II.

The lovers met at twilight and in stealth—
Sweet Love, thou hast no magic like *concealing*—
And the rich hours Youth stealeth from old Time,
Become a world more precious for the stealing.
Each hour but coffers joys—the real wealth
Which life should garner in its eager prime,
Ere years exhaust the produce, and the power
To make the produce treasure—and we see
The blast, which smites the glory from the flower,
Chill into rest the wanderings of the bee!—
They met—the breathing love of that deep sky,
Which bask'd o'er waves where Naiads wont to bind
"The loose train of their amber-dropping hair;"
Or glanced thro' shades where whilom wandered by
The leaf-crown'd Dryad, startling from their lair,
Satyr and piping Faun; or eyed the lymph
Of glassiest fountain; while the dimpling wind
Ne'er marred the mirror; and full many a Nymph
Trooped thro' the greenwood with her huntress-queen,

And paus'd, and glanc'd around, and long'd to lave
Her white limbs in the smooth and liquid sheen,
Till where the murmuring branches veil'd the eye
Of the enamoured sun, all timorously
She gave her pomp of beauty to the wave;—
No, the deep sky of Italy and Love,
Never when god and goddess joy'd to stray
By wood and wave—saw lovers from above
More loving, and more worthy love, than they!
All Nature was a treasury, which their hearts
Rifled and coin'd in passion; the soft grass—
The Bee's blue palace in the violet's bell—
The sighing leaves, which, as the day departs,
The light breeze stirreth with a gentle swell—
The stiller boughs blent in one emerald mass,
Whence, rarely floating the lull'd Eve along,
Some unseen linnet sent its vesper song—
All furnished them with images and words
And thoughts which spoke not, but lay hush'd like pray'r—
Their love made earth one melody, like birds,
And call'd rich life from all things, like the air.
What in that lovely climate doth the breast
Interpret *not* into the lore of Love?
Who gazes ev'n upon the hues that rest,
Bathing in sunlight o'er the pictured dream,
To the false canvass conjured by sweet Claude,
And feels not in his heart the pulses move
As to a Syrian music; till half awed

Ev'n by the' excess of luxury, and oppressed
And, as by spells Ogygian, all unmann'd
Into one sense of rapture—he might deem
The landscape breathing with one charm'd command—
"Love ye who gaze,—for this is Love—your monarch's—
land!"

III.

But all round them was life—the living scene,
The real sky, and earth, and wave, and air;
The turf on which Egeria's steps had been,
The shade, stream, grotto, which had known her care.
Still o'er them floated an inspiring breath—
The odour and the atmosphere of song—
The legend—glory—verse—that vanquish'd death
Still thro' the orange glades were borne along,
And sunk into their souls to swell the horde
Of those delicious thoughts the miser Passion stored!
Love oft is conquered by Ambition's lust,
But Love, I ween, hath ever his revenge—
Ambition moulders, and her marble bust,
Her ivied arches, and the pillar'd range
Of her long temples, and her regal halls—
Yea! ev'n the desolation of her dust
Become to Love the ministers and food!
For in such scenes the passion triumphs most,
And ev'n within the Cæsar's ruined walls
The very zeal which fills the solitude,

And paints the bare stone with an armed host,
Rouses unseen, but vividly, a brood
Of thoughts which turn to passion—for whate'er
Deep Fancy nurtures in the cell "Romance,"
Hath in its very nature seeds that bear
Fruit unto Love. All memory is a trance,
In which Love is the fondest of the dreams—
Or—let us change the image—in the shrine
Of the veil'd soul there is a lyre, whose themes
Are vow'd to love—the feelings are its strings—
Touch one—and on the altar—the divine
Music is stirr'd—and thus the notes we raise
In our fond thought—to Virtue—Valour—Praise
Worship—Grief—Memory—are but spells which move
The hidden spirit of the lyre of Love!

IV.

But *they* required no fuel to the flame
Which burnt within them, all undyingly,
No scene to steep *their* passion in romance,
No spell from outward nature to enhance
The nature at their bosoms—all the same
Their love had been if cast upon a rock,
And frown'd on from the arctic's haggard sky;
Nay—ev'n the vices and the cares, which move
Like waves—o'er that foul ocean of dull life,
Which rolls through cities in a sullen strife

With heaven—had raged on them, nor in the shock,
Crumbled one atom from their base of love;
And, like still waters, poesy lay deep
Within the hushed yet haunted soul of each,
And the fair moon, and all the stars that steep
Heaven's silence and its spirit in delight,
Had with that tide a sympathy and speech!
For them there was a glory in the night,
A whisper in the forest, and the air!
Love is the priest of Nature, and can teach
A world of mystery, to the few that share
With self-devoted faith, the winged Flamen's care.

V.

In *each* lay poesy—for woman's heart
Nurses the stream, unsought, and oft unseen;
And if it flow not through the tide of art,
Nor woo the glittering day-light—you may ween
It slumbers, but not ceases; and if check'd
The egress of rich words, it flows in thought,
And in its silent mirror doth reflect
Whate'er Affection to its banks has brought.
This makes her love so glowing and so tender,
Dying it in such deep and dream-like hues,
Earth—Heaven—creative Genius—all that render
In man their wealth and homage to the muse;
Pouring their pomp into the golden verse,
The vision and the vague delight of song,

In her produce but feelings which disperse
Their powers in love—the consecrated throng
Of dreamier thoughts that from the universe
We store—to two Gods—Love and Song are plighted,
But woman's soul is Love and Song united.
O treasure! which awhile the world outweighs
The mine of fondness in a woman's heart!
What are the triumphs of our afterdays,
To what—to ev'n the dream of what—*thou* art!
But these are vow'd to Sorrow's funeral pyre,
Ev'n in the bud—life's earliest fruits and best!
And Thought but gleans cold ashes from the fire,
To hoard and bury in that urn, the breast!
Ev'n as a child upon the water side,
Love standeth truant on Fate's flowing river,
And plucks in wanton idlesse every flower
(In youth how many flowers!) which grows beside,
And weaves them into wreaths, and laughing flings
One after one the garlands on the tide;
(While to the deep the water rolls, and never
Back to the idler's hand the offering brings,)
Till all around is rifled, and the pride
Of life's whole summer lavish'd in an hour!

VI.

Twice thro' her course the Carian's goddess rode
Since thus they met; and well, I ween, she shone

Not upon others as for them she glowed,
For their life was a mystery; and had grown
An essence and a spirit of all things
Most fair and most divine—the' o'erflowing springs
Of their bright being were like blessed tides,
Fed from the river which the land divides
The unfallen father of the nations trod:
When peace and bliss dwelt by the Amaranth sides
Of the smooth wave, reflecting as it flowed
The forms of Angels and the breath of God!

VII.

'Twas eve! and Zoe watched upon the hill
Where they were wont to meet—the parting ray
Of him adored in Delos—lingered still
O'er the dark pine, and through the breathless boughs
Gliding, fell broadly on the ruins grey,
That at her feet in desolate glory lay.
Among those wrecks arose the glossy green
Of that sweet plant which blooms for lover's brows,
And Venus wore in Ida!—there the vast
And sullen foliage of the Aloe cast
A shadow o'er the marble—there the scene
Wore like a smile the wall-flower's odorous bloom!
Where Zoe stands, the Cæsar's palace stood,
And from that lofty terrace—ye survey
The towers—the temples—the eternal tomb
Where Memory guards the buried name of Rome!

Beyond, the Tibur, on his shrunken way,
Mourns songless onward to the Tyrrhene sea
Thro' Latium's wastes, that sadden ceaselessly
With many a shattered sepulchre bestrewed,
Baring their breast unto the lazy death,
That creeps along the dull air's rotting breath!
And there, in amphitheatre afar,
The hills lay basking in the purple sky,
Till all grew grey—and Maro's shepherd star
Watch'd the soft silence with a loving eye;
And—ev'n as one who walketh in a sleep—
The Moon rov'd dreaming, o'er the night sky's solemn steep.

VIII.

" He comes not "—Zoe murmured—" yet the hour
" Hath past—and—hark—how ominously o'er
" The silent air from Nero's Golden Tower
" Hoots the owl's startling cry; and to the core
" Of my chill'd heart, strikes like a voice of doom!
" He comes not—yet the moon is high—before
" His footstep never tarried—Heaven, if aught
" Of peril crossed his path!—How deep a gloom
" Broods o'er the hollow of yon shattered arch!—
" What if—ay, there—there lies the startling thought,
" Which, ev'n beside him, hath the power to blast
" As with a curse—the summer of my soul!
" What form glides there!—Ha! sure by yonder larch

" Athwart the gloom—a human shadow stole,
" I heard the black boughs rustle as it past.
" O God, before whose eye the felon night
" Forgoes her veil, and broadens into light,
" Protect his pathway from the lurking death,
" The bought assassin's dagger! O my heart,
" Be still—be still or break!—He comes—my breath
" Grows thick with rapture, and the life streams dart
" As if to waste the very veins away.
" He comes! How blest the silence which doth melt
" Beneath the music of his footstep! Air,
" How my lip drinks thee, since thy tides have felt
" The thrilling odour of his rich breath—where
" The perfume, and the sighing sounds of May,
" Weave o'er the face of night a soft and blossoming day!
" My glorious stranger, welcome! Ah! as one
" Who watcheth daylight on the mountain's brow,
" Has my soul long'd for thee—and I have won
" The boon at last. Thou beamest on me now!
" But why so cruel, dearest! thou must measure
" The past suspense—dread—torture—with the bliss
" That now flows forth in tears—thou art a treasure
" So vast—so wondrous—that to merely miss
" Thee from my side—fills my whole frame with fear!
" And, truant, see how Dian from her vault
" Tells thee how long my heart hath sickened here,
" And dares—what I may not—upbraid thee with thy fault."

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They sate them on a fallen column, where
The wild acanthus clombe the shattered stone,
Mocking its sculptured mimicry which there
Was graven on the pillar'd pomp o'erthrown;
And in its deathless, but unflowering green,
Typing the' immortal wrecks—and barren pride of scene!
There seemed nought living near them; Zoe's arm
Was round her lover—and her cheek was prest
Upon his shoulder—Oh! the thrilling charm
Of that dependence—when we feel the breast,
On which we lean, bounds all the heart and hope,
Which *till* that breast was found—thought worlds too
barr'd a scope!

IX.

"And tell me, feel'st thou not our lone retreat,
"Drink from our love an ether of delight?
"And tell me, if like mine thy heart hath beat
"Thro' the long—dull day, with one wish for night?
"Night—most beloved night, that marks us meet—
"Alas! alas! that we should ever part!"

"And wherefore should we?—Are we not become
"Each to the other, all beneath the skies?
"My heart flies to thy presence, as its home,
"And sleeps beneath the shadow of thine eyes!

" Wherefore, my Zoe?--Thou art to my sight
" Not as a dream, but as the soul of dreams,
" Their essence, life, and immortality!
" The focus of the wild and scattered beams,
" That woke the Memnon of my minstrelsy.
" Rome left, I leave not thee!—but if too soon
" Compell'd, I wander backward to my doom,
" Thou, as yon star clings ever through the gloom,
" Fast by the pathway of the pilgrim moon,—
" Thou wilt still shine, unsevered by my side,
" My star of faith and love, my blessing and my bride!"

She answered not, but trembled; and he raised
Fondly her downcast cheek—the rose was fled,
And like a mourner o'er it, in the stead,
Sate paleness there, and droop'd—the tender eyes
That shunning, met his own, were wet with tears;
And that subdued and stricken thought, which wears
Woe—as a nun, the hope-entombing veil,
Silent and self-consuming, cast its gloom
O'er her still features, and their touching bloom!
He gazed, and felt within him as he gazed
The bold and haughty spirit sink and quail—
As if the omen of no idle fears
Crept to his heart, and with a voice of bale,
Spoke of his baffled youth—his manhood's loveless years!

" Thou dost not answer, Zoe;—can it be
" That I have lov'd too wildly?—true, that ne'er

" Hast thou reveal'd thy birth, thyself, to me;
" But hast been worshipp'd in my heart and prayer
" Unknown, and glorious, like a mystic light,
" Or dim-seen future, to my soul prefated;
" Or shape, that in the weird and passionate night,
" I won some heavenly magic, and created!
" But now, Love, let me lure thee from thy shade,
" My bright Egeria—be a mortal maid,
" Lift the all-idle mystery from my heart—
" And tell me, fairest, what and whence thou art!"

Eager his eye, and anxious was his tone,
And the half smile that o'er his features shed
A moment's hurried brightness wan'd and fled,
As ceased his words.
She with a tender look,
Made soft by sadness, and a silent fear,
And with a voice, which summon'd from its throne
The charmed heart unto the haunted ear,
After a pause replied:
" I will not brook
" Mine own, to gaze upon the dark thought, thou
" Hast conjur'd to appal me!—leave me! Heaven!
" Leave Rome, and me!—Nay, nay, unknit that brow!"

" List to me, Zoe!—In my father's land,
" For ages have our bold race bow'd the knee
" To false gods fed on that idolatry,
" Which *maketh* what it *worships*. It is given

" The Mighty Hour, in which our hearts shall leap
" As at a trumpet, from their Pagan sleep;
" And light shall burst into our souls, that we
" May know the faith which bids God's images be free!
" For this at morn,—ere the exulting sun
" Flush o'er the Eastern heav'n—as the grey light
" Toils up the rear of Darkness;—hath begun
" My solemn orison—for this, the Night
" Hath by a thousand shadows, dreams, and signs,
" Fill'd my stern heart with Hope, whose truth it now divines!
" Yea, ere I loved thee, Zoe—ere I asked,
" Ev'n if the love of women were for me,
" There was one Shape, one Queen, for whom I tasked
" The powers and prowess of my infancy.
" Still, shining, pure, and circumfus'd in all
" The calmness and the glory of old days,
" Oft, (as in loneliest cell,) in haughtiest hall,
" Unseen by others, gleam'd she on my gaze.
" And when I ask'd the name on which to call,
" When chaf'd beneath the pomp, the power, the gaud,
" Which the dup'd Many deck with hollow laud,
" Mydeep soul sickened that fair face to see,
" Truth from the womb of Time did answer 'Liberty!'
" And now she calls me with an angel's voice
" Homeward, o'er land and ocean to her cause;
" And my blood burns within me, that the choice
" Of hour and clime, in which His loftiest laws

" He rights—our God hath cast, albeit in strife,
" Upon the age and land, in which I drank my life!"

She look'd upon that brow so fair and high,
Too bright for sorrow, as too bold for fear;
She look'd upon the light of that large eye
Which dreamt not of the blindness glooming near.
She look'd, and sigh'd; and with a trembling hand,
Touch'd his young arm: he turn'd—the knit command
The fiery spirit of his features grew
Soft and more soft—until, as clouds pursue
Each other, shadowing o'er some star, above,
All sternness fled, and left his face to Love!

" Come, then, my Zoe, on this pilgrimage,
" This high and noble travail of the soul;
" Come, be my guide, my partner, and my staff,
" My hope in youth, my haven in my age!
" Come, if the world forsake, or Fate control,
" Or Fortune leave me—and the bitter rage
" Of Foes, in love with Fetters, make me quaff
" Ev'n to the last the hemlock of the bowl,
" Reserv'd for those, who, vanquish'd, chafe the tide
" Of Custom's ire, its passions, and its pride:—
" Come—be my spendthrift-heart's last lonely hoard,
" My wealth, my world—my solace, my reward.
" Come—though from marble domes, and orange bowers—
" Come to a humble roof, a northern sky;

" Love's fairy halls and temples shall be our's,
" And our heart's sun the ice of earth defy.
" Trust me, though Fate may turn each hope to gall,
" Thou at thy choice, belov'd, shalt ne'er repine;
" Trust me, whatever storm on me may fall,
" My breast shall ward the blast, the bolt, from thine!
" Yes! as the bird on yonder oak which breathes
" Soul into night, thy love shall be to me!
" Yes! I will be that oak which ever wreathes
" Its boughs, though leafless, into bowers for thee!
" And when the sunshine of thy life be set,
" And beams, and joy, and pomp, and light depart,
" There is one shelter that will shield thee yet,
" Thy nest, my bird—thy refuge in my heart!"

He ceased; and drew her closer to his breast;
Wildly her bosom heav'd beneath his own;
From her sweet lips beneath his kisses prest,
Gush'd her heart's fullness in a murmur'd tone;
And o'er her bent her lover; and the gold
Of his rich locks with her dark tresses blended;
And still, and soft, and tenderly, the lone
And mellowing night upon their forms descended;
And thus amid the ghostly walls of old,
And curtain'd by the blue and starry air,
They seem'd not wholly of an earth-born mould,
But suited to the memories breathing there—
Two Genii of the mixt and tender race,
From fairest fount or tree, their homes who singled—

Last of their order doom'd to haunt the place,
And bear sweet being interfused and mingled,
Draw through their life the same delicious breath,
And fade together into air in death!
Oh! what then burned within her, as her fond
And pure lips yearn'd to breathe the' enduring vow?
All was forgot, save him before her now—
A blank, a non-existence, lay beyond—
All was forgot—all feeling, thought, but this—
For ever parted, or for ever his!

The voice just stirs her lip—what sound is there?
The cleft-stone sighing to the rushing air?
The night-bird rustling through the startled tree?—
The loose earth ——
With a wild, yet stifled cry,
Sprang Zoe from her lover. "Can it be?—
"Mercy, oh Heav'n!"

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END OF PART II.

MILTON.

PART III.

I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will—nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward—what supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, Friend!

MILTON'S SONNET TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

I.

LONG years have flown!—and where the Minstrel now?—
Manhood hath set in clouds upon his brow!—
Midnight is past—the solitary lamp
Burns in his cell—and o'er his cheek the ray
Doth like the dim smile of a sick man play—
Pale is his lordly front, and toil and thought
Have darkly there their furrow'd witness wrought:
Still as he bends him to his task—the damp
Wrung from the frame which fails the unconquered will,
Grows o'er the hueless forehead, fast, and chill,

And ever with each pause, that lonely light
Flares hot and scathing on his aching sight.

II.

Alas! no more by golden palaces,
By star-lit founts and Dryad-haunted trees,
Shall Fancy waft her Votary's willing soul.
But on he journey'd through a rugged plain,
Lur'd by the glory of the distant goal,
And in that midnight solitude, though pain
And fever wore his heart—and he could feel
O'er his dim eye the dull film darkly steal,
Yet did he shrink not—though the lip grew pale
And the frame feeble—though the sight might fail
And the lone Night his sad companion be;
Yet on exulting soul!—thy path is clear,
On—on for England and for Liberty!

III.

Yes! though the fierceness of that fiery time
Might sear the holiest spirit into crime,
Though the stern thought of ages, where the drear
And starless Night of bondage dwelt in fear,
Where all her gloomiest spirits were combin'd
To cramp the powers, and check the march of mind,
The grinding priest, the noble's linked thrall,
And the one despot darkening over all;—

Tho' the harsh memory of such days might well
Sour the stern souls of men who made their path
Thro' blood to freedom;—and the jealous wrath
Of those who girt with snares and foemen feel
They hold their hard-won treasure by the steel
A breath will waken—victory scarce can quell,
And virtue, turn'd to passion, serves to swell,
So that the storms of justice blindly break
And leave the guilty while they wreck the weak:—
Yet were there men and minds in those wild years
More worthy than the Roman's vaunted name
Of the heart's homage due to freedom's fame,
And the sweet tribute of that People's tears,
Who but for *their* rude worth were crouching now
With Slavery's Cain-like brand upon each brow!

IV.

And thou of whom I sing, whose name hath been
Polluted by the Schoolman's bigot breath,
The dull wise fool—the oracle of boys,
Decking lean nothings with the pomp of noise—
Thou who hast twin'd thy laurels ever-green
With those which mingled with wild flowerets bloom
Round sweetest Shakspeare's fairy-haunted tomb—
Thine are the holier honors yet to twine
Proud wreaths with Hampden for thy country's shrine.

To thy lone cell—celestial Liberty
Came as a Spirit, and reveal'd to thee
Her seen, and felt, and full divinity!
Call'd with the light from Chaos—round her fee
She saw the dim clouds of long ages march
Shrouding all else—the column and the throne,
The blasted laurels and the broken arch;—
Rolling from earth to heaven, and sweeping there
The very Gods from their Olympian seat,
Changing and crumbling in one common scathe
The shrines made hallow'd by a hollow faith,
Without one trace along the empty air;—
But Empires fell—Religions past away,
As life renew'd sprung kindling from decay—
But *her* nor time—nor chance—nor fate could mar—
But left all bright and glorious as a star.
There—thro' the gloomy records of gone years
The unvarying tale of terrors and of tears—
Thro' wastes of danger, darkness, and distress,
Glow'd the still beauty of her holiness—
Ev'n as the Pillar thro' the desert shone,
Leading the faint, and weak, and weary on,—
Bright thro' the cloud, and calm amid the blast,
To that blest Canaan—*which shall come at last!*

END OF PART II.

MILTON.

PART IV.

Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
But cloud instead, and ever during dark
Surround me.

PARADISE LOST, Book VII. line 25.

Though fall'n on evil days,
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude, yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east.

PARADISE LOST, Book III. line 40.

I.

DAY had arisen in the autumn heaven
Clearly and coldly bright—the yellow leaves
Strew'd the sear earth, or fitfully were driven
Before the wild path of the scattering air.

The swallow from the hospitable eaves
Flew forth exulting on his rapid way,
And thro' the sadness of the waning year
Sung out like Hope—but ev'n as gathering Care
Stern winter comes to mar that matin lay.
Amid the grove the laurel's lonely tree,
Hallow'd by old tradition, still is seen
Dight in the lustre of its deathless green—
A smile on Nature's cheek;—meet type, I ween,
Of that high fame which grows immortally
Thro' time which changes, and thro' storms which sear,
Bright'ning thro' gloom, and freshening o'er decay.

II.

There sate an old man by that living tree
Which bloom'd his humble dwelling-place beside—
The last dim rose which wont to blossom o'er
The threshold, had that morning droop'd and died,
Nipp'd by the withering air; the neighbouring door
Swung on its hinge—within you well might hear
The clock's low murmur bickering on the ear—
And thro' the narrow opening you might see
The sand which rested on the uneven floor,
The dark-oak board—the morn's untasted fare,
The scatter'd volumes, and the antique chair
Which—worn and homely—brought a rest at last
Sweet after all life's struggles with the past.

III.

The old man felt the fresh air o'er him blowing
Waving the thin locks from his forehead pale,
He felt above the laughing sun was glowing,
And heard the wild birds hymning in the gale,
And scented the awakening sweets which lay
Couch'd on the bosom of the virgin day—
And felt thro' all—and sigh'd not—that for him
The earth was joyless, and the heaven was dim,
Creation was a blank—the light a gloom,
And life itself as changeless as the tomb.
High—pale—still—voiceless—motionless—alone—
He sate—like some wrought monumental stone—
Raising his sightless balls to the blue sky;
Life's dreaming morning and its toiling day
Had sadden'd into evening—and the deep
And all august repose—which broods on high
What time the wearied storms have died away,
Mighty in silence—like a Giant's sleep——
Made calm the lifted grandeur of his brow.

And while he sate, nor saw; a timorous foot
Drew near—a pilgrim from a foreign land,
And of God's softer race;—and hush'd and mute
She gazed upon that glorious brow; for this—
This only gaze—on One whose orb of Fame
Yet slowly laboured up from Time's abyss
To its unwaning noon—after she came!

And *as* she gazed the hot unconscious tears
Flowed fast and full—her heart was far away!
Thro' change and care, and long and bitter years.
How had lorn Memory sickened for this day!
And now * * * * * * * *
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IV.

Our life is as a circle—and our age
Turns to the thoughts and feelings which engage
In our young morn the vision and the vow,
For manhood's years are restless, and we learn
A bitter lesson--bitterer for the truth—
Which suits not with the golden dreams of youth,
And wearies us in age—and so we yearn,
Sated and pall'd, for Boyhood's bliss once more.
But ere the world forsakes us—on we flow
Passive and reckless with its mingling tide
Till night comes on—and passions which betray'd
Our reason, quit the ruins they have made—
The winds are lull'd—the hurrying waves subside
And leave upon the lone and sterile shore
The baffled bark their wrath had wreck'd before.—

V.

Slight is our love in age to thoughts which bear
Man's ruder lot of conflict and of care—

As roves from gaudier tints the aching eye
Woos the pure *green*, and dwells delighted there,
So loves the soul the world has worn, to fly
Languid and weak the glitter and the glare,
And on the fresh tints of its verdant days
To turn and drink deep quiet in the gaze.
The visions of the Minstrel, which in vain
Had woo'd his noon-day—brightly roll'd again
Like sun-lit waters o'er his mind, and gave
The waste the welcome freshness of the wave.

VI.

There, as a river in its hidden course,
Mighty and secret thro' his spirit flow'd
The inspirations none but God might see,
The cave their channel, and the rock their source,
But rolling on to Immortality.—
Old—blind—deserted—lone amid the crowd,—
No hopes—save those of heaven—upon the earth,—
Amid the wrecks of Freedom only free,
Cold—rapt—estrang'd amid that courtly mirth
Where Pleasure lent the veil to Tyranny,—
He stood—like some grey Column far away
From life—and crumbling in its proud decay—
There wildest flowerets bloom—and nightly there
Wails with mysterious voice the wandering Air—
Amid the stars—the dews—the eternal hills—
And the far voices of the dashing rills—

Amid the haunted darkness of the night,
When earth and heaven are mingled in their might,
It stands begirt with each—and looks on high
Thro' Shade and Cloud to commune with the Sky.—

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Beneath a church's chancel there were laid
A great Man's bones,—and when the crowd was gone,
An aged woman, in black robes arrayed,
Lingered and wept beside the holy stone.
None knew her name, or land; her voice was sweet,
With the strange music of a foreign tongue:—
Thrice on that spot her bending form they meet,
Thrice on that stone are freshest garlands hung.
On the fourth day she came not; and the wreath,
Look'd dim and withered from its odorous breath;
And if I err not wholly, on that day,
A soul that loved till death, had passed away!

THE END OF MILTON.

ON THE VANITY OF SMALL SUCCESSES.

Ergo hominum genus incassum frustràque laborat
Semper, et in curis consumit inanibus ævum.
LUCRET. Lib. 5. l. 1429.

SICK, wearied, worn; the harsh Ixion wheel
Within the heart shall have a moment's rest;
And thoughts—deep thoughts, I would but rarely feel,
Shall not be now represt.

Out on this curse of earth! we toil—we yearn,
We coil and shrivel the smooth heart with care;
We make each hour a task—And our return?—
Go—ask our tombs—'tis there!

O God, that from this small and wizard ring
The pent but all-impatient soul could strain!
Lo! *round* the air—*within* the exulting wing—
Why this eternal chain?

We see—we feel—we pant—and we aspire,
Ay; for one hour we dream we *have* arisen;
Earth fades below—we wake—
—— behold the mire,
And grating of our prison!

Oh! that our youth had dreamt to what an urn
Of dust our quick and high desires would shrink!
We stand upon the beach—and ask return,
For barks ordained to sink!

There's not one plank on which we freight an aim
Purer than aught by life's coarse natures sought,
Which the harsh sea engulphs not:—can we blame
Those who adventure nought?

But in a calm and chill philosophy
Suppress within them each more vague desire;
For them no half-felt feelings pant and sigh;
No unfledg'd hopes expire!

Mother of Fate—primæval Night—thine old
And unvex'd oracles are round me still;
The sybil Stars, and She who lost her cold
Name on the Carian Hill!

Say thou,—for in thy weird and demon homes
Thou shroud'st the spectres of departed lore,
Dread Egypt's mysteries, and the mouldering tomes,
From which the Samian bore

The treasure of his doctrine!—All that glow'd
Out from the heart of man in ages gone
Like perish'd stars into thy black abode,
Without a dirge have wonne!

Say—boots our labour?—Were it not more wise
To drink Life's tide unwitting where it flows,
Renounce the high-soul'd toil, and only prize
The Cnidian vine and rose?

True, for some few on whom her lavish smile,
Fame—the false Lais of the doting sage—
Bestows;—there may be somewhat to beguile
Youth's travail into Age!

The laurel lulls the aching brow it decks;
And the loud pæäns of the gazing horde,
As speeds our bark among surrounding wrecks,
Bring no disdained reward.

But here, among the dense and struggling herd,
For me no proud success and glory wait;
The wronging judgment and the venomed word,
The Envy and the Hate——

Envy and Hate!—for what?—for boons so slight,
That I could gnaw my heart that mine they are,
Did I not know that proud heart's baffled flight
Sought meeds how different far!

O Night!—my woo'd and won, and earliest friend,
Was it for this my soul I shaped and bowed,
And from my dreams' Olympus did descend
To the self-vassal'd crowd?

Seeking—nor yet with vulgar wish—to wield
Arms coldly lov'd—but in a Cause of Right—
Content for *that*—light hours and love to yield,
Was it for this—sweet Night?

Thou answerest not—but round thee, lo! the clouds
Are darkening into ire—the Moon is gone,
And the ghost stars lie wan within their shrouds,
The storm sweeps labouring on!

Shine out—shine out, my true and stedfast soul—
My answer and my solace come from thee!
Round earth's low heaven—the shade, the storm may roll,
Thou art a Heaven to Me!

Foes—and Life's baffled ends—the hydra birth
Of cares—upon *thy* front can stamp no frown,
But on the shifts and phantoms of the earth
Thou with a smile look'st down!

TO JULIET.

THE VINDICATION OF SILENCE.

When heavens are bright, how stilly glide
The waters to the lulling air!
I feel THEE on my heart's deep tide—
How can I break the silence there?

ON FOREBODINGS.

WHAT are ye, haggard and all ghastly warnings—
Ye moral wraiths of the contemning soul?
Ye glide away like clouds beneath our scornings,
But heavy, dark, and mournful, back ye roll.
Without a cause the heart beats high and quick,
And the blest breath grows labour-fraught and thick.

What are ye?—Phantoms of the brain?—The crude
And half-begot chimæras that arise
From our most earthly members, and intrude
A loathly shadow on our mental eyes?
Wan nightmares of drows'd thought?—the goblin banes
That steam and flit from the o'erpamper'd veins?

What! can these seerlike and unearthly shapes
Of Thought be fathered thus? And can a crumb—
An incoct atom, kindle that which apes
A demon's horror—and can strike us dumb—
Appal us to the centre of our clay—
And shake the Spirit on her Throne?—Away!

What! to these wretched wants mst we fulfil
A slavery so subjected and entire,
Bearing a devil in ourselves—at will
To mock the Angel Thought that would aspire
Out from this nether cell;—to laugh to scorn
The very aims for which all thought was born?

Can we not hold ev'n this most lean and poor
Pittance of sense, but that to every heat
And frailty of the flesh, we must endure
To pare and pawn the dowry; and complete
All degradation by the gibe and guile
Of the worm's prey, which rots the very while?

Nay!—have ye not been prophets in your strange
Revealings, and with no oracular* faith,
Betokened woe or weal; and the last change
Of this our state? as if there were in death,
And that which stirs within us, something more
Of speech and commune than our creeds explore!

The hardest and the coldest breasts have thrilled
As ye have passed them on your ghostlike way;
And in the hour ye whispered—have fulfilled
Their doom:—Upon the dial of their clay
Rested the shadowy hand,—and at the chime
Foretold—they had no farther note of time!

We boast our growing wisdom!—Know we more
Than he,† the source of Plato's golden stream?
Have we a bolder sense—a steadier lore?
Mix we with science no more shadowy dream?—
Yet he, dread spectres, mocked ye not; but taught
Your credence with a bow'd and reverent thought.

* Oracular is here used in the sense of dubious.

† Socrates.

Avaunt—avaunt—what! yield we to your cold
And curdling grasp?—Ye fool us with a power
Which, like the Saga's muttered rhyme of old,
Is built not on your potence, but on our
Weakness. We crown you with grim thoughts,—and quake
Before the very tyrants that we make.

Our Reason—or whate'er that be—and how
Begotten or inspired—by which we move
Erect upon life's narrow bridge; and know
Our end—our aims—our powers—alone can prove
Our guide. And Faith, the barter of our will,
Contracting Reason is her offspring still.

And if we err, and darkling grope and vain,
'Tis not our Reason's treachery, but our own
Surrender of our Reason, and the chain
By which we bind her to the Titan's stone.
From ignorance spring earth's errors—raise the powers
Of Reason to their height—and Heaven is ours!

Shadows avaunt!—were all the monsters armed
By hell or monkish madness, round the ring
In which lone Reason sits abstract and charmed;
Yea, all pale Priestcraft from her caves could bring,
Or northern Fancy nurture; were the earth's
Soft smile to wither; and unnatural births
Creep from her hollow womb;—were the sweet skies

To lose all love, and murmur from the stars—
"TREMBLE"—The Unknown within me should defy
Terror—the arch and real fiend that wars
On God; our God is Love!—and *greet* the levin
Whose wrath but brighter shows the depths of Heaven!

IF THE POOR MADE LAWS FOR THE RICH.

IF the poor made laws for the rich—the rich,
What a change in our jails would be!
Which would *be* for the best? and which—oh, which,
Bring the most to the gallows tree?
They would pass a nobleman vagrant bill,
For the fellows who idly roam;
The Travellers' club would be sent to the Mill,
And Lord E——x be passed to—home.
They'd make game laws for the sporting one,
And refuse a squire to bail;
Old B——ks would be shot with a good spring-gun,
And Sh—y would rot in jail!
"Most libellous trash," the books that blind
The eyes of the mass they'd call;
Murray's Review would be damnably fined,
And they'd ruin great Captain H—ll.
They'd make it a capital crime to pay
Oneself from the public purse;
Our younger sons would be shipped to "the Bay,"
And the Bishop of ——— *worse!*

TO WORDSWORTH.

How glorious and how beautiful a life
Must thine have been among the hills and streams!
From the far world, and its eternal strife,
But one grey shadow cast upon thy dreams,
Tinging their sacred and nymph-haunted glory
With something of a mournful—mortal hue.
Ah! if the Spirits of the olden story
Yet linger—and the Ascræan's verse* be true,
If Unseen Habitants, yet earth-bound, rove
By the still brook, or the melodious grove,
And ever o'er Man's state the while they wander,
With a high thought, but tender memory, ponder:—
If the pure ghosts of the Saturnian Race,
Who o'er the sinless pastures led their herds;
Oh! if they yet claim haunt and dwelling-place
Where the air gladdens with the summer birds;
Methinks to them familiar thy sublime
And undiurnal melody which breathes
A pastoral sweetness from the golden time;
And, as o'er ruined fanes the ivy wreathes,

* Hesiod, who tells us (Opera et Dies, verse 121, Αὐτὰρ ἐπεί κεν τοῦτο, &c.) that the mortals of the golden age became, after death, good spirits wandering over earth, and regarding the acts of men.

So cling thy fancies in their green embrace
  Around a dim and antique holiness;
And, with a loving yet a solemn grace,
  At once a freshness and an awe express!

"Musing on Man," amid the mountains lone,
  What must have past in thy unfathomed breast!—
How, on the lyre within, must many a tone,
  Solemn and deep, have risen—unconfest,
Save to thyself, and the still ear of GOD!
  And from the full and silent Heart of Things,
As o'er the hills thy unwatched footsteps trod,
  Didst thou not draw the patriarchal springs
Of love for Man and Nature, which the hues
Of thy transparent verse all livingly suffuse?

Higher thy theme than Cæsars', or the Pomp
  Borne o'er the dusty earth in weary gaud;
Ambition's mask, and Glory's brazen tromp,
  The embattled Murder, and the ermined Fraud!
Sweeter thy theme than aught which thro' the lays
  Of the Rose Garden's sons may softly flow!
And earthlier fires before the Rhean blaze
  Lit on thine altar—sicken from their glow!

Man in his simple grandeur, which can take
  From Power but poor increase; the Truth which lies
Upshining in "the Well of homely Life;"
  The Winds, the Waters, and their Mysteries—

The Morn and moted Noon, the Stars which make
Their mirror in the heart; the Earth all rife
With warnings and with wisdom; the deep lore
Which floateth air-like over lonely places—
These made thy study and thy theme; and o'er
The Beauty of thy Soul no Paphian Graces,
But a religious and a reverent Awe,
Breathed Sanctity and Music—inspiration,
Not from the dark Obscure of priestly law,
But that which burns—the Centre of Creation—
A Love, a Mystery, and a Fear—the unseen
Source of all worship since the world hath been!

How must thy lone and lofty soul have gone
Exulting on its way, beyond the loud
Self-taunting mockery of the scoffers, grown
Tethered and dull'd to Nature, in the crowd!
Earth has no nobler, no more moral sight,
Than a Great Poet whom the world disowns,
But stills not, neither angers:—from his height,
As from a star, float forth his sphere-like tones:
He wits not whether the vex'd herd may hear
The music wafted to the reverent ear;
And far Man's wrath, or scorn, or heed, above,
Smiles down the calm disdain of his majestic love!

TO JULIET.

A THOUGHT AT NIGHT.

In yonder taper's waning light,
An image of my heart I see;
It burns amid a lonely night—
Its life the love of thee—
The stedfast light its passion takes,
But slowly wastes while it illumes;
And while my very life it makes,
My life itself consumes.

TO JULIET.

The summer—the summer hath come, my love,
And the ring-dove found his bride—
Not a flower below, not a beam above,
But doth thy coyness chide.
I have loved thee well—I have loved thee long—
I have loved thyself alone;
There lived not a thought in my burning song,
That my heart did not more than own.

Be mine—be mine while the Hours allow
My life to be vowed to Thee;
For the leaves of my youth are round me now—
But the worm is in the tree.
And the time, sweet love, is speeding fast,
When the vow shall be ever o'er—
When thy faithful Fountain, dried at last,
Shall leap to the Breeze no more.
Be mine—be mine, ere hath past away
The scent from Life's closing flowers;
And sometime hence it will soothe to say—
"I blest his latest hours!"

LOVE'S WATCH.

TO JULIET SLEEPING.

The moonbeams thro' the lattice fall;
They silver o'er thy blushing cheek;
And still I wake to feed on all
The love I could not speak.
And thou art mine—all mine at last!
Our world can be earth's world no more,
A gulf between *this* life hath past,
And that we knew before.

How rush the swelling tides of thought—
All round grows hallowed ground to me!
How tender silence seems! how fraught
The loving air—with THEE!
I ever thought till now, the light
Of Heaven's sweet stars was mixed with sadness;
Now they—now all—drink in my sight
A glory and a gladness!
Sweet love, I bend to kiss thy brow—
I grow enamoured of thy rest;
What dreams of heaven shall haunt me, now
My pillow is thy breast!

ON THE IMITATORS OF BYRON.

A FABLE.

A SWAN hymn'd music on the Muses' waves,
And Song's sweet daughters wept within their caves;
It chanced the Bird had something then deemed new,
Not in the music only—but the hue—
Black were his plumes;—the Rooks that heard on high,
Came envying round, and darkened all the sky;
Each Rook, ambitious of a like applause,
Clapped his grave wings—and Pierus rung with caws.

What of the Swan's attraction could they lack,
Their noise as mournful, and their wings as black?
In vain we cry—the secret you mistook,
And grief is d—d discordant in a Rook!

ON THE WANT OF SYMPATHY WE EXPERIENCE IN THE WORLD.

"Oh for one breast to image ours!"
Youth in its earliest vision sighs;
And Age the same desire devours,
Until—the dreamer dies.
Vain shadows from the friend—the wife
Thou seek'st, how loved soe'er thou art,
The brightest stream that glads thy life,
Can never glass thy heart.
I grant thee, home's endearing sounds,
I grant thee, love's first whispered tone;
But where the breast from which rebounds
The echo to thine own?
Mad are we all—*who* hath not pined
For something kindred from his birth?
And lost earth's solid joys to find,
What is not of the earth?

Ah! could we to ourselves betroth
One breast, a very shade of ours;
Would Time alone not alter both
The creatures of the hours?
Go back into thy lonely soul,
And with a calm and chasten'd eye
Survey thy tether, and control
The dreams that seek the sky;—
And for ideal shapes, would melt
All life into one vague desire;
In that far air wherein thou hast dwelt,
Hope's mortal ends expire.
Go—seek for joys amid thy kind!
How much has life itself to bless
The one whose wise and healthful mind
Seeks what it can possess!
Ourself may in ourself create,
A tie beyond the dreamer's art;
No bond is made that mocks at Fate,
Like Man's with his own heart.

THE RATS AND THE MICE.

A FABLE,

OF THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR,

ADDRESSED TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THERE was a time, when Rats and Mice combined
To form one state against the feline kind;
Tho' few the Rats, and many were the Mice,
The state was governed by the Rat's advice:
Strong were their teeth, and dangerous were their claws,
And most severe upon the cats their laws.
Well sped our Aristocracy of Rats,
They laughed at snares, and triumphed o'er the cats;
They warr'd with glory, and they lived in ease,
And filled the Treasury with a world of cheese.
The stotes—the weasels with admiring gaze
Beheld, and lavished on our State their praise.
Oft would they cry—"No Commonwealth is great
"Where Rats and Freedom govern not the State!"
And for the *Rats*, we must in truth confess,
That vulgar Fame outstripped not their success.
Their sage control—their plump conditions speak—
Their sides how covered, and their skins how sleek!

They knew no toil—the Mice their burrows made,
For the Rat's pleasure was the Mouse's trade.
His moral duty was—the cheese to find,
And the Rat spared the little wretch—the rind;
But if the Mouse should chance, unbid, to sup—
They called a jury, and they eat him up.

So far—so good—the Mice, a humble race,
Worked on, and owned the justice of the case.
Inured to toil they only asked to earn—
Plain food and holes to live in—in return!
By slow degrees, howe'er, and times of peace,
Both Rats and Mice too numerously increase;
The general commerce not increasing too,
The Mice seem hungry, and the Rats look blue.
The Mice in truth grew lamentably thinner,
And Rats—poor creatures—miss'd their cream at dinner.

Persius hath told us how the dullest brute
Is made, by hunger, knowing and acute.
And a pinched stomach best—we must admit—
Gives voice to parrots, and to lawyers wit:
Ev'n thus our Mice grew reasoners with their state,
And want of dining brought about debate.
"*We* found the cheeses which our Rulers carve,
"*We* filled the state with plenty—yet we starve!
"Why this?"
"Hush, babbler!" quoth an ancient Mouse,
"The Rats are sitting, let us ask the House."

They reached the Senate, where the Rats were met,
To see what cheeses should be soonest eat;
The tempting piles the lesser vermin saw,
And their mouths watering washed away their awe.
"Behold!" they cried, "how fleshless we have grown,
"And be that cheese—that Gloucester cheese—our own!"
"Base Levellers!" cried a Rat; "ungrateful ones,
"That cheese is destined for our younger sons."
"Forgive our prayer!" the Mice appall'd, replied;
"And grant——that Stilton on the other side."
"Blaspheming Reprobates! that cheese is theirs
"Who serve the Great Rat with their weekly prayers."
The Mice were shocked—"That Cheshire, Noble Rats,"
"We keep in case of danger from the cats."
"Enough!" the Mice replied, with fainting voice;
"Give what you please, we leave to you the choice."
"To us—'tis right—'tis wise"—the Rats return;
"Our love for Mice you have not now to learn!
"We have done all we could the times to meet,
"We've taken off the duty upon meat.
"We've lowered the price of butter long ago,
"And cream is now scarce taxed at all—you know.
"Three Rats too highly paid we did discard
"Last week; we've just reduced the daily guard!
"In short, we *have* done all within the law
"To meet your wishes;—Gentlemen, withdraw."
"Sir Rats!" replied a Mouse, "though this be true,
"Alas! with meat we, Mice, have nought to do.

" Or taxed or free, to us a baseless dream
" The hope of butter, or the thought of cream;
" As for the rest, you must, I think, perceive
" You do your Lordships—not poor Mice—relieve!"
The Rats waxed wondrous wrath at this reply,
And some suggested that the Mice should die;
But on one hand—the creatures, though so small,
Were strong in numbers nor would tamely fall.
And on the other—when in due controul,
The plagues were vastly useful on the whole.
'Twas not the case where force is wisely shown,
We can't in all times give for bread a stone.
The Rats most sagely therefore checked their ire,
And answered, " Well! what is it you desire?
" We've done our best—nor can contend with Fate,
" And all this cheese is wanted for the state;
" You would not steal it!"—" Steal it, Sirs!" replied
The 'little Hampden' on the starving side.
" Steal it!—Alas! it is not *we* who steal
" From the fat larders of the Public weal;
" But just to quite convince us nothing there
" To our distress—the public wants may spare;
" Grant us the right these stores that we collect—
" Nay—not to eat—but, like yourselves—inspect.
" Oh! could we send our delegates, no doubt
" Some crumb of comfort they would ferret out;
" For Rats, I fear—how kind soe'er this House,
" Take views for Mice quite different from a Mouse!"

On this a RAT in a many a war well known,
Bold—wary—sage—and hoary in renown;—
More versed indeed, 'twas sometimes said politely,
To beard a cat than carve a Stilton rightly;
Better in Camps than Council—but of late
Raised to control, and not defend, the State—
With all the Patriot sparkling in his eyes,
Starts up and thus indignantly replies:—
" O idle theorists or rebellious rogues!
" Dupes—dreamers—drivellers—dunces—demagogues—
" Think you the Rats to humbug, and enlist 'em
" Against the glories of the present system.
" What raised this happy nation to its height?
" What brought such phalanxed heroes to the fight?
" What—when our valour won returning ease—
" Heaped all our treasuries with such loads of cheese?
" What made us grow so famous and so fat?
" What fired the nations with the name of Rat?
" What favoured virtue? What subjected vice?
" What—but our mode of representing Mice?
" Never in all *my* studies through the page
" Which lights the present, by a former, age
" Seemed any Rats thus lucky in inventing
" The noble system of Mouse-representing."

He ceased—and warming with the glorious theme,
Cooled his grey whiskers in a bowl of cream.

Amid the "hears" of the applauding House,
Replied the weak voice of our hungry Mouse:'
"Your reasoning may for Rats indeed suffice;
"But O, great Sir! you quite forget the Mice!"

TO INA.

Our hour is past—and I must bear
The fate thou canst not soothe—alone:
And woo whatever steps may wear
The green moss from the stone;—
For whose the thoughts that round me twine
One soft—one fresh remembrance?—thine!

But tell me not in crowds to prove
How vain is all that Pride would claim;
The charm of life that's lost in Love
Is never found in Fame;
When once the film is from the eyes,
Truth leaves the fancy nought to prize!

Yet fain my heart would seek to show
It was not all unworthy thine,

And Fame *were* sweet if thou could'st know
Thy memory made it mine.
Thy memory!—can I think that word,
While life is thine, from me is heard?

And yet it soothes—since thou didst form
Thy nest upon so rude a tree,
It soothes me, henceforth, that the storm
Can only fall on me!
With thee life's very verdure past—
To withered stems what boots the blast!

Away the lyre!—it hath no strain
In which a love like ours should speak;
But we may never meet again,
For hearts—like ties—will break;—
And I would fain that thou should'st see
That *mine*—till broken—is with thee!

TO INA IN ABSENCE.

(FOUR YEARS AFTER THE LAST.)

THOU only hast been more to me
Than aught my prophet dreams foretold;
The wildest thoughts when turned to thee,
My memory mocks as cold.
In earlier loves, my strain would tell
Of burning hopes, and wasting sighs;
But when I think of thee, I feel
The tears are in my eyes.
'Tis strangely sweet on thee to muse;
A sweet, yet scarce a glad, emotion;
For nought the rising heart subdues
Like Love's recalled devotion.
In silent depth, the thoughts that form,
Their tides above thine image swell;
And thou protect'st them from the storm,
Sweet Spirit of the Well!
Thou tell'st me thou canst scarce believe
My heart the record of my vow;
Thou'dst think no more it could deceive,
Didst thou behold it now!

Thou tell'st me thou wilt scarcely deem
Thy thought can reach me from afar;
What! doubt the light upon the stream,
Go—doubt thyself, my star!
Yet is there that—and right thou art—
Whose warmth, whose brightness can reprove,
And shame the love within my heart,
——It is the heart I love!

ORAMA,

OR THE SOUL AND ITS FUTURE.

THIN, shadowy, scarce divided from the light,
I saw a Phantom at the birth of morn:
Its robe was sable, but a fleecy white
Flowed silvery o'er the garb of gloom: a horn
It held within its hand;—no human breath
Stirred its wan lips;—death-like, it seemed not death!
My heart lay numb within me—and the glow
Of the glad life waxed faint, and ice-like crept;
The pulses of my being seemed to grow
One awe!—voice fled the body as it slept,
But from its startled depths, the' o'erlaboured Soul
Spake, king-like, out—"What art Thou that would'st seem
"To have o'er Immortality control?"
And the shape answered—*not by sound*—"A DREAM!

" A Dream—but not a Dream! the Shade of Things
" To come; a Spirit from the thrones of Fate,
" I ruled the hearts of Earth's primæval Kings;
" I gave their life its impulse and its date;
" Grey Wisdom paled before me; and the Stars
" Were made my weird Interpreters—my hand
" Aroused the whirlwind of the destined wars,
" And bowed the Nations to my dim command!
" A Dream, but not a Dream—a type, a sign
" Of the vast Future do I come to thee!
" And where I come, I AM THE FUTURE! Thine,
" Behold, and tremble to behold, in ME.
" What, thou would'st rise?—the lesser flights of Fame
" Content thee not—thy heart hath grown a fire,
" And the arch priest Ambition feeds the flame
" With 'the prophetic laurel'* of desire.
" And in the Air; and on the voiceless Earth,
" Thou seek'st an omen, and believ'st a hope;
' And thy chained spirit from the bonds of Birth
" Looks to the mighty Heaven—and pines for scope!
" Hark, hark—I tell thee that the unsheathed blade
" Shall break—if strife redeem it from its rust;
" Hark, hark!—I tell thee that the wreath is laid
" Upon the bier!—now grasp it—and be dust!"
" Methought my soul did answer 'Come the strife—
' The bier!—Life's ends have nobler things than life!'

* Μαντικὸν φυτὸν.

Then the Dream made reply, and shadowed forth
The' unshaped Events Time embryoed—and foretold
That which in part hath chanced—the little worth
Of all the treasures I had heaped of old;
My hopes, loves, ties, aspirings—and that fond
And secret gem—I thought—aye, *Fate* beyond!
Wisely and solemnly it preached to me,
And bade me love, and live, and laugh my hour;
"Life is," it said, "the true Hymettus Bee,
"And culls its honey from the *bitterest* flower."
And the Shape left me, and I woke—the day
Came through the lattice chillingly and grey;
And on my breast slept one—whom, as the doom
Of the dark Dream foretold—is palaced now
'Mid the dread Cities of the crowned Tomb.
She did not mark the terror on my brow;
She did not count the beatings of my heart;
And yet she clasped me: and her fond lips stirr'd
And breathed sweet sounds, I taught her by Love's art,
Out of Love's language—some new fairy word
Sacred to us—and by the world unheard.
But from that hour, a mystery and a change
Came o'er my nature; and my fate I felt
And armed my heart, but never could estrange
That Vision from my memory; there it dwelt,
And dwelleth—and shall dwell—until the last
Of the ghast riddles shall be solved and past!

So walk I, on the threshold of my doom;
And with a steady gaze behold afar
A dim light on my future and my tomb—
Tracking the girdling shadows by one star.
So learn I to forget the thoughts of yore,
To rise from out the lesser aims once prized,
To hold Neglect, Wrath, Hatred, and the sore
Ills of the petty Present, all despised—
To ask from man no succour and no friend,
And look through all things to one solemn end!

FINIS.

LONDON:
IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

THE NATIONAL LIBRARY.

The Proprietors of this Work feel themselves stimulated to fresh exertions, by the distinguished favour with which it has already been received.

The Volumes of the National Library already before the world may be confidently appealed to as proofs of zeal on the part of the Proprietors, to engage, without regard to expense, the assistance of writers of high celebrity, and to present to their readers a series of Productions, which, as they are connected, not with ephemeral, but with permanent subjects, may, years hence as well as now, be resorted to for lively amusement as well as solid instruction.

The Life of the illustrious Byron, by Mr. Galt, who was personally known to the poet, has now been stamped by the concurrent voice of the public with the character of a standard work, authentic in particulars and dispassionate in judgment. That it should at first have met with opposition, was an inevitable consequence of the task, since the very name of Byron conjures up at once a host of angry disputants, who, having each his own theory to support, cannot *all* concur in the statements and opinions of the biographer, be these what they may. The Memoir in question has, however, been so fortunate as already to rise superior to its assailants.

In speaking of the Rev. Mr. Gleig's History of the Bible, it has been said in a contemporary Journal,* that it "would be some ground of reproach to the friends of truth, if they had entirely neglected the new species of monthly publications as a means of diffusing religious knowledge among the higher and middle classes of society; and the present Volume shows, in the happiest manner, how well they are adapted to convey that knowledge which makes faith more sure, and piety more enlightened." To this has been elsewhere added a commendation which the writer may reflect on with unqualified happiness during his life; namely, that "the replies which he has given in different stages of his History, to the cavils of sceptics, are likely, with the blessing of Providence, to arrest the spread of disbelief."

The History of Chemistry, which forms the third volume of the National Library, is from the pen of the learned Dr. Thomson, of the University of Glasgow, who, in recording the wonderful incidents and effects on society which marked the progress of Chemistry—in telling of the strange lives of its early students, (the Alchemists and others,) and in describing, at full, the useful labours and discoveries of more recent professors, has written a book, which, while it is characterized by

* Literary Gazette.

scrupulous truth, and by practical information in every part, possesses much of the attraction of romance.

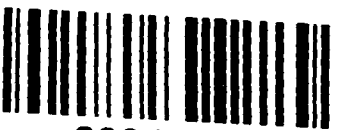
The remaining volumes of those hitherto published, are occupied by Mr. James's History of Chivalry and the Crusades; and Festivals, Games and Amusements, Ancient and Modern, by Mr. Horace Smith, which latter is just issued to the public. Of the charm of the former subject, in an imaginative point of view, and of its great utility in illustrating the annals of European nations, it is needless to speak; while, as regards the present author's treatment, the numerous readers of "Richelieu" and "Darnley" have, no doubt, from its first announcement, formed high expectations, which, it is hoped, have now been fulfilled.

To these, many other original works will immediately succeed; among which may be mentioned the History of the Royal Navy of England, from its first existence; and that of The British Army. Histories such as these seem, of especial right, to belong to an English National Library; and it is confidently believed by the Proprietors, that the great public interest of these subjects will appear not to have been confided to hands incompetent to the importance of the task. In Biography, too, the Proprietors hope to fulfil the expectations regarding this branch of Literature, which they understand have been excited by the universal success of their first Volume, the Life of Byron; in justification of which hope, they may specify two works as forthcoming, namely, "A New Life of Shakspeare," and "Lives of Distinguished Travellers."

Such are the principal features of the National Library as far as it has already proceeded; and such the nature of some of those works in preparation. But, impressed with the belief that it would be an ill-judged and unthrifty economy in the production of such valuable works, not to give ample scope to the eminent writers who are engaged upon them, and who have, in the Volumes already before the public, increased the size beyond what was first contemplated, the Proprietors have resolved to fix the price of the work at *Six Shillings per Volume*, being the same as is charged for a contemporary series of a similar nature; and the previous Volumes will consequently for the future be sold also at the new price.

In conclusion, the Proprietors trust they shall not be accused of unjustifiable pride in expressing their belief, that in the progress of their undertaking, they shall be the means of publishing, at low prices, a body of Literature deserving the praise of having instructed many, and amused all; and, above every other species of eulogy, of being fit to be introduced, without reserve or exception, by the father of a family to the domestic circle.

New Burlington Street, Jan. 1, 1831.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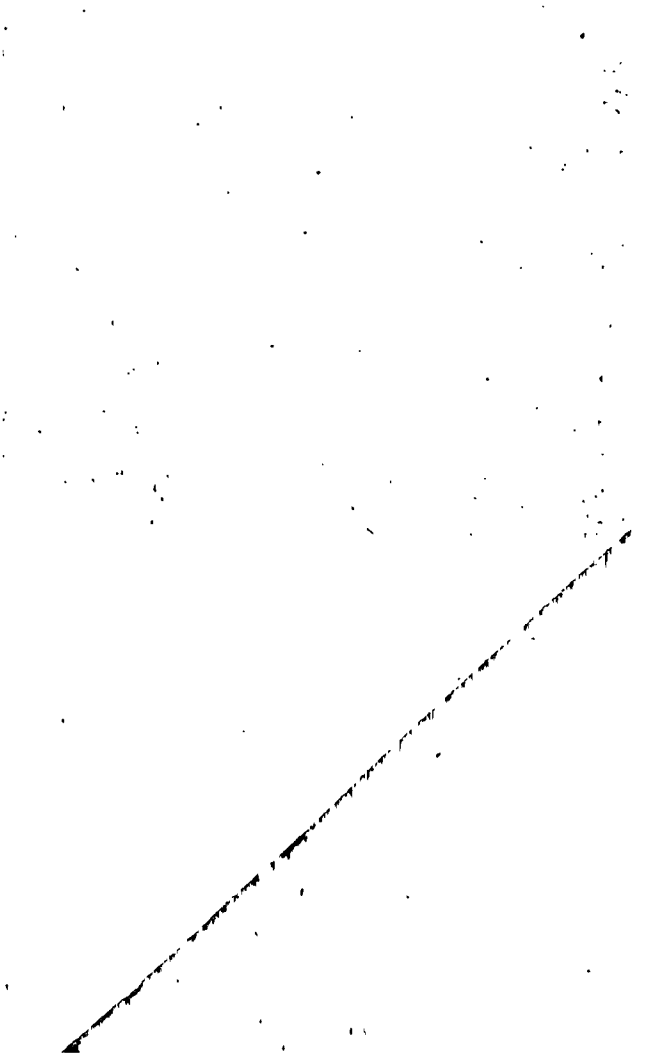

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